

Henrietta Countess of Suffolk

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

HENRIETTA, COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK,

AND HER SECOND HUSBAND,

THE HON. GEORGE BERKELEY;

FROM 1712 TO 1767.

WITH

HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND EXPLANATORY

NOTES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE.

HENRIETTA HOBART was the eldest daughter of Sir Henry Hobart, the fourth baronet of his family, and sister of Sir John Hobart, who was successively created a Knight of the Bath, Baron Hobart, and Earl of Buckinghamshire.

The exact date of her birth is nowhere preserved. But as she is stated to have died in 1767, at the age of seventy-nine, it seems that she was born about 1688.

She married (about 1708) the Honourable Charles Howard, (third son of Henry, fifth Earl of Suffolk,) who, in 1731, became, by the deaths of his nephews and two elder brothers, ninth Earl of Suffolk.

The match was probably in no point of view a prudent one. The lady's father had been killed in a duel, when she was an infant; her only brother was, at the period of her marriage, about fifteen years of age, and she herself but a very few years older. It is therefore not likely that the propriety of the connexion was very carefully considered on her part. It is certain that the union was far from fortunate.

Mr. Howard has been characterised by Mr. Horace Walpole as in the last degree worthless and contemptible. It may be doubted whether his errors deserved such severe epithets. His temper was indeed violent, and his feelings not delicate; but the circumstances in which he and Mrs. Howard subsequently found themselves, were such as might excuse some impatience on either side. Even the outset of their career was not happy. Mr. Howard seems to have had no patrimony, and the lady's fortune — £ 6000—though consider-

able[1] for that day, was not alone sufficient for the maintenance of a family of their rank. Of this sum £4000 had been settled on Mrs. Howard—the other £2000 was at the disposal of the husband. This was soon dissipated, and the interest of the former sum became the only income of the young couple.

About this time the eyes of the nation began to be directed to the Hanoverian succession, and (on what particular inducement or introduction is not now known) Mr. and Mrs. Howard repaired to the court of Hanover, where Mrs. Howard had the honour of being peculiarly distinguished by the Electress Sophia, a princess who, notwithstanding her advanced age, had preserved all her discernment, intelligence, and vivacity. Her Royal Highness died some

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[1] Walpole, with an inaccuracy which every where characterises his account of Lady Suffolk's early life, says, she had only the *slender* fortune of an ancient baronet's daughter.

weeks before Queen Anne, but Mrs. Howard had become equally acceptable to the Electoral Princess, Caroline of Anspach; and, on the accession of George I., Mr. Howard was named groom of the bedchamber to the King, and Mrs. Howard was appointed one of the bedchamber-women to the new Princess of Wales.

The elder Whig politicians became ministers to the King. The most promising of the young lords and gentlemen of the party, and the prettiest and liveliest of the young ladies, formed the new court of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The apartment of the bedchamber-woman in waiting became the fashionable evening rendezvous of the most celebrated wits and beauties. In this brilliant circle were formed the intimacies and friendships which produced the following correspondence.

Though Miss Bellenden, one of the maids of honour, bore away the palm of beauty, and her colleague, Miss Lepell, that of grace and wit, Mrs. Howard's good sense,

amiability, and sweetness of temper and manners, made her a universal favourite; and it was her singular good fortune to be at once distinguished by her mistress, and beloved by her companions.

It is still more remarkable, that though her favour with the Prince seemed gradually to increase, that with the Princess kept pace with it. This latter circumstance should, it may be thought, have prevented any scandal which might otherwise have arisen from the former: but although, as Walpole allows, that "the propriety and decency of Mrs. Howard's behaviour were so great that she was always treated as if her character never had been questioned—her friends affecting to suppose that her connexion with the Prince had been confined to pure friendship,"—yet the world certainly suspected a more tender attachment; and Walpole has, in his *Reminiscences*, made direct charges of this nature, with such confidence and particularity, that the transitory scandal of the day has

been, on his authority, embodied in the graver pages of history. But a careful perusal of all Lady Suffolk's original papers obliges the editor to declare, that he not only finds a large proportion of Walpole's anecdotes to be unfounded[2]; but that he has not, in Mrs. Howard's correspondence with the King, nor the notes of her conversations with the Queen, nor in any of her most confidential papers, found a single trace of the feeling which Walpole so confidently imputes.

Lady Suffolk, in her old age, became Mr. Walpole's neighbour, and their acquaint-

[2] Some of the inconsistencies of Walpole's statement are evident on the very face of the story. He says the Prince took no notice of Mrs. Howard, till, on Miss Bellenden's marriage, he transferred his attentions from the latter to the former. Miss Bellenden was not married till 1720, at which time Mrs. Howard had been nearly *ten years* in the Princess's family. Again; he states that Mr. Howard's jealousy became outrageous before the Prince removed from St. James's to Leicester Fields; that removal took place in 1717, yet Walpole dates, as we have seen, Mrs. Howard's favour only from 1720.

ance grew into intimacy; but most of what he relates of her *early* life he had from his father and his father's friends, who were inflamed with violent personal and political prejudices against Mrs. Howard. It is therefore not surprising that stories, thus envenomed by faction, should be often unfounded, and always exaggerated. Walpole had, moreover, a decided antipathy to George the Second; and the friendship of his later years for Lady Suffolk was not strong enough to control his early inclination to depreciate that monarch. Individual instances of his mistakes and misrepresentations will appear in the notes; but it is necessary thus generally to state, that all his anecdotes relative to George the Second and Mrs. Howard must be received with great caution.

There is no doubt that Mr. Howard took some violent steps to remove his lady from her situation in the Princess's family; and this circumstance the world admitted,

and Walpole[3] quotes, as *proof* that there was reason for the *jealousy* of the husband. It appears, however, that—in this inference, as to Mr. Howard's motives—the world and Walpole were certainly mistaken.

It is well known, that within a very few years after their arrival in England, a difference broke out between George the First and his son: this rupture was not only violent but public, and never was completely healed. The old King's resentment, open as it was against his son, was still more rooted against the princess, whom to his familiars he used, with a whimsical mixture of respect and rage, to designate as "*cette diablesse Madame la Princesse.*" In this unhappy dispute Mr. and Mrs. Howard were soon involved. He was groom of the

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[3] In his account of this affair, though he says he had it from Lady Suffolk's lips, he makes so many mistakes in dates and other *ascertained* circumstances, as to throw great doubt on his credit.

bedchamber to the King. She was favourite to "*cette diablesse Madame la Princesse.*" It is therefore not surprising that *they* should have been estranged from one another, when the quarrel ran so high that even the casual visitors at one court were, by notice in the London Gazette, forbidden to appear at the other. As Mrs. Howard's favour increased, she became a more marked object of the King's hostility—not so much on her own personal account, as on that of the Prince and Princess: and at last, *by his majesty's positive commands*, as appears from Mr. Howard's own letters, this gentleman was induced to endeavour to separate his wife from the Princess. Walpole imputes, as we have stated, Mr. Howard's proceedings to jealousy, and it is now impossible to prove a negative on such a subject; but the Editor can assert, that in no part of his correspondence does Mr. Howard allege any such feeling. He grounds his proceedings on the King's positive commands; though he also admits

that he himself had a separate object of his own; namely, to oblige his lady to enter into some legal settlements of her property, which her lawyers advised her to resist.

Walpole further states that Mr. Howard procured the Archbishop of Canterbury to be the bearer of a letter from him to his wife, commanding her to return to conjugal obedience; and he adds that the Princess had the *malicious pleasure* of delivering this letter to her *rival*. This anecdote affords a striking instance of the mode of misrepresentation in which the whole subject has been treated. The letter which Walpole alludes to is in existence. It is *not* a letter from Mr. Howard to his lady, but from the Archbishop to the *Princess;* and, although his Grace urges a compliance with Mr. Howard's demand of the restoration of his wife, he treats it not as a matter between *them*, but as an attack on the *Princess herself;* whom the Archbishop considers as the direct protectress of Mrs. Howard, and the immediate cause of her resistance. So

that, in this letter at least, there is no ground for imputing to Mrs. Howard any *rivalry* with the Princess, or to the Princess any *malicious jealousy* of Mrs. Howard.

These unhappy disputes lasted as long as George the First lived, but when its cause ceased, Mr. Howard's violence began to subside. The question, as to the settlement of the property, was speedily arranged, and a formal separation between the parties was effected.

It has been thought necessary to say thus much on this subject—(which ought never to have been brought into public discussion)—because, mis-stated and misrepresented, it has found its way not merely into books of anecdotes, but, as we have already hinted, into respectable historical works.

In the arrangement of this disagreeable affair, Mrs. Howard was assisted by Gay and Arbuthnot; and it was about this time that these gentlemen and Pope introduced Dean Swift to her. The particulars of Swift's acquaintance with Mrs. Howard will

be found in their correspondence; by a perusal of which, some imputations against the Dean, of duplicity and ingratitude, which have obtained general belief, will be disproved.

In 1731 Mr. Howard succeeded to the Earldom of Suffolk; and as the new Countess could no longer hold the subordinate situation of bedchamber-woman, the Queen, in a way which proved that Lady Suffolk's favour, with her at least, was undiminished, made, by her own personal influence, an arrangement by which the Countess became mistress of the robes.

This office gratified all Lady Suffolk's wishes. Her health never had been good; she was liable to frequent disorders of the head, and afflicted with a constitutional rheumatism; she was, moreover, naturally fond of quiet and retirement, and the joint place of bedchamber-woman and favourite to the Queen imposed upon her an unremitting course of attendance and subjection, of which the more indulgent eti-

quette of the court in later days, affords us no idea.

Eminently disinterested, the only pecuniary favour she seems to have derived from her royal master and mistress, for so long and so assiduous a service, was some assistance towards the acquisition of the little villa of Marble-Hill, near Twickenham; the original cost of which, however, with all the subsequent buildings, did not exceed ten or twelve thousand pounds; but what it may have wanted in magnificence was supplied in comfort and taste. Lords Burlington and Pembroke designed the house; Lord Bathurst and Mr. Pope laid out the gardens; and Gay, Swift, and Arbuthnot, had constituted themselves superintendants of the household. To this retreat Lady Suffolk's new office permitted her frequently to retire, and every fresh visit rendered her more reluctant to leave it for the fastidious formality or the more intolerable *tracasseries* of the court; which, even in the days of her youth and her dependence, were repugnant to her habits and feelings.

The death of her husband, Lord Suffolk, in 1733, and a consequent increase of income, made her still more independent; and in 1734 she resigned her office, and formally retired from court.

In 1735 she married the Hon. George Berkeley, the youngest son of the second Earl of Berkeley, of whom not much is remembered. He was master of St. Catherine's in the Tower; and served in the last parliament of George I., and in the first of George II., as member for Dover.

Lady Suffolk had, as we have seen, long wished to retire from court, but that step was probably accelerated by Mr. Berkeley's addresses, as their union immediately followed the resignation of her office of mistress of the queen's robes. They lived—as appears, not from their correspondence only, but from Lady Suffolk's testimony after Mr. Berkeley's decease (in 1746)—in great cordiality and affection.

Lady Suffolk had by her first husband an only son, who succeeded his father as tenth Earl of Suffolk, and was the last of

his branch. He seems to have had but little intercourse with his mother, and indeed little is known of him, but that he married in 1735 Miss Sarah Inwen, and that he died without issue in 1745, at the age of 35[4].

By Mr. Berkeley Lady Suffolk had no children; but she endeavoured to fulfil those duties so dear to the female heart, by successively adopting and educating her niece, Lady Dorothy Hobart, and her grand niece, Lady Dorothy's daughter by Col. Hotham.

"Lady Suffolk," says Walpole, "was of a just height, well made, extremely fair, with the finest light-brown hair; was remarkably genteel, and always well dressed with taste and simplicity. Those were her personal charms[5], for her face was re-

[4] The peerages say 39; and in deference to their authority Lord Suffolk is stated in the following pages (vol. i. p. 28) to have been born about 1706; but subsequent inquiries induce me to believe that he was born in 1710.

[5] Archdeacon Coxe's account is more flattering to Mrs.

gular and agreeable rather than beautiful; and those attractions she retained with little diminution to her death, at the age of 79. Her mental qualifications were not so shining; her eyes and countenance showed

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Howard's personal charms, and less to those of her mind; but the editor does not know on what authority his description rests: it is contradicted by Walpole, as well as by her earlier acquaintance, and we may add, that her letters give a much more favourable picture of her understanding than her portraits do of her beauty.

"Mrs. Howard (says Coxe) having ingratiated herself into the favour of Queen Caroline when electoral princess, accompanied her to England, and became her bed-chamber woman. If we were to draw our estimate of the understanding of Mrs. Howard from the representations of Pope, Swift, and Gay, during the time of her favour, we might suppose that she possessed every accomplishment and good quality which were ever the lot of a woman. The real truth is, that Mrs. Howard was more remarkable for beauty than for understanding, and the passion the king entertained for her was rather derived from chance than from any combination of those transcendant qualities which Pope and Swift ascribed to their court divinity."—Coxe's Life of Sir R. Walpole, vol. i. p. 280.

her character, which was grave and mild. Her strict love of truth and her accurate memory were always in unison. She was discreet without being reserved; and having no bad qualities, and being constant to her connexions, she preserved uncommon respect to the end of her life[6]."

No person who could pretend to court favour was ever more disinterested and moderate in the exercise of her influence than Lady Suffolk. For herself she acquired nothing but Marble-Hill, and for her family as little. Her brother, indeed, was created a peer, after the accession of George the Second; but though this favour has been entirely charged to her account, it may be doubted how justly. Sir Henry Hobart was a baronet of the original creation of that order—a knight of the Bath—had been in parliament ever since the Hanover accession—represented, at the time of his advancement, the county of Norfolk,—his

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colleague, Sir Thomas Coke (who certainly had no support from Mrs. Howard) was created a peer on the same day—and, long after Lady Suffolk had retired from court, and, when every shadow of her influence had vanished, he was raised to the earldom of Buckinghamshire. That she may have contributed to her brother's peerage, is natural and likely; but that it was any undue or violent exercise of influence, the other circumstances disprove; and indeed the only reproach which we find her friends making against her[7], is the extreme reluctance which she always manifested to ask favours for those who thought they had claims upon her interference.

This moderation, laudable, whether it arose from her prudence or her temper, has been the foundation of many complaints and imputations against her. Swift rallied her for being willing to employ her influence in favour of those only who did not need it;

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[7] See Swift's *Character*.

and Pope is suspected of recording, in allusion to her, that

"Chloe wants a heart."

On the other hand, the friends of Sir Robert Walpole endeavoured to deprive her of the merits of this disinterestedness by imputing it not to moderation, but to necessity. They represent Queen Caroline as so jealous of her, as to take every occasion not only of mortifying her personally, but of thwarting any one who was unlucky enough to have her countenance. This opinion, alike injurious to the Queen and Lady Suffolk, has been chiefly supported by the instances[8] of Gay, Lord Chesterfield, and Lord Bathurst. The statement with regard to Gay will be shown in the *notice* before his first letter (vol. i. p. 31,) to be at least exaggerated: that, as to Lord Chesterfield, will appear (see notes to his letters,

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[8] See Walpole's Reminiscences, and Coxe's Life of Sir R. Walpole, vol. ii. p. 280.

vol. ii. pp. 63 and 83,) to be wholly unfounded. As to Lord Bathurst, the detection of the mis-statement, though not so direct, is yet almost as convincing.

The story, as related by Walpole, is as follows:—"All those who had been dis-"graced at court, had, to pave their future "path to favour, and to secure the fall of "Sir Robert Walpole, sedulously, and no "doubt zealously, dedicated themselves to "the supposed favourite: Bolingbroke se-"cretly, his friend Swift openly, cultivated "Mrs. Howard: and the neighbourhood of "Pope's villa to Richmond facilitated their "intercourse; though his religion forbad "his entertaining views beyond those of "serving his friends. Lord Bathurst, an-"other of that connexion, and Lord Ches-"terfield, too early for his interest, founded "their hopes on Mrs. Howard's influence; "but astonished and disappointed at find-"ing Sir Robert not shaken from his seat, "they determined on an experiment that "should be the touchstone of Mrs. Howard's

"credit. They persuaded her to demand "of the *new king*, an earl's coronet for Lord "Bathurst—she did—the queen put in her "veto—and Swift *in despair* returned to "Ireland, to lament Queen Anne and curse "Queen Caroline, under the mask of pa-"triotism, in a country he abhorred and "despised[9]."

On this it is to be observed in the first place, that George the Second was proclaimed on the 14th of June, 1727—that Swift returned to Ireland in the September of the same year—and that the first creation of peers in that reign did not take place till the 28th of May, 1728. Is it credible that Mrs. Howard should have made such a request of the new king, and suffered so decided a refusal ten or eleven months before *any* peers were made? But, again, in this first creation of peers, Mrs. Howard's *brother* is the second name. Is it probable, that with so great an object for her own

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family in view, she risked a solicitation for Lord Bathurst[1]? But there is yet stronger evidence;—we shall see (vol. i. p. 275,) that Lord Bathurst writes, on the 24th of October, 1727 (a month after Swift had gone to Ireland), to beg Mrs. Howard to explain to the King his proceedings relative to the Gloucester election. The whole tone of that letter, and the very selection of Mrs. Howard as his mediator, are almost decisive against the fact of her having been, so lately and so signally, defeated in another request in his behalf. But that which seems most convincing is Swift's own correspondence. He left London, suddenly indeed, alleging his ill health as the cause of his return home; but it is now known

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[1] How inconsistent is calumny? Lady M. W. Montague says, that in 1724 George the Second, then Prince, forbad Mrs. Howard to receive Lord Bathurst's visits; and Walpole represents her as venturing, in 1727, to ask the King for such a peculiar mark of favour towards the object of *his* jealousy. But both the imputations were false.

that his disorder, his departure, and his *despair*, were all occasioned—not by Lord Bathurst or Queen Caroline—but by the commencement of the fatal illness of poor Stella. And what may conclude the argument on this point, is Swift's letter to Mrs. Howard, of the 9th of July, 1727; in which, rallying her on the solicitations to which the followers of the *new king* would be exposed, he says, "for my own part, you may be secure that I will never venture to recommend even a mouse to Mrs. Cole's cat, or a shoe-cleaner to your meanest domestic!" (Vol. i. p. 248).

Mrs. Howard may have solicited, and Queen Caroline may have thwarted her; but, at least, *not* on the points and in the manner stated by Walpole.

Lady Suffolk closed, in July, 1767, a long life, which had been chequered with the vicissitudes of court favour, and afflicted by constitutional infirmities; but sweetened by the equanimity and moderation of her own mind, and the affection and friendship

of the most eminent and distinguished persons of the long period in which she lived.

The papers, of which the following is a selection, were bequeathed by Lady Suffolk to her nephew, the second Earl of Buckinghamshire; and by him to his daughter, Emily, Marchioness of Londonderry.

The peculiar situation of Lady Suffolk at court, and the eminence in literature, politics, and society, of her friends and correspondents, naturally excited a good deal of curiosity about these papers, and the publisher was encouraged to apply to Lady Londonderry for permission to give a selection of them to the world. To this request her ladyship obligingly acceded, on the condition that the value of the copyright should be presented to a useful public charity; and the Editor was happy to give his humble assistance towards an object thus become doubly interesting.

The names, indeed, of Lady Suffolk's

correspondents could not fail to excite a lively curiosity — Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay, and Young;—the Duchesses of Buckingham, Marlborough, and Queensberry;—Ladies Orkney, Mohun, Hervey, Vere, and Temple;—Misses Bellenden, Blount, Howe, and Pitt;—Lords Peterborough, Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, Lansdowne, Mansfield, and Bathurst; — Messrs. Fortescue, Pulteney, Pelham, Pitt, Grenville, and Horace Walpole!

Such is the illustrious catalogue of Lady Suffolk's correspondents; but it is the editor's duty to admit, that the letters themselves can hardly be said to fulfil the expectations which the reputation of the writers must create.

It is, in the first place, observable, that although Lady Suffolk's situation placed her in the very focus of court intrigue and political faction, the correspondence contains but little of that sort of topic. Whether Lady Suffolk's prudence and moderation deterred her from receiving such

communications, or induced her afterwards to destroy what she might have received, cannot now be determined,—perhaps both causes may have operated;—but, be that as it may, the correspondence contains little historical information, and not a great deal of political anecdote.

In the style and topics of many of the letters, and particularly those addressed to Lady Suffolk in the days of her favour, there will, it is apprehended, be observed a certain degree of formality and reserve; and some of her correspondents—(Lord Peterborough for example)—from whom the liveliest effusions might have been expected, surprise and worry us with the drawl of the "Polite letter-writer."

But, after all these deductions, it is hoped that a great deal of interest and amusement will still remain.

The very length of the correspondence —from 1712 to 1767, fifty-five years—is in itself valuable: it is curious to observe the effect which half a century had on indivi-

duals, and on the tone and manners of society in general.

Although some of the letters are, as has been stated, dry and formal, a great proportion are lively and agreeable; and the whole are interspersed with numerous characteristic traits and familiar anecdotes.

The correspondence with Swift, now completed and published from the originals, will be read with renewed interest; that, with Gay and the Duchess of Queensberry will amuse by its ease, familiarity, and good humour. We shall see that great political leader, Mr. Pulteney, in (as was said of his rival)

——— "the happier hour,
Of social converse, ill exchanged for power."

The easy wit of Lady Hervey, the wild good humour of the beautiful Mary Bellenden, the giddy gaiety of Miss Howe, and the pleasantry, carried to the very edge of decorum, of Lady Vere and Miss Bradshaw, give, at least, animation to the correspondence.

The letters of Mr. Pelham, Mr. George Grenville, and the late Lord Chatham, while yet very young men, and before it could be suspected that they were to be prime ministers of England, have, on that account, some degree of interest.

The collection begins and ends with Lord Chesterfield[e]: his letters are marked

[e] Lord Chesterfield was an early and constant friend of Lady Suffolk's; to him Walpole, in his Reminiscences, does as much injustice (about a *character*, too,) as he did to Swift. After a mistaken story of Swift's having left behind him a posthumous and injurious character of Lady Suffolk, Walpole proceeds:—

"Lord Chesterfield, rather more ingenuous, (as *his* character of her, but under a feigned name, was printed in his life, though in a paper of which he was not known to be the author,) was not more consistent. Eudosia, described in the weekly journal called Common Sense, for September 10, 1737, was meant for Lady Suffolk: yet was it no fault of hers that he was proscribed at court."

It certainly would have been extraordinary that Lord Chesterfield, in 1737, when he was on terms of the most *familiar friendship* with Lady Suffolk, should have published a depreciatory character of her, and in revenge, too, for being disgraced at court—Lady Suffolk being at

with his characteristic elegance and wit, and his last letter is as gay as his first, written 55 years before.

Towards the conclusion will be found some letters of Horace Walpole (afterwards Lord Orford), in that style which has obtained for him the reputation of being one of the most agreeable letter-writers in our language.

Of the letters of Lady Suffolk herself, the characteristic is plain good sense, not unmixed with occasional pleasantry: they are few in number, and (like those of many of her correspondents) hardly justify the tradition which has reached us of the talents of the writer. But in Lady Suffolk's case it must be remembered, that her

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the same time in disgrace also. But, unluckily for Walpole's conjecture, the character of Eudosia (a female *savante*, as the name imports), has not the slightest resemblance to Lady Suffolk, and contains no allusion to courts or courtiers; and indeed we may venture to say, that no one who had *read* the character could have "*dreamed Mrs. Howard was she.*"

letters here printed are (for the most part) those of which she made a previous draft—a process which does not tend to improve a familiar letter. The letters which she wrote without premeditation, but of which of course no trace would remain in her own cabinet, would probably do her more credit: a few of this kind, addressed to Mr. Berkeley and Lord Buckinghamshire, and found in *their* papers, appear to support this opinion.

Several letters addressed to Mr. George Berkeley were found amongst Lady Suffolk's papers, which, as interesting in themselves, or as connecting the rest of the correspondence, it has been thought proper to print.

On the whole, if the following volumes do not contain much historical or political instruction, they will, it is hoped, amuse by the view they afford of private society and manners, and of the individual habits and characters of so many eminent persons.

The editor has endeavoured, by prefatory remarks and explanatory notes, to make the reader acquainted with the several parties to the correspondence, and with the topics they discuss. He is aware that he has done this very imperfectly, and that he has to apologise for many errors and omissions, particularly when, occasionally, he was not able to give sufficient attention to the sheets as they passed through the press; but he flatters himself that, on the whole, he has rendered intelligible some passages which would otherwise have been obscure; and added to the interest of the letters by some account, however imperfect, of the writers.

He has also thought the reader would not be displeased to see, as a preliminary to the correspondence, some pieces which show the estimate formed of Lady Suffolk, by her illustrious contemporaries.

CHARACTER OF THE HON. MRS. HOWARD, (AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK),

Written and given to her by Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's.

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[1] PART THE FIRST.

[This is the famous *Character* which makes so great figure in Pope and Swift's correspondence with Mrs. Howard, and which, by an inaccuracy of Horace Walpole's, has been the occasion (as we have already hinted, *ante*, p. xvi) of a totally unfounded charge against Dean Swift of ingratitude and duplicity towards Lady Suffolk. Walpole's statement is as follows :—

"To Mrs. Howard Swift's ingratitude was base. She in-"dubitably had not only exerted all her interest to second "his and his faction's interests, but loved Queen Caroline "and the minister as little as they did. Yet, when Swift "died, he left behind him a character of Mrs. Howard by "no means flattering, which was published in his post-

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[1] This was a satiric insinuation that he should hereafter probably have occasion to write a *second part* of this character ; so that even if he had done so, the charge of *duplicity* would have been hardly just.

" humous works. On its appearance, Mrs. Howard (become
" Lady Suffolk) said to me in her calm, dispassionate manner,
" 'All I can say is, that it is very different from one that he
" drew of me, and sent to me many years ago, and which
" I have, written by his own hand.' "

This is a complete mistake, to give it no harsher name. The *Character* which Swift left behind, and which was published in his posthumous works, is the *very same* which Lady Suffolk had in her possession. If it be not *flattering*, it is to Swift's honour that he did not condescend to flatter her in the days of her highest favour; and the accusation of having written another less favourable, is wholly *false*. The *Character*, carefully written in the Dean's own hand, and as carefully preserved by Lady Suffolk, here follows; and a comparison of it with the character printed in Swift's posthumous works will show there was but *one* character, and that Walpole's statement, and *all* the charges he builds on it, are absolutely without foundation.

Archdeacon Coxe, in his Life of Sir Robert Walpole, and Sir W. Scott, in his edition of Swift, have been led by Walpole into the same mistake.]

June 12, 1727.

I shall say nothing of her wit or beauty, which are freely allowed by all persons of taste and eyes, who hear or see her: for beauty, being transient, and a trifle, cannot justly make part of a *character* intended to last; and I leave others to celebrate her wit, because it will be of little use in the light I design to show her.

As to her history, it will be sufficient to ob-

serve, that she went in the prime of her youth to the court of Hanover, and there became of the bedchamber to the present Princess of Wales, living with the rest in expectation of the great event of the queen's death, after which she came over with her mistress, and hath ever since continued in her royal highness's service; where, from the attendance duly paid her by all the ministers, as well as others who expect advancement, she hath been reckoned for some years to be the great favourite of the court at Leicester-fields, which is a fact that of all others she most earnestly wishes might not be believed[2].

There is no politician who more carefully watches the motions and dispositions of things and persons at St. James's-house, nor can form a language with more imperceptible dexterity to the present situation of the court, or more early foresee what style may be proper upon any approaching juncture of affairs, whereof she can

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[2] We recommend to the reader's particular attention these touches, which show how little Mrs. Howard ever affected that *favouritism* with which she has since been so profusely charged. Let it be recollected, that Dean Swift was not a writer to use one word idly.

gather timely intelligence without asking it, and often when those from whom she receives it do not know that they are giving it to her, but equally with others admire her sagacity. Sir Robert Walpole and she both think they understand each other, and are both of them mistaken.

With persons where she is to manage she is very expert in what the French call *tâter le pavé*: with others she is a great vindicator of all present proceedings, but in such a manner as if she were under no concern further than her bare opinion, and wondering how any body can think otherwise; but the danger is, that she may come in time to believe herself, which, under a change of princes, and with a great addition of credit, might have terrible consequences.

She is a most unconscionable dealer; for in return for a few good words given to her lords and gentlemen daily waiters, during their attendance, she receives ten thousand from them behind her back. The credit she hath is managed with the utmost parsimony, and whenever she employs it, which is as seldom as possible, it is only upon such occasions where she

is sure to get more than she spends. She would readily press Sir Robert Walpole to do some favour for [3] Ch. Churchill or Mr. Doddington, the princess for some mark of grace to Mrs. Clayton, or his royal highness to remember Mr. Schutz.

She sometimes falls into the general mistake of all courtiers, of not suiting her talents to the different abilities of others, but thinking those she deals with to have less art than they really are masters of, whereby she may possibly be sometimes deceived when she thinks she deceiveth.

In all offices of life [4], except that of a courtier, she acts with justice, generosity, and truth; she is ready to do good as a private person, and I could almost think in charity, that she will not do hurt as a courtier, unless it be to those who deserve it.

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[3] Colonel Charles Churchill was a great friend of Sir Robert's, and afterwards married his daughter; and Mr. Doddington was one of his lords of the treasury. Mrs. Clayton was the confidante of the princess; and Mr. Schutz was an especial favourite with the prince. The dean pleasantly rallies Mrs. Howard's readiness to assist those who did not want it.

[4] The Dean, led away by the opinion of the day, could hardly believe that her moderation and disinterestedness were sincere.

In religion she is at least a latitudinarian, neither an enemy nor a stranger to books which maintain the opinions of freethinkers[5]; wherein she is the more to be blamed, as having too much morality to need their assistance, and requiring only a due degree of faith for putting her in the road to salvation. I speak this of her as a private lady, not as a court favourite, for in this latter capacity she can show neither faith nor works.

If she had never seen a court, it is possible she might have been a friend.

She abounds in good words and good wishes, and will concert a hundred schemes with those whom she favours, in order to their advancement; schemes that sometimes arise from them, and sometimes from herself, although at the same time she very well knows that both are without the least probability to succeed. But to do her justice, she never feeds or deceives any person with promises where she doth not

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[5] This was perhaps true of her mistress Caroline, and of Mrs. Clayton, who had also a great influence with the queen: but we find from the correspondence, that Mrs. Howard herself was not a freethinker, and that she reproved those of her friends who were

then think that she intendeth some degree of sincerity.

She is upon the whole an excellent companion for men of the best accomplishments who have nothing to ask.

What part she may act hereafter in a larger sphere, as lady of the bedchamber to a great queen, and in high esteem with a king, neither she nor I can foretell. My own opinion is natural and obvious, that her talents as a [6]courtier

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[6] In Coxe's Life of Sir Robert Walpole, vol. ii. p. 281, we find the following passage—" Swift says, in a letter to Lady " Betty Germaine—' For these reasons I did always, and do " still think, Mrs. Howard (now Lady Suffolk) an absolute " *courtier*.' When this character was shown to Lady Suffolk, " she mildly observed, ' It is very different from that which " he sent me himself, and which I have in his own hand- " writing.' "

Horace Walpole, as we have seen, talks in his *Reminiscences*, of TWO *characters*. The archdeacon supposes *one* of the characters to have been given in Swift's letter to Lady Betty Germaine; this version, the archdeacon has been so kind as to inform me, he received orally from Walpole before the *Reminiscences* were printed; but it is quite as incorrect as the former statement; for Lady Suffolk never *could* have made any such observation; and so far was it from being *very different*, that it is identically the *same* opinion of her " being a *courtier*," which is here expressed in the *Character* in her own possession. Walpole hated Swift, and when he hated, no regard for truth was permitted to blunt the edge of his anecdotical satire.

will spread, enlarge, and multiply to such a degree, that her private virtues, for want of room and time to operate, must be folded and laid up clean like clothes in a chest, never to be put on till satiety, or some reverse of fortune, shall dispose her to retirement. In the mean time it will be her prudence to take care that they may not be tarnished or moth-eaten, for want of opening and airing, and turning at least once a year.

TO A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

BY MR. POPE.

[This little compliment of Pope to Mrs. Howard is, says Dr. Wharton, "equal in elegance to any compliment that Waller has paid to Sacharissa; especially the last stanza, and the answer to Envy."

This praise seems rather excessive—the last stanza particularly, in which a personal defect is confounded with a moral fault, and in which the personal defect is made so very prominent, seems hardly to merit the extravagant praise of *elegance* which Wharton bestows upon it.]

I KNOW, a thing that's most uncommon,
(Envy be silent, and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, awed by rumour,
Not grave through pride, or gay through folly-
An equal mixture of good humour,
And sensible soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults then (Envy says) sir?"—
Yes, she has one, I must aver;
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear!

SONG,

BY THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

[The following verses are, perhaps, the same to which Lord Peterborough refers in his subsequent correspondence with Mrs. Howard. Walpole, in his account of Lord Peterborough's writings, makes a strange blunder on the subject of these verses.

"This lord wrote," says Walpole, "a ballad beginning, "'*I said to my heart between sleeping and waking.*' He "was also the author of those *well-known* lines which con- "clude '*Who'd have thought Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt* "*it was she.*'"

Of "these *well-known* lines" on his dear friend, Walpole knew so little, that he has quoted the first and the last lines of the same poem as belonging to two *different* pieces. The verses themselves seem very much superior to Pope's compliment, though the last line is awkward, and hardly grammatical.]

I said to my heart, between sleeping and waking,
"Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or aching,
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what
nation,
By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-patation?"

Thus accused, the wild thing gave this sober reply:—
"See, the heart without motion, though Celia pass by!
Not the beauty she has, not the wit that she borrows,
Give the eye any joys, or the heart any sorrows.

" When our Sappho appears—she, whose wit so refined
I am forced to applaud with the rest of mankind—
Whatever she says is with spirit and fire ;
Ev'ry word I attend, but I only admire.

" Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
Ever gazing on heaven, though man is her aim :
'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes—
Those stars of this world are too good for the skies.

" But Chloe so lively, so easy, so fair,
Her wit so genteel, without art, without care ;
When she comes in my way—the motion, the pain,
The leapings, the achings, return all again."

O wonderful creature ! a woman of reason !
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season ;
When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was she ?

ERRATA.

Amongst numerous errors, the following require particular observation:

Vol. i. p. 19, note 3, for *Farrand*, read *Ferrand*.
28, for 1706, read 1710.
50, note 4, the *allusion* is probably to Miss Brett.
60, note 2, for *prudence*, read *prudery*.
76, note 1, for *Robert*, read *Richard*.
76, for *grandson*, read *great-grandson*.
126, notice, line 17, for *head*, read *hint*.
126, notice, and 167, note 1, for *about forty*, read *near forty*
176, note 1, for *eldest*, read *youngest*.
177, note 3, for *two years*, read *one year*.
261, note 9, for *Carsham*, read *Evesham*.
298, note 2, for *Berkembourg*, read *Buckebourg*.
374, note 7, for *first Earl*, read *second Earl*.
392, *dele* note 2, as "*Lord S.*" must mean, not her husband, but her brother-in-law.

Vol. ii. p. 25, note, for *Kelmanseck*, read *Kilmanseck*.
48, line 20, after *known*, a full stop.
80 and 81, for *Mrs. Howard*, read *Lady Suffolk*.
256, note 2, for *king's* sempstress, read *queen's*.



SUFFOLK CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HON. PHILIP STANHOPE TO THE HON. GEORGE BERKELEY.

[Philip Dormer Stanhope, born in 1694—became on the death of his grandfather in 1713, Lord Stanhope—and, on that of his father in 1726, Earl of Chesterfield. His life and character are too well known to require any explanation here. He was, as will be seen in the course of these pages, an early and constant friend of Lady Suffolk. He died in 1773, having enjoyed the highest reputation for all sorts of merit that any man ever, perhaps, obtained from his contemporaries. The following specimen of the early style of so eminent a person, has been thought, notwithstanding a tinge of indelicacy, worth preserving.]

Trin. Hall, Cambridge, 25th June, O. S. [1712.]

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I WOULD have written to you before I received your last letter, but I found by your first that you were so expeditious in moving from place to place that I thought my former directions would not serve. You do not know what you ask when you would have

me write long letters; you would quickly be a weary on it, should I obey you: what a number of insignificant trifles must I put together to fill up this sheet of paper, and how tiresome would it be to you to have a true and faithful history of Midsummer fair, which is our present diversion! But since you will—faith, you shall have enough on it; but I give you free leave to throw this letter by as soon as ever you are tired on it.

I came down from London a week ago, which place afforded me little diversion. Plays and operas were left off, and I fell short of the pleasure I proposed to myself from the French ambassador's masquerades; for our good [1]queen, thinking them encouragements to vice, discountenanced them so much, that he, out of complaisance, gave them over * *.

But now to come to Cambridge: I must first tell you that I have not yet seen Miss Nevile, but it will not be long first, for her sagacious father is at London; so if the daughter and the greyhound be not locked up, I will take this opportunity of a tête-à-tête * * *. The Tippins appeared last night at the fair, when Pat and I (after a damned quarrel we have had these two months) were reconciled: she is a fine girl, faith, and seems to have good dispositions.

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[1] Anne

Oh! * *! sed me reprimo, I consider the sin, and will not so much as indulge myself in the thoughts of it. Jack Cowper[2] is more and more in love every day, passes three parts in four of his life with the nymph, and is gay or sad, just as it pleases her ladyship to frown or smile. Our old stupid heads (of houses) would not let us have a public commencement, to the great disappointment of all our young folks, whether male or female.

Your departure, dear George, has been very unsuccessful to us, for as soon as you went away we immediately lost the name of the Witty Club, and I am afraid we shall soon dwindle into no club at all, for Exton Sayer[3] is gone to London, and George Stanley[4] goes this week; the *Bonny*[5] goes in a fortnight into Staffordshire; so do but think what a poor solitary remnant we shall be.

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[2] Perhaps John Cowper, the father of the poet, himself a man of some poetical talent He died in 1756, rector of Great Berkhampstead

[3] Probably the son of Mr. George Sayer, who, in 1718, succeeded Mr. Exton as king's proctor Mr Exton Sayer was afterwards an eminent civilian, filled several offices in the ecclesiastical courts, and was a member of parliament.

[4] Probably Mr. George Stanley, who afterwards married Sir Hans Sloane's eldest daughter, and was the father of the better-known Mr. Hans Stanley

[5] It is now in vain to inquire who was meant by *Bonny*; which is rather to be regretted, as he made, it seems, in Stanhope's name, the best verses in the Cambridge collection.

Prithee comfort us as often as you can with a letter, which we will retail at proper times as our own wit, to retrieve as much of our character as we can. None of our Cambridge [6] verses are worth sending you; a great many of them are egregiously silly; mine are some of the prettiest in the book; the *Bonny* made them for me; we are now burlesquing them as fast as ever we can. I rejoice much that your nut brown girl afforded you such good sport; I should be glad to be with you to partake of those innocent amusements to which you dedicate your *horas subsecivas;* but pray set one or two of them apart sometimes, to oblige with a letter, my dear George,

Thy most sincere friend,

P. Stanhope.

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[6] A collection of verses on the Treaty of Utrecht. We see that Lord Chesterfield lent his name, if not his talents, to celebrate the peace of Utrecht; yet when, within three little years, he obtained a seat in parliament, we find him pursuing, with a ferocity (which even in those violent days was remarkable) the authors of that peace. "He never wished," he said, "to spill the *blood* of any of his countrymen, much less of any nobleman, but he was persuaded the safety of the country required that *examples should be made* of those who had betrayed it in so infamous a manner!"

LORD STANHOPE TO THE HON. GEORGE BERKELEY.

[1] Hague, May 29th, [1714.]

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I HOPE you will pardon me for not having thanked you for the favour of your letter (which I received at Antwerp) till now; I hope you will not impute it to indifference or forgetfulness in one that always loves and remembers you. But the truth is, that at

[1] Lord Chesterfield tells us, that he spent the summer of 1714 at the Hague, among friends who quickly laughed him out of his scholastic habits, but gave him in return a taste for gaming. He honestly confesses that, hating both wine and tobacco, he drank and smoked at Cambridge *to be in the fashion;* and that, under the same delusion, he gamed at the Hague, and that this error became afterwards a *habit,* and at last *a vice.* (Letters to his Son, vol. ii. p 352.) It ought, however, to be told, to Lord Chesterfield's credit, that his sense of duty and decorum was still stronger than his passion for play. While he was lord lieutenant of Ireland or secretary of state, he never played, nor permitted play in his house; but on the very night of the day that he resigned his office, he went to *White's.* On his return to England in 1715 he was appointed gentleman of the prince's bedchamber, which led him into an intimate friendship with Mrs. Howard, Lady Hervey, and the rest of that court.

Antwerp the [2] duke and duchess were so civil to me that I had not time to be so to any body else, for I was with them from morning to night all the while I stayed there. The duke and the duchess inquired extremely after their friend, as they called you, and commanded me the first time I writ to you to assure you of their good wishes.

This place is now extremely pleasant and entertaining; I wish I could describe it so to you as to tempt you to take a little journey, and make it more so: I have power to tell you that there is a large room in a certain house very much at your service, where I am sure you might pass two or three months this summer much cheaper, and I believe more agreeably, than at London. Pray send me some news from London, and whatever I can pick up here I shall inform you of, though it is but a poor return. I am,

Yours,

STANHOPE.

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[2] The Duke and Duchess of *Marlborough*, on the accession of Queen Anne's tory administration, thought it prudent to go abroad, and had, at this time, fixed their residence at Antwerp, a convenient position for observing the political movements of both England and Hanover. Lord Stanhope's sudden zeal against the treaty of Utrecht may perhaps be, in some degree, attributed to this visit to Antwerp, and to the flattering attentions which he received from the greatest man, and one of the cleverest women of the age.

LADY MOHUN TO THE HON. MRS. HOWARD.

[[1]Elizabeth Lawrence, widow of Charles Lord Mohun killed in the doubly fatal duel with the Duke of Hamilton in 1711. She remarried (in 1717) Charles Mordaunt, nephew of the celebrated Lord Peterborough; and through her, commenced Lady Suffolk's acquaintance with this lord, of which we shall see more presently. The disproportionate youth of Mr. Mordaunt, and some other circumstances of the match, do not seem to have added to Lady Mohun's respectability. She died in the spring of 1725.]

Cashiobury, [1716.]

Oh, my dear deputy guardian, why should politics and moral reflections have the ascend-

[1] There is great confusion and inaccuracy in all the peerages as to the last wife of Lord Mohun. They sometimes confound her with Lady Phil. Annesley, his mother, and with Charlotte Mainwaring, his first wife. Elizabeth Lawrence, however, was the lady who survived him; and he bequeathed to her the estate at Gawsworth Hall, near Congleton, in Cheshire, which he had obtained on his former marriage with Charlotte Mainwaring. The fate of this seat is remarkable. It belonged to Gerard, Lord Macclesfield; his niece, Miss Mainwaring, married Lord Mohun, and the old lord left Gawsworth to him; this preference offended the Duke of Hamilton (who had married another niece), and produced dissensions, which ended in the famous duel. Lord Mohun remarried, and left Gawsworth to his widow Elizabeth Lawrence, and she left it to her own

ant of pleasure? The weather sympathises with my mind; the sky is troubled, and the clouds weep. I am now in the most uneasy disposition of pain, fear, and uncertainty; I am impatient to know the conclusion of that unhappy affair relating to my dear and best friend, princely Argyle[2], and yet dread to be informed.

Why is nature cramped by fortune? why may I not tell the ministry, that barbarity, oppression, and injustice to their fellow-subject, are no virtues; and that insolence and opposition to their prince can never be forgot, and *may one day be punished?* But you know I am very discreet upon such occasions. I am now in the country, and the trees can tell no tales.

Tell dear Molly[3] I love her like any thing; and do not forget I am to have an epistle of consolation, clubbed or signed by the wits of St. James's[4]: let honest Paget[5] set his name, and

daughter by Colonel Griffith, a former husband; Miss Griffith married the first Earl of Harrington, and thus carried into his family an estate with which they had no connexion either in blood or alliance.

[2] In June, 1716, the Duke of Argyll, who was suspected by the king of fomenting the differences between his majesty and the Prince of Wales, was dismissed from all his employments, and went into direct opposition.

[3] Probably Miss Mary Lepel, one of the maids of honour, afterwards Lady Hervey.

[4] Where the prince held his court.

[5] Thomas Paget, Lord Paget, was one of the gentlemen of

Schults[6] his mark. I shall always take the will for the deed, and expect no more from my friends than they can perform. Let the letter be very hum drum, for to read a pun would blind me, as to make one would choke me. By this you must conclude I have very little or no wit, but am not less sincerely my dear guardian's

Most faithful slave.

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the prince's bedchamber: but as his lordship was an *author*, Lady Mohun's raillery was probably directed against his uncle General Thomas Paget, who was also of the prince's bed-chamber, a very remarkable and successful person in the fashionable society of his day; he was the grandson of the fifth Lord Paget, and great grandfather of the present Marquis of Anglesey.

[6] One, I believe, of the equerries to the prince: he afterwards filled several higher offices at court. He was a man of wit, and is celebrated in Pope's "Court Ballad" as a punster.

GILES EARLE, ESQ. TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Giles Earle was at this time member for Chippenham, as he was in the next and three subsequent parliaments for Malmesbury. He was, successively, groom of the bedchamber to the prince in 1718; clerk comptroller of the king's household in 1720; commissioner of the Irish revenue in 1728, and a lord of the treasury in 1738. He was also chairman of the committees of the house of commons from 1727 to 1741. Mr. Earle was a man of broad, coarse wit, and Sir Charles Hanbury Williams has, in his "Dialogue between Giles Earle and Bubb Doddington," preserved a lively image of his style and sentiments.]

18th June [1716.]

MADAM,

I AM now writing this letter in a great field, under an old Spanish tent, and *de temps en temps*, I look upon my haymakers who are at work all round me, but I promise you not to mind what they do.

I received the honour of a letter on Monday, which by the date I ought to have had on Saturday. It is always with great pleasure I hear of the health and prosperity of the family[1] you belong to; my humble duty and service always wait upon his royal highness: I hope he thinks so,

[1] The prince's.

whether you do me the honour to present them or not. I have likewise great joy in the hopes that the cloud[2] which hung over your head, and threatened to break upon you, is past over, and may one day fall upon those wretches that would have betrayed you.

I have not been two miles from home since I got here, in hopes of receiving my lord[3] duke's commands to meet him in Oxfordshire. The knowing him as well as I have done for twenty years together, and being a friend to him without design or reserve, I think (with a great deal of respect to religion) is enough to save the wickedest person at the day of judgment. I hear my Lord Ilay[4] is gone to Scotland; I wish him very well

[2] This appears to allude to some tracasseries de la cour which are now forgotten.

[3] John, Duke of Argyll, who was dismissed about the date of this letter. It seems that Mr. Earle, in after life, was not so very cordial with his grace. In Sir C. H. Williams's dialogue between Earle and Doddington, the former is made to say,

> Whenever Walpole dies, and not before,
> Then may Argylle again come into power;
> And when he has been paid his long arrear,
> And got once more nine thousand pounds a year—
> When every Campbell that attends his grace
> Shall be return'd to parliament and place—
> When every Scotchman in his train is served—
> An *Englishman* may chance to be preferr'd.
> This is a truth—I know it *to my cost;*
> He best can tell it who has felt it most.

[4] Duke of Argyll's brother, himself Duke of Argyll after-

wherever he is: there is no honest wise man can be long acquainted with him without having the greatest regard and friendship for him. I writ to both the brothers since I came here, but neither of them ever mind to tell one whether they received one's letters. I am almost tired with my father's house, I want to see your court again; but having no call[5] there, I hate to be taken for a loitering fellow. God bless you, whatever becomes of me.

I am, with great respect, &c.

G. Earle.

GILES EARLE, ESQ. TO MRS. HOWARD.

Eastcourt, 27th July, 1717.

MADAM,

I have now been at my own cottage a fortnight, very busy in putting my little disordered affairs to rights, that I may for the future be able to support my character without

wards. He was what is called the manager of Scotland. He was dismissed at the same time with his brother.

[5] He soon had a *call* to that court, having been appointed groom of the bedchamber to the prince in January 1718.

a dependency[1]—to assist those[2] to the utmost of my power that I love, because I think they act right—and to be of some consequence to those[3] that do otherwise. The sort of life I lead here (whether I like it or not) is, however, necessary. I must own, that being twice a day at St. James's is a more eligible way of living. We are here in plenty, quiet, and ease, but no ecstasies; we have purling streams and shady bowers, but no deaths nor daggers: we have gentlemen with long wigs, but they smoke tobacco; and ladies with hoops, but they are draggled at the tail.

I have not heard one word of news since I left London: my silly neighbours that keep market tell me there are a great many that love King George turned out[4] at court.

My most faithful and obedient service shall

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[1] It is remarkable that this worthy gentleman, who seems to have formed such just ideas of the value of an independency, was, for the rest of his long life, a courtier and a placeman.

[2] The prince's party.

[3] The ministry.

[4] Alluding to the resignation of Townshend, Walpole, Pulteney, and several other leading whigs. The changes began in April, and were not concluded till about this time, when Lords Dorset and Scarborough were dismissed. This change, like that of the Duke of Argyll, arose out of differences between the king and the heir apparent.

always attend the family[5] you belong to; and so, in a solemn manner—(for I cannot be merry),

I subscribe myself, &c.

G. Earle.

GILES EARLE, ESQ. TO MRS. HOWARD.

10th Aug. 1717.

MADAM,

About a fortnight since I did myself the honour to write to you. I hope you had a little pleasure in receiving it, and hearing from a friend that wishes you as well as he does himself; it was since I wrote to you I have known the hard fate of my friends that were in the king's service. I have a thousand reasons for thinking them men of great honour, lovers of their king and country, and that had rather lose their lives than forfeit their honesty. I hope for the sake of the king's service, and the liberties and properties of a free people, their [1]successors have

[5] That of the Prince of Wales.

[1] The successors were another branch of the whig party. It was in the commencement of these changes that Mr. Addison became secretary of state.



the same principles. If people would but think right, there are very few things can happen to a man (where bodily pain is not concerned) that are terrible; the necessaries of life are almost in every man's power, and comforts are what one is pleased to call so. Next winter I design to make me a plain coat, and line it with gratitude and honesty; it is a damned[2] hot summer suit, but I fancy it will keep me as warm in cold weather as any laced coat of them all. Would to God I was at [3]Hampton Court! I stupify myself by eternally thinking of that place, but I hope those that wish me best had rather I should mind my business here for a little time, repair my farm-houses, and put my estate in order that has been neglected these ten years.

Pray give my most faithful and obedient service to those who will accept of it.

I am, madam, &c.

G. Earle.

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[2] He seems to mean that, *at that moment*, gratitude and honesty were rather oppressive and inconvenient, but that the day would come when they would be rewarded.

[3] Where the Prince of Wales, at this time, resided with the king.

HENRY PELHAM, ESQ. TO THE HON. GEO. BERKELEY.

[Henry Pelham, only brother of the Duke of Newcastle, born in 1696. He came into parliament in 1718; was a lord of the treasury in 1721; in 1724 he became secretary at war; and in 1730 paymaster of the forces. He was an able supporter of Sir Robert Walpole; and soon after that minister's fall was—on his recommendation to George II. and unexpectedly to Mr. Pelham and his family—named first lord of the treasury, and chancellor of the exchequer. His talents were not shining, but they were useful; his temper conciliatory, and his integrity above suspicion. If his administration had not the opportunity of being glorious abroad, it had the higher and rarer merit of being happy, prosperous, and popular, at home. He died after a short illness in 1754, and the general consternation at his loss is the best panegyric upon his character. Horace Walpole, who hated him from some private pique, depreciates on all occasions Mr. Pelham's merit, but his contemporaries and posterity cannot both be mistaken in a man who held so eminent a station for so long and luminous a period; and we may safely reject Walpole's prejudiced testimony.]

Nov. 3d, 1717.

Since you were so kind as to desire it, dear Berkeley[1], I give you this trouble to tell you, that after some few misfortunes upon the road, and

[1] Mr. Berkeley appears to have been at this period in Paris, whence Mr. Pelham was just returned

a very violent storm at sea, I got up to Dover last Saturday, and to London last Sunday, where I found very little company except the prince's family. I went afterward to [2] Hampton Court, where I was much flattered, and had great honours done me. The news of the town now; and whole conversation, is of the [3] young prince, who was born last night at six o'clock, and Her Royal Highness very well. I never saw any body so transported as the Prince of Wales * * *. Lord Hervey[4], being in waiting, was sent immediately to the king, and had the honour of kissing His Majesty's hands. Our wishes, and the town talk, give him a thousand pounds, but I am afraid. If it should be so, admire Herbert's[5] good fortune!—it was his

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[2] The king was now at Hampton Court and the prince in town.

[3] To a misunderstanding about the christening of this child Smollett and other historians attribute the breach between the king and the prince. We see, however, in these letters that the breach already existed; the affair of the christening, which was followed by the prince and princess leaving St James's in high indignation, only served to make the quarrel more public and scandalous

[4] Carr, Lord Hervey, gentleman of the prince's bedchamber; the elder brother of the more celebrated John, who, on Carr's death in 1723, became Lord Hervey. See the next letter.

[5] Probably Henry, Lord Herbert, afterwards ninth Earl of Pembroke, one of the lords of the prince's bedchamber

turn to wait, but he changed with Hervey for the next.

Politics are much as you left them, the difference running as high between the [6]two courts as ever. The king forbad the lord of the bedchamber inviting Lord Townshend and Walpole to dine with him at Newmarket; all others were very welcome. The ministers say they have nothing to ask this sessions that can be refused them, only common subsidies. They are reducing the army to fifteen* thousand men; that reduction to be made by private men out of each company and troop, without breaking any corps. This will be agreeable news to Jemmy Dormer[7]: if he has not gone from Paris, pray tell him I got his books to Waldershare[8] without paying any duty[9], and [1]Furnese will take care to get them to London.

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[6] After the prince had left St. James's, matters went still further, and the Gazette contained such a notification as never was before *published,* that the king would not receive at his court any one who should visit the prince.

[7] General Dormer, a friend of Pope's, whose visits to Rowsham, the seat of the Dormers, are often mentioned in his correspondence. The news would be *agreeable,* because Dormer, by this arrangement, would not lose his regiment. Mr. Pelham had served under Dormer's command against the rebels in 1715.

[8] The seat of the family of Furnese in Kent has since become the property of the Norths.

[9] One cannot refrain from a smile at finding the future chancellor of the exchequer engaged in smuggling.

[1] Probably Sir Robert Furnese, the second baronet.

I forgot to tell you that they say my Lord Trevor[2] has been with the king, and is talked of for president of the council. Lord Sunderland[3] is going to be married to one Miss Tichbourne, a girl of fifteen years old, without a groat. [4]Lord Berkeley is laid up with the gout, so that I have not seen him yet. I have inquired about Snap, and some say he is at his brother's in the country, but it is certain he is very well, and will be in town this month. Tell [5]Essex he must take care how he behaves himself when he comes, for I have raised every

[2] Thomas Trevor, first Lord Trevor, chief justice of the king's bench. He became privy seal in 1726, and held that office till his death in 1730.

[3] Charles Spencer, third Earl of Sunderland, born about 1665, at this time prime minister: he was thrice married; the last time, on the 5th December, 1717, to Judith Tichborn (niece of Henry, Lord Farrand), by whom he had a son, who died nearly at the same time with his father, April 1722, and was buried with him On the 11th September Lady Sunderland was delivered of a posthumous son: the king showed his recollection of the deceased minister by standing sponsor for the child, which lived but a few months. Lady Sunderland afterwards married Sir Robert Sutton, K. B. and died in 1749.

[4] James Berkeley, third Earl of Berkeley, elder brother of George. We shall see that the gout was a family disease of the Berkeleys.

[5] William Capel, third Earl of Essex, was at this time a minor, and on his travels. He took his seat in the house of lords November, 1718.

body's expectations much. My brother[6] is very much yours, and begs you will be so kind as to bespeak two periwigs for him, a degree or two lighter than mine, and something bigger in the head.

I must trouble you to send me two or three pads for cravats by the first opportunity. This is giving you a great deal of trouble, but you have shown your goodness to me so much, that I flatter myself you will forgive this in, dearest George,

Your most affectionate

H. PELHAM.

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[6] The first Duke of Newcastle of the Pelham family.

LORD HERVEY TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Carr Lord Hervey, eldest son of the first Earl of Bristol, by his first wife, Miss Carr, heiress of Sir Robert Carr, of Ashwarby, near Sleaford. Walpole, in a lively sketch of the society which used at this period to meet at Mrs. Howard's apartment, mentions this lord "as reckoned of superior parts to his celebrated brother John,"—who on his death became Lord Hervey. As no other literary remains of this young nobleman are known, I venture to print two letters, though they do not seem to justify Walpole's report of his lordship's talents. He died unmarried in 1723. It is to be regretted that not any letters of John Lord Hervey have been found.]

[Ashwarby] Aug. 20th, [1718]

MADAM,

WHEN I asked your leave to take this opportunity of corresponding with you, I believe you hardly expected to be very well entertained from this place, and in that respect I am pretty sure you will not be disappointed.

I therefore hope you will deal as fairly with me, and that since all that I could propose from my request was my own advantage in the pleasure of hearing from you, you will not let me be disappointed on my side.

I can tell you nothing from hence, but that, to our great misfortune, we can find no other em-

ployment here but riding and walking about all day, which unluckily gives us too good appetites for the slender diet my guests and I commonly meet with at this place.

But, however, it happens *brother* Harry[1] and I fatten here, from which I conclude we must be of the cameleon kind; for I am sure it can be upon nothing but air.

If you have any news you care to trust to a letter, you know the sending it is never disagreeable to a country friend. But if you have not, I shall be very well satisfied, since by much the most pleasing account I can have from Richmond[2] will be that of your being in good health, and not wanting to be told you are grown bulky; both which, jokes apart, are amongst the first of the wishes of, &c.

HERVEY.

Harry Bellenden desires me to give his most humble service to you.

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[1] Henry, afterwards Sir Henry Bellenden, *brother* of Mary Bellenden, and groom of the bedchamber to the prince; he was celebrated for his jovial disposition, and his death in 1751 was commemorated by an anacreontic epitaph, usually printed as Doddington's; but Walpole, who knew all the parties, attributes it to Richard, first Lord Mount Edgecumbe. If Lord Hervey tells truth as to the quality of his *fare*, we may well doubt whether "honest Harry Bellendine" repeated his visit.

[2] The summer residence of the prince since his quarrel with

LORD HERVEY TO MRS. HOWARD.

Ashwarby, August 23d, 1719.

MADAM,

I HAD done myself this honour, and given you this trouble, long before now, but that I have really been extremely out of order these two months; and two journeys, which I have been absolutely obliged to make in this country, have, at several times, very much contributed to increase my indisposition.

I now find myself much better; but though I mend ever so fast, I shall not think myself recovered till you are so good to perfect the cure with your own hand: I therefore hope you will be so compassionate as not to refuse a speedy relief.

It is in that hope I now write; for I suppose you do not think I imagine I can send you any thing from hence that can either much edify or amuse you, except I should acquaint you with the great scarcity of hay this year in Lincolnshire—the want we have had of hands for

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the king. It was the villa of the Duke of Ormond before his exile. His royal highness hired it in 1718, and bought it in 1719, for £6000, of the commissioners for confiscated estates.

the harvest by means of sickness—my own apothecary's decease last Tuesday at Sleaford—our Lord Lieutenant[1], my Lord Great Chamberlain having taken on Friday an apozeme, vulgarly * * to prevent a fever—and several such particulars, which (as those who live about a court, must know every thing) I need not add.

I hope I need not so much as ask whether our master[2] is well, though it is a question I am often obliged to answer; for I am glad I can say, for the honour of my neighbourhood, that I think H. R. H. has as many dutiful servants here, as there are people I have heard speak.

I was at Belvoir four or five days ago, and Lord William's[3] election seems to go better and better.

I beg you will give my humble service to Miss Bellenden, and by the time I come to court (which shall be long before the birth-day) she shall receive a vessel of the best *yall** (for we

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[1] Duke of Ancaster, hereditary great chamberlain, and lord-lieutenant of Suffolk.

[2] The prince.

[3] Lord William Manners, second son of the Duke of Rutland, lord of the bedchamber to the Prince, was canvassing the county of Leicester, in opposition to Mr. Mundy, on the vacancy occasioned by the death of Sir T. Cave. The canvas lasted some months, the writ not being moved till November. Lord William was returned.

brew no *ale* in this country) that ever brought up air—I dare not say wind—to two fair ladies*.

I believe by this time, Madam, you will say "Spleen! Lord, if he can write such a long letter, if he was here how would he chatter!" However it is better as it is, for you may choose whether you will read, but in the other case you cannot help hearing.

I am not much concerned whether you read the end or no, for I flatter myself you are persuaded, without my repeating it, with how much zeal and sincerity I am, &c.

HERVEY.

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* Gross as this and a preceding passage are, it has been thought right to preserve them as examples of the manners of the time, and as a proof that, in decency at least, we are superior to what is called our Augustan age.

MRS. BRADSHAW TO MRS. HOWARD.

[No precise account of Mrs. Bradshaw can be given. She seems to have been connected with Mrs. Howard's family—very intimate with Lady Mohun—an old maid—and a person of more gaiety than delicacy. Decency has required the omission of large portions of her letters, which, though very sprightly, are also very gross.]

June 29th, [1718.]

You will not expect any news, when I tell you I have been out of my castle but once since I saw you, and that was yesterday to see [1] Lady Clarges, who is come to town; there I heard that poor [2] Lady Ashburnham died on Wednesday of an apoplexy, and her lord is ready to go mad; yet there is many an honest gentleman in this town would be glad it were his case.

Oh Lord, I had forgot!—there is a plot, they say, but I, not being at the bottom of it, can give you but a dark account, further than that there are four of the Scotch guard taken up for

[1] Barbara, daughter and co-heiress of John Berkely, Viscount Fitzharding, and wife of Sir Thomas Clarges, the second baronet.

[2] Henrietta Stanley, daughter of the Earl of Derby, widow of John, Earl of Anglesea, and second wife of John, first Earl of Ashburnham. She died on the 26th June.

listing men for the Pretender; and that if they had gained their wicked will, they would have seized the Tower. Some other confession they have made, which is not yet ready for the public.

Sure, I fancy the Countess of [3]Godolphin will be a convert to our [4]court, for I hear she dined with my [5]Lord B. again on Tuesday; and B. is far too much taken up with his new acquaintance to admit an old one; so I must be content to broil in my own cock-loft this summer, and have no other comfort but what you in your bounty will afford me by letter; and in order to it, a cargo of paper shall come by the first conveyance I can get. But master [6]Paget does not wait, I understand, this week, by whom I thought to have sent it; but you may borrow a little more upon the strength of what I have got for you.

I wish you may not repent of your telling me to write often, for I shall certainly do it, though I am [7]consumedly dull; but I hope to make this

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[3] Henrietta, eldest daughter of John, Duke of Marlborough, wife of Francis, second Earl of Godolphin; in 1722 Duchess of Marlborough; best known as the friend of Congreve.

[4] The Prince's.

[5] Probably Allan, Lord Bathurst, of whom more hereafter.

[6] Colonel Thomas Paget. See p. 8.

[7] This strange word (which, perhaps, is a corruption of *consummately*) was at one time fashionable, but it had become ridiculous since Farquhar had put it into the mouths of Scrub and Sullen.

one letter, at least, welcome, by telling you of your [8] son's health, whom I have just sent to inquire after, and desire he shall drink tea with me. Madam Bellenden is come to sup with me, so I can say no more but yet I am, &c. &c.

MRS. BRADSHAW TO MRS. HOWARD.

Thursday Night, [4th Sept. 1718.]

DEAR LADY HOWARD,

For *so* I think you should be accosted, since you are a pop nearer being a countess than you was last week[1]. Can I serve you in any kind about your mourning? if you think me capable, I beg you will let me have the pleasure of receiving your commands.

Pray, when you take your journey to the

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[8] Her only child, Henry, who, on the death of his father in 1733, became tenth Earl of Suffolk. He was born about 1706, and died in 1745 without issue.

[1] Henry, fifth Earl of Suffolk, and first Earl of Bindon, Mrs. Howard's brother-in-law, died 1st September, 1718. His only son died in 1722, without issue, and the title passed to his uncles.

moon, let me go in your train, for I always had a passion to see foreign parts; and our world is to me extremely dull, though I hear there are brave doings at [2] Hampton Court. I was much importuned to go on Tuesday to the play, but I have no notion of serving two [3] masters.

I have seen my namesake [4] Bellenden, who tells me she diverted herself mighty well at Richmond; for all that, I wish you would come to town, for I have no acquaintance here to give me a lift, and I am afraid your master will forget my ridiculous face, unless you will be so good to deliver an humble petition I have to make—it is to put a boy into the Charter-House; he is qualified as being a gentleman: his father was an officer, and killed in the service about twelve years ago, and the child has nothing to educate him but what his relations do in charity for him. I know His R. H. has the putting in one every year, and Christmas is the time: if you would be so good as to take an opportunity when you think it proper to lift up this my humble request, I should take it as a great obligation;

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[2] Where the king now was.

[3] Alluding to the dissensions between the king at Hampton Court and the prince at Richmond.

[4] Margaret, sister of Mary Bellenden. Both are commemorated in Gay's "Welcome to Pope from Greece," as

"Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land,
And smiling Mary, soft and fair as down"

and I fancy the readiest way to incline you is to let you know it is a very great charity, and though that is but an odd argument to use at court, yet I will venture it to you.

I must give you a hint that you are a little lazy, for you live at the fountain-head of news, and I really do not see the face of any animal but my own domestics in ten days together; and you know it is hard to spin all out of one's own bowels.

Since I wrote this Lady Mohun came in and caught me in the fact; she would know who I was writing to, and when I told her, she desired me to put in her service, and desires you will not forget to bring up her purse that she says you promised her. If she should go to Richmond in her own coach I shall get a lift, for I really have great yearnings after seeing dear Mrs. Howard, to whom I am a faithful slave in thought, word, and deed.

I know it is better manners to put this in a case[5], but then it is better housewifery to send it without.

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[5] An envelope, or cover.

JOHN GAY, ESQ. TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Gay, beloved by every body, was supposed to be especially patronized by Mrs. Howard; but that patronage (and perhaps some indiscretions of the simple bard himself) ensured him, *it is said*, the discountenance of Queen Caroline, and the opposition of Sir Robert Walpole. Swift, displeased with Mrs. Howard on his own account, affected to quarrel with her for her imputed neglect of poor Gay. Lady Betty Germain—in two excellent letters printed amongst those of Pope and Swift—defended the sincerity of Mrs. Howard; but it was not till after the death of both the queen and George II. that it was fully known how little was the influence of the favourite, and how absolute that of the queen. But, after all, there is reason to doubt whether Gay's grievances were not over-rated. His tory friends, who did not choose to avow *their own* cause of quarrel against Walpole and the queen, were not unwilling to make a pretext of *his*. Let us endeavour to set right a point of literary history. Gay, far from being persecuted, appears to have been favoured by people in power. He was selected in 1714 to be secretary of the mission which conveyed to the Brunswick family the news of the illness of Queen Anne, and of its own approaching accession. Gay's friends confess that his own awkwardness and simplicity threw away this opportunity of recommending himself; and the truth is, that "in simplicity a child," he was wholly incapable of business. In 1724 we find him publicly and actively patronised by the prince's court. In 1727, on the accession of George II. he was offered the situation of gentleman usher to one of the young princesses. This office, Gay—under the advice of his friends—refused as an indignity. Where the indignity was is not easily discovered; the kind of place fit for Gay was a small sinecure which might afford him

bread, and leave him leisure for his literary pursuits; and such was the office proposed to him: for one of higher and more important duties his temper and habits incapacitated him; nor does it seem such a violent *indignity* that he, whose greatest merit at that time was his "Fables," written for one royal child, should have been appointed to a nominal office about another royal child. But a most important fact has not hitherto been noticed by any of Gay's biographers; though traces of it are to be found in his correspondence. He was, in 1722, during the height of Walpole's power, appointed a *commissioner of the lottery*,—a place in the minister's immediate gift, of respectable emolument and little labour. It is true that his name was omitted from the commission in 1731, but surely that might have been fairly expected (even if his state of health did not account for the omission) after the publication of The Beggar's Opera, which he professedly wrote as a *satire on the court*, and on Walpole and Lord Townshend personally: and it is painful to find a man of Gay's talents expressing himself in the style of a mere party hireling.—"It is my hard fate," he says to Pope,—in allusion to the *fables* written *for* the prince, and *The Beggar's Opera* written *against* the court;—"it is my hard fate that I must get nothing whether I write *for* them or *against* them."

On the whole, then, it seems, that the abuse which has been so long and so largely lavished on Queen Caroline, Sir Robert Walpole, and Mrs. Howard, for neglect or persecution of poor Gay, is undeserved, and particularly by the last. Gay was born in 1680, and died in December, 1732.]

Dijon, Sept. 8, 1719.

MADAM,

If it be absolutely necessary that I make an apology for my not writing, I must give you an account of very bad physicians, and

a fever which I had at [1]Spa, that confined me for a month; but I do not see that I need make the least excuse, or that I can find any reason for writing to you at all; for can you believe that I would wish to converse with you if it were not for the pleasure to hear you talk again? then why should I write to you when there is no possibility of receiving an answer? I have been looking every where since I came into France to find out some object that might take you from my thoughts, that my journey might seem less tedious; but since nothing could ever do it in England, I can much less expect it in France.

I am rambling from place to place. In about a month, I hope to be at Paris, and in the next month to be in England, and the next minute to see you. I am now at Dijon in Burgundy, where, last night, at an ordinary, I was surprised by a question from an English gentleman, whom I had never seen before: hearing my name, he asked me if I had any relation or acquaintance with *myself*, and when I told him I knew no such person, he assured me that he was an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Gay's at

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[1] Gay's biographers record a visit which he made in 1717 with Mr. Pulteney to Aix, but they do not mention this tour in 1719.

London. There was a Scotch gentleman, who all supper time was teaching some French gentlemen the force and propriety of the English language; and, what is seen very commonly, a young English gentleman with a Jacobite governor. A French marquis drove an abbé from the table by railing against the vast riches of the church; and another marquis, who squinted, endeavoured to explain transubstantiation; "that a thing might not be what it really appeared to be, my eyes," says he, "may convince you; I *seem* at present to be looking on you; but, on the contrary, I see quite on the other side of the table." I do not believe that this argument converted one of the heretics present; for all that I learned by him was, that to believe transubstantiation it is necessary not to see the thing you seem to look at.

So much I have observed on the conversation and manners of the *people*. As for the *animals* of the country, it abounds with bugs, which are exceeding familiar with strangers; and as for *plants*, garlick seems to be the favourite production of the country, though for my own part I think the vine preferable to it: when I publish my travels at large, I shall be more particular; in order to which, to-morrow I set out for Lyons, from thence to Montpelier, and so to Paris; and soon after I shall pray that the winds may be fa-

vourable, I mean, to bring you from Richmond to London, or me from London to Richmond; so prays, &c.

J. Gay.

I beg you, madam, to assure Miss Lepell[2], and Miss Bellenden, that I am their humble servant.

MISS HOWE TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Sophia, daughter of General Emanuel (fourth brother of the first viscount) Howe, by Ruperta, a natural daughter of Prince Rupert, by Margaret Hughes. Miss Sophia Howe was maid of honour to Queen Caroline, while Princess of Wales, but must not be confounded with her cousin *Mary* Howe, who afterwards held the same office, and who was married, in 1725, to Lord Pembroke, and secondly to Mr. Mordaunt. It is now matter of history that poor Sophia was betrayed, soon after the date of these letters, into the last indiscretion; and she died, in 1726, with a blemished reputation, and a broken heart. Her too-favoured lover was Mr. Anthony Lowther, brother of Henry Viscount

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[2] Of these amiable and beautiful friends, both maids of honour to the Princess, and correspondents of Mrs. Howard, some account will be found at the head of their respective letters. Gay celebrates their attractions in his ballad called "Damon and Cupid;" of which the point (trivial enough) is, that Cupid

—"Now dwells at court,
With *Bellenden* and *Lepell.*"

Lonsdale, and her frailty made a sensation not discreditable to the general character of the young ladies of the court, since it continued for twenty years to be a subject of wonder. In Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's poem describing the Duchess of Manchester's "Morning," General Churchill introduces this story:

> The general found a lucky minute now
> To speak.—"Ah, madam! had you known Miss Howe!—
> "I'll tell you all her history," he cried.
> At this Charles Stanhope gaped extremely wide—
> Poor Bateman sat on thorns—her grace turn'd pale—
> And Lovel trembled at the impending tale.
> "Poor girl! she once was thought extremely fair,
> "Till worn by love, and tortured by despair.
> "Her pining cheek betray'd the inward smart;
> "Her breaking looks foretold a breaking heart.
> "At Leicester House her passion first began,
> "And Nunty Lowther was a proper man:
> "But when the princess did to Kew remove,
> "She could not bear the absence of her love,
> "But flew away ——— "

In Gay's "Welcome" her heedlessness is touched upon—

> —"Perhaps Miss Howe came there by chance,
> Nor knows with whom, nor why she comes along."

The following letters of this giddy young woman are very characteristic of that levity, and neglect of her higher duties, which led to her ruin. Of Lord Hervey's celebrated epistle of Monimia to Philocles (Dodsley, vol. iv. p. 82.) Miss Howe was the heroine.]

[The 'Holt, 1719.]

You will think, I suppose, that I have had no flirtation since I am here; but you will be mis-

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The ranger's lodge in Holt Forest, near Farnham, of which

taken; for the moment I entered Farnham, a man, in his own hair, cropped, and a brown coat, stopped the coach to bid me welcome, in a very gallant way: and we had a visit, yesterday, from a country clown of this place, who did all he could to persuade me to be tired of the noise and fatigue of a court-life, and intimated, that a quiet country one would be very agreeable after it, and he would answer that in seven years I should have a little court of my own.

I think this is very well advanced for the short time I have been here; and, truly, since what this gentleman has said, I am half resolved not to return to you, but follow his advice in taking up with a harmless, innocent, and honest livelihood, in a warm cottage; but for fear I should be tempted too far, put my Lord Lumley[2] in mind to send the coach for me on Tuesday se'nnight; for though it will be a sort of [3]mortification

General Howe and his lady were grantees: the latter long survived her husband, and at his decease the rangership was granted to Mr. Mordaunt, who had married Mary Howe, Countess Dowager of Pembroke.

[2] Richard Lumley, soon afterwards (1721) second Earl of Scarborough; master of the horse to the Princess of Wales.

[3] Many letters and poetical jeux d'esprits of the princess's court testify Miss Howe's peculiar dislike to the life of seclusion which she led in her visits to her mother

for me to leave this place, I will not be so ill-natured as to let you all die for want of me.

I am just come from Farnham church, where I burst out in laughing[4] the moment I went in, and it was taken to be because I was just pulling out one of my Scotch cloth handkerchiefs, which made me think of [5]Jenny Smith. The pastor made a very fine sermon upon what the wickedness of this world was come to;—* * *

My service to the Duke of Argyll[6], and tell him I brought down his play-things to divert myself here, I cannot say to put myself in mind of him; for *that* purpose it would have been a needless trouble to load the coach with them. Tell Stanhope[7] I have lost the *Bath ring* he gave me,

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[4] All the incidents of this letter are recorded in a ballad, written by Mr. Molyneux, found in another collection of MS.; it is not without humour, but hardly fit for publication. On this irreverent laughing in church the Duchess of St. Albans chid Miss Howe, and told her that *she could not do a worse thing*; to which this giddy girl answered, "I beg your grace's pardon, *I can do a great many worse things.*"

[5] Mr. Speaker Smith appears to have had at least three daughters. The eldest, Mary, was married to the Hon. Mr. Herbert—one of the others was married to Mr. Asheton—a third, probably Jane, was a maid of honour, and was afterwards governess to the Duke of Cumberland.

[6] John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, was reconciled to the King, and appointed lord steward in February, 1719; it is therefore possible that these letters should be dated in 1718.

[7] Afterwards Lord Chesterfield.

but I am going into one (a bath) to-night, where I will dive for the other (a ring) to give him when we meet.

S. H.

MISS HOWE TO MRS. HOWARD.

(The Holt), 1st Oct. [1719.]

DEAR MRS. HOWARD,

I AM very impertinent to trouble you so often, but I must desire you to get the princess to excuse me from coming to the birth-day, for my grandmother[1] is dead; but I must come to town before, though mamma has invited me to stay here till afterwards, which put me in such a tremble that I am hardly recovered: it was indeed a dismal hearing.

Pray desire my Lord Lumley to send the coach to Godalming next Wednesday, that I may go off on Thursday, which will be a happy day, for I

[1] This must have been Margaret Hughes, for her paternal grandmother, Lady Annabella Howe, died in 1706. This Lady Annabella was the natural daughter of the last Scrope, Earl of Sunderland; but Charles II. granted her the rank of an Earl's daughter, a precedent which was followed in the case of Lady Mary Churchill, the natural daughter of Sir Robert Walpole.

am very weary of the Holt, though I bragged to Carteret[2] that I was very well pleased; she has often remarked, I am the worst dissembler in the world; for I always out with the truth at last: but then I proposed some pleasure in going to Hackwood[3], and to my Lady Forster's, where I shall only dine the day I depart.

If my Lord Lumley does not send the coach he never shall have the least flirtation more with me. Perhaps he may be glad of me for a *summer suit* next year at Richmond, when he has no other business upon his hands. Next Wednesday the coach must come, or I die. Pray send me word before-hand if he will obey my commands, for that will keep up my spirits while I stay.

The [4]good lady put on her broad-girdled calico gown, and striped night-clothes, to look decent upon the death of her mother: that frill is a bad omen for me, for she always comes out with something dreadful when she is adorned. She no sooner entered the room, with a face a thousand times more pale than ever *you*[5] had,

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[2] Miss Bridget Carteret, niece of the first Lord Carteret, one of the maids of honour.

[3] Hackwood Park, near Odiham.

[4] Her mother.

[5] Mrs. Howard's complexion was pale, as appears by her pictures, as well as several allusions in her correspondence.

but she comes out with the fatal sentence, "that I might take this opportunity of staying here some time longer;"—but hang me if I do!—and if the coach is not sent, I will come away in the waggon, that I am resolved upon. No! no! I have profited better by her lesson than to fail so much in my duty to the princess in being so long without waiting[6].

One good thing I have got by the long time I have been here, which is, the being more sensible than ever I was of my happiness in being maid of honour; I won't say, "God preserve me so," neither; that would not be so well. I believe it will be better for me to go straight to town, that I may have my matters in order against you come. I have told mamma that Lumley *must* send the coach a good while before the birth-day, because the men must all be in town to have new liveries made; so let somebody write me a letter that "he is very sorry it must be so, but that it is absolutely necessary" (I am sure to my repose) "to come next Thursday." My service to all the he and she flirts at Richmond, and believe me very sincerely

Yours,

S. H.

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[6] Taking her turn of attendance on the princess; the only duty of which she seems to have thought.

ARCHIBALD, EARL OF ILAY (afterwards Duke of Argyll), TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Archibald, second son of the first Duke of Argyll, was born in 1682: for his services in forwarding the Scottish union he was, in 1706, created Earl of Ilay: in 1743 he succeeded his brother as Duke of Argyll; and he died in 1761, after having held, successively, all the great offices of Scotland. In politics, he was for many years attached to Sir R. Walpole, whose manager for Scotland he was; but Sir Robert's friends complained—(Sir C. H. Williams made it the subject of a bitter epigram)—that in choosing the parliament of 1741, which outvoted Walpole, Lord Ilay had played the old minister false; "but," says Horace Walpole, "Sir Robert never accused him." At court, Lord Ilay and his brother were partisans of Mrs. Howard; and in the supposed intention of Mr. Howard to take forcible possession of his lady's person, in her progress from one of the royal residences to another, these two great lords arranged and protected the fair one's journey.]

[Paris, September, 1719.]

MADAM,

NOTWITHSTANDING the politeness of this place, I have no other way to answer the beginning of your letter, but by a flat contradiction: "troublesome! impertinent! new favours!"—as to me it is impossible, and even as to others, I have yet so good an opinion of mankind, that those who have least merit, I believe, would think themselves happy in receiving your commands. To show you, in two words, how

the thanks you mention are owing on my side, consider that you might have had the friendship of many considerable men by being my enemy, and I could only have received the precarious, nauseous, professions of one silly woman[1], by not being your friend.

I have laid out the money[2] you bid me. It is very difficult, in a letter, to give you an idea of the funds of this country; but, in fact, every body has made estates that have been concerned in them for four or five months. As a little instance of this, cousin Jack[3] has got, I believe, near 10,000*l.*, and has lost the half of that sum, by a timorous, silly bargain he made: for my part, I came after all was in a manner over; and as I never meddle with those matters, I do nothing but buy books and gimcracks[4]. It

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[1] It would seem that the person here mentioned were Queen Caroline; but she was far from being a *silly woman*, and she always treated Mrs. Howard with a moderation and good humour that prevented any open enmity between their respective friends. Yet I know not any other rivalry that Mrs. Howard could have had at this period.

[2] In the Mississippi scheme. These letters afford striking examples of the stock-jobbing infatuation which at this period had seized all ranks and sexes both in England and France.

[3] Probably Colonel John Campbell, of Mammore, afterwards fourth Duke of Argyll, the husband of Mary Bellenden.

[4] We shall see presently that this assertion is contradicted in this very letter. Lord Ilay was deep in the Mississippi scheme, and published, in December, 1719, a treatise, formerly

is true it is now very late, and yet, by what I am informed by him who knows all, and does all here, I am of opinion that whatever sum you remit here may be turned to great profit. The stocks are now at 950, and if no accidents happen of mortality, it is probable they will be 1500 in a short time. The money I laid out for you was 5000 livres, as a subscriber to the [5]fifty millions of stock lately added, of which the tenth part only is paid down, so that 5000 is the first payment of 50,000 livres. The subscription was full, but Mr. Law was so kind as to allow it me: some of the subscribers have already sold their subscriptions for 230, that is, their own money back again, and 130 per cent profit. Whatever you think fit to do, you may bid Middleton remit to me so many livres; I shall acknowledge the receipt of them, and do the best I can. You will

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written by Mr. Law, with an encomiastic preface from the pen of his lordship, with a motto from Cicero. "—— O terram illam beatam quæ hunc virum exceperit, hanc ingratam si ejecerit, miseram si emiserit!" A wonderful example of adulation and infatuation.

[5] As the company had undertaken to lend the French government 1200 millions of livres, they found it necessary in September, 1719, to raise 500 millions by the sale of fifty millions, at the rate of 1000 per action, being ten times their original value; this subscription, payable in ten monthly payments, was filled in a few hours, and soon bore a premium of cent per cent.

think the levity of this country has turned my head, when I tell you that your master[6] might, within these few months, have made himself richer than his father. As late as I came, I can tell you, in secret, that I am pretty well.

ARCHIBALD, EARL OF ILAY, TO MRS. HOWARD.

Paris, Jan. 16, 1720.

MADAM,

SINCE my Lord Belhaven[1] has been here I have so much taken it for granted that he will have informed his acquaintances of your family of the Paris news, that I thought it idle in me to repeat it; however, for scribbling sake, I trouble you with this.

It would be very difficult for me to give you

[6] The Prince of Wales. The next letter leads one to believe that this hint was not thrown away.

[1] John, Lord Belhaven, elected, at the Brunswick accession, one of the sixteen Scottish peers, and appointed soon after one of the lords of the prince's bedchamber: in April, 1721, he was appointed governor of Barbadoes, but perished by shipwreck off the Lizard, in his passage out. There seems reason to suspect, from some of Lord Ilay's expressions, that Lord Belhaven's visit to Paris related to some concern of his royal master with Mr. Law and the French funds.

any tolerable account of the Mississippi, since I was the last time in France, without writing a pamphlet. Every post I receive from England new terrors concerning it, and, what is really very diverting, some are extremely apprehensive of my losing the money I have got, who, to my certain knowledge, are very much mortified at my getting it: I am not insensible of distant dangers which may attend the funds here, and I wish our own were absolutely free from them; but for the objections which have come from even considerable people in England, they prove more that they have learned their own business by rote than that they have any true notions of the principles of these matters. I know a pretty extraordinary instance of something of this kind, if I could venture to tell; but thus far I may venture to say, that either Mr. Law knows nothing, or some who carry their heads very high in England know less than people imagine.

I wish I had known of a certain compliment made to Mr. Law (by order[2]) before he told it me himself; for I may say to you, in confidence, without vanity, and without impertinence, that

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[2] It would seem that Lord Ilay was desired to introduce Lord Belhaven to Mr. Law, as a *private* friend, while Mr. Law was apprised from some other quarter, *by order*, that Lord Belhaven was employed by the prince. The whole affair is sufficiently mysterious; but there can be little doubt that it relates to some practices between the prince and Mr. Law.

it would have been nothing the worse. It has obliged me to enter into a long, disagreeable, unhappy detail, in order to explain the mystery of my endeavouring to make a friend of mine well with him, and yet concealing his errand from him: as soon as I had justified myself I proceeded to do my duty to my superiors, and that, perhaps, more than would have been prudent in (at least a *volunteer*), if I had not entire confidence in the person I spoke to, and were not master of too much philosophy, and too much money, now to be afraid of doing what I think right. I have often heard of my being *opiniatre*, but I had always this comfort, that if I had any honesty, a little of the other was very necessary in this world.

Your money[3] matters go very well, though the *actions*[4] are fallen from 1900 to 1750; yet the meaning of it is nothing else but people's selling their *actions* in order to buy the new primes (as they are called), which are a sort of subscription at 2200, 1000 livres down, and

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[3] How Lady Suffolk wound up her Mississippi accounts does not appear—but probably ill; for soon after the date of this letter the fall of the stock was rapid, and Lord Hay's infatuation probably prevented her selling out at this beginning of the decline.

[4] Mississippi bonds.

10,000 six months hence. The government here will find it so much their interest to prevent any persons losing by the accepting their offer, that I am of opinion there will be something to be got this way. I do from time to time inform my Lord Belhaven of any thing that occurs to me for his service; and I believe he will say that I have been useful to him. I shall leave this place in a few days. I am, madam,

Your slave.

MRS. BRADSHAW TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 26.]

Saturday night [April, 1720.]

That I am good natured, my very enemies will allow; neither am I suspicious or positive; I will therefore believe it very possible that you have not much time to trifle away; nay, I am grateful for the favour I received by this post; and though gratitude is an old fashioned thing, and as seldom in use amongst us moderns as a ruff, yet I am not ashamed to own I think it a becoming ornament, and will never leave it off, but shall appear in it when I find any one mis-

tress of those generous principles, which you are blest with.

As to what amusement the *beau monde* find in the park, or any where else, I am an entire stranger, having not been out of my own castle above once since I had the honour to see you. I converse much with Solon, from whose philosophy, and my own experience, I have a sovereign contempt for the *beau monde*, and all their works. I cannot help flattering myself that this is a little your own turn of thinking, or I should never have picked you out from the rest of the world; and I proclaim my inclinations to show I am proud of my judgment.

I hear of neither christening, burial, or wedding, and I do not believe there are fine folk enough in town to raise scandal; at least if there be any, it is *chamber practice*, and not yet come abroad. [1]Your master's letter to the king, and poor Howe's[2] misfortune, is all our theme, and that is almost worn out, so you must send us something new, for the other court lets nothing out of the garden[3]. The king has a new bird

[1] A letter from the Prince of Wales to George I., written under the advice of Sir Robert Walpole, which led to the termination of the schism which had existed between them.

[2] Sophia Howe, already mentioned. (See page 35.)

[3] Of St. James's.

out of my neighbourhood[4], which I hear he is very fond of.

There are some animals for your mistress; I wished them all dead, for my street was in an uproar when they landed. Now I have told you all I know, pray let me hear a little how your court[5] goes, who and who are together: I wish I could come and inform myself, for my bowels yearn to see you, but I have not one acquaintance in town that has honesty enough to come to that court.

I have sent ten times to Dr. Dunster's[6] to inquire after your child, and could never be informed till this minute that he was gone from thence. I would have filled his belly sometimes with fruit and tea. You will have the [7]Countess of Bristol to-morrow, I hear; I am afraid I shall not see her while she is in town, but I should be glad if you would make my compliments.

Hark you, Howard, this is but a doleful

4 It does not appear to *whom* this alludes—the meaning is obvious.

5 The prince's court, in contradistinction from the king's.

6 Probably the same who, in June, 1720, was made prebendary of Sarum.

7 Elizabeth Felton, Countess of Bristol; a lady whose vivacity, eccentricity, and love of pleasure and of play are all celebrated by her contemporaries. She was one of the ladies of the Princess's bedchamber.

ditty: but do not be discouraged, and give me over; for faith and troth, the more you know me, the better you will like me, for I am sound at the bottom, and that is no ill thing as this world goes. Adieu.

MRS. MOLESWORTH TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Elizabeth Welwood, daughter of Dr. James Welwood, and wife of Captain Walter Molesworth, fifth son of the first Lord Molesworth. The match was a stolen one, and not very agreeable to the old lord—but Mrs. Howard protected the young couple. Mrs. Molesworth died in August, 1725.

Dr. Welwood was a Scotch physician, educated at Leyden, whither his parents had been obliged to fly for having had some share in the murder of Archbishop Sharpe. Doctor Welwood returned at the Revolution, and, at the desire of Queen Mary, wrote "Memoirs of England from 1588 to 1688." He was a mediator in the family dissensions which separated Mr. and Mrs. Howard. The Biog. Brit. is erroneous in placing his death in 1716, unless there was another person of the same names and profession—for James Welwood, M.D., died on the 1st April, 1727.]

Axminster, April 31, (1720.)

MY DEAR MRS. HOWARD,

After having waited with some impatience to hear from you, I re-

ceived yours, which made me ample amends, not only by the assurances it brought me of your affection and esteem (than which nothing can be more agreeable to me) but the additional pleasure of hearing you have been successful[1] in the South Sea. If you had considered me, as I really am, sincerely interested in every thing that happens to you, you would have been more particular as to what degree fortune has extended her bounty to you. Perhaps it is talking too much in the style of a lover to say, that if she sees you with my eyes she will bestow her best gifts upon you; but this I may venture to affirm, that if she has any judgment you must be a favourite.

What you tell me of my Lord [2]Dalkeith's comforting himself with another Lady Jane, I had heard before, with some wonder—not so much at him as at the lady who was content to be the comforter.

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[1] South Sea stock was about this time £530 per cent.

[2] Francis, Earl of Dalkeith, born in 1694, grandson of the Duke of Monmouth. He became, on the death of his grandmother in 1732, Duke of Buccleugh. He married, on the 5th of April, 1720, *Lady Jane* Douglas, sister of the Duke of Queensberry; but who the *Lady Jane* was with whom he had before comforted himself does not appear. After Lady Jane Douglas's death, in 1729, his grace appears to have comforted himself with one Alice Powell, whom he married in Parson Keith's chapel, in May Fair.

Pray give my service to Miss [3]Lepell, and tell her I am glad I did not hear of her illness until it was over. I believe it would have saved Mr. Harvey a great deal of pain if he could have been as ignorant of it.

I suppose you have had no small share in the joy this happy reconciliation[4] has occasioned. I heartily congratulate you upon it. Mr. Molesworth testified his zeal at the expense of his sobriety; for he was not satisfied to make his men drunk, but got drunk himself, and it was no fault of his that I was not so too; in short, he celebrated the news in a manner that alarmed the country people, for after he had made them ring the bells all day, in the evening he made his troop draw up before his lodging and he at the head of them, and began the king and prince's healths together, and then the princess, and after, the rest of the royal family; at every

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[3] Mary Lepell married a few months after to Lord Harvey, who is here called Mr. Harvey; his elder brother Carr being still alive. (See page 21.)

[4] Of the king and the Prince of Wales. We may judge of the height to which the enmity must have arisen when we find the reconciliation celebrated with such public and violent rejoicings. It took place on St. George's day; and, in one of the public papers of the time, we are gravely told that "the officers of the two courts *kissed, embraced*, and congratulated one another upon this auspicious reconciliation."

health he made his troop fire round a volley of shot: he invited several gentlemen to pledge these healths, and when they had done they threw the glasses over their heads. When this was done he carried them all with him to drink a bowl of punch. As to his men, after they had despatched a barrel of ale they thought themselves not glad enough, and he, to make them so, went amongst them and gave them money to finish in wine. He is at present a little disordered with that night's work, and desires his best service to you.

And I am, &c.

E. Molesworth.

I beg to hear from you soon; I know you have not much leisure, and therefore would have you write by snatches, or any how, so you let me hear from you sometimes.

MRS. MOLESWORTH TO MRS. HOWARD.

Axminster, June 25, [1720.]

I hope I need not tell you, my dear Mrs. Howard, that I heartily rejoice at your success

in the South Sea[1], for you would have reason to think me void of friendship and gratitude if I did not. Certainly fortune never bestowed her gifts on one who deserved them more, or had a more just or elegant taste for enjoying them. But since she is not always so nice in the choice of her favourites, I cannot forbear repining that it is not in my power to put myself in her way, that I might share those bounties of which she is at present so profuse. To tell you the truth, I am almost South Sea mad, and I find that philosophic temper of mind which made me content under my circumstances, when there was no seeming probability of bettering them, forsakes me on this occasion; and I cannot, without great regret, reflect that, for want of a little money, I am forced to let slip an opportunity which is never like to happen again.

Perhaps you will think me unreasonable when I tell you that good [2] Lady Sunderland was so mindful of her absent friends as to secure us a five-hundred pound subscription, which money

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[1] This infatuation was just now at its height. South-Sea-stock at the beginning of June was 890*l.* and by the end of the month 1000*l.* per cent.

[2] Judith Tichborne (see p. 19.) Lady Tichborne, grandmother of Lady Sunderland, was also grandmother of Mr. Molesworth; and Mr. Molesworth's sister had married her cousin Captain W. Tichborne.

my father laid down for us, and it is now doubled; but this has but given me a taste of fortune, which makes me more eager to pursue it. As greedy as I seem, I should have been satisfied if I could by any means have raised the sum of five hundred or a thousand pounds more, but the vast price that money bears, and our being not able to make any security according to law, has made me reject a scheme I had laid of borrowing such a sum of some monied friend; but since I have given that over I shall endeavour to be content with the share I have in the good fortune of my friends, among whom I am proud to rank my dear Mrs. Howard.

And am, &c.

E. MoleswORTH.

HON. MRS. CAMPBELL TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Mary Bellenden, youngest daughter of John, second Lord Bellenden, was one of the maids of honour to the princess, and (with her amiable and lovely friend Miss Lepell) the delight and ornament of that court. Walpole, in his account of the society which used to meet in Mrs. Howard's apartment, tells us, that, "above all, for universal admiration, was Miss Bellenden. Her face and person were

charming—lively she was almost to *étourderie*, and so agreeable, that she was never afterwards mentioned by her contemporaries but as *the most perfect creature* they had ever known." The prince was not insensible to such charms, but Miss Bellenden felt no reciprocal passion. Her sense of duty and honour was as exemplary as her beauty. It is added, that the prince, finding her heart already engaged, had the generosity to agree, that—provided she married with his privity—she should make her own choice, and that he would be kind to the husband. Unfortunately Miss Bellenden did not confide in this engagement; and, lest his royal highness should throw any obstacle in the way, she married, secretly, Colonel John Campbell, one of the grooms of the bedchamber (long after Duke of Argyll). The prince, says Walpole, never forgave, and often at court reminded her, in a disagreeable way, of her breach of promise. But it ought to be added, to the honour of George the Second, that Colonel Campbell, who might have expected some little share in the prince's anger, not only continued in his service, but was actually promoted, on his accession, to be of his majesty's bedchamber. The exact date of the secret marriage is not known, but it was declared about the middle of June, 1720.

Mrs. Campbell died in 1736, and was the mother of the fifth Duke of Argyll, and three other sons, and of Lady Caroline, who married, first, the Earl of Aylesbury, and secondly, Marshall Conway. Mrs. Campbell's letters will not, it is feared, fulfil the expectation which the admiration of her contemporaries may have raised.]

[Bath, 1720.]

O GAD, I am so sick of bills, for my part, I believe I shall never be able to hear them men-

tioned without casting up my accounts[1] (*bills* are *accounts*, you know). I do not know how your bills go in London, but I am sure mine are not dropped, for I have paid one this morning as long as my arm, and as broad as my * *. I intend to send you a letter of attorney to enable you to dispose of my goods before I can leave this place—such is my condition. I was in hopes to have found the good effects of your present, but I have nothing to brag of but your goodness, which is always more than my desert. I am just a-going to the king's garden—I wish to God it belonged to my lord-mayor, as the saying is. Pray give my duty to my *grandmother*[2], and tell her I love her, and wish her the desert of the good, and prosperity of the wicked. My dear Howard, God bless you, and send health *and liberty*[3]. Don't show this, I charge you, at your peril.

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[1] It is to be hoped that Mrs. Campbell's meaning will here escape the generality of readers; but she, and the age she lived in, mistook these indelicacies for wit.

[2] This must be a nickname for some person of the court, as Mrs. Campbell's paternal grandmother, Lady Roxburgh, died in 1675, and her maternal grandmother, Alice, Countess of Drogheda, was born about 1630; so that her being still alive in 1720 is improbable.

[3] This expression marks strongly Mrs. Campbell's opinion of the *désagrémens* of Mrs Howard's situation, to which Walpole has alluded.

MRS. HOWARD TO MRS. CAMPBELL, at Bath.

[This is an answer to a letter which does not appear.]

[Richmond, 1720.]

I HAVE seen Mr. Campbell, and dare assure you there is nothing[1] to be apprehended from that side. He bows to no other altars than those erected in 'Change-alley; but I confess I am not so sanguine as to your ladyship. Your inclinations seem finely warmed with Bath waters. I have often heard from that place, complaining how much they lay in folks' heads, but I own the effect has been as different as most people's persons are from that of Mrs. Campbell: the sprightly letter I received proves my argument good, but it is a bad omen for Mr. Campbell, and may portend something in or upon *his* head.

[1] Mrs. Campbell had gone to Bath soon after her marriage, whence Colonel Campbell seems to have paid a visit to London on South Sea business; his lively lady appears to have joked with Mrs. Howard as to the risks to which her husband's fidelity was exposed in the capital. Mrs. Howard assures her that he bows to no altars but those erected at the Stock Exchange.

[2] Meadows, [3] Carteret, and I want our stray shepherd, or an epistle from him. I am afraid we are the three contending goddesses—I fancy this is a pretty thought, and might be improved. We have a Juno, and a blue-eyed maid, but indeed no Venus, content for a gold bauble to send her Paris to a Helen at Bath. Remember the fate of Troy, and do not forget your friends at the lodge; every one says they are your humble servants. I suppose they are so, but I desire only to answer for myself, who am your most obedient.

I have kept the same grave unmeaning face I used to wear (which, to compliment me, you may call philosophical); the fall of stocks has given me a large field to amplify upon, and a thousand good reasons for its so doing, which I have therefore performed several times in our green-room to the edification of my hearers, and enforced every argument with that gesticulation of the hand for which I am so famous.

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[2] Miss Meadows, one of the maids of honour, sister of Sir Sidney Meadows. She is celebrated by Pope and the other poet laureates of the Princess's court for her prudence. She grew old, it is thought, in the office of maid of honour.

[3] See page 40.

MRS. CAMPBELL TO MRS. HOWARD.

[1]Drayton, [1720.]
Saturday Morning.

I AM sure I need make no excuse to my dear Howard for my not staying at Richmond that night, as I proposed, since the loss was on my side; but Godolphin[2] having a mind to go home early, John[3] thought it would be better for my health and ease: so you know I do not love to contradict him, therefore I consented to take flight with the rest. I had [a letter] from Margaret[4] last night, which informs me of Madam Hawley[5] having been at Richmond, and her great fright thereat. I beg you would let me know how she looked and behaved, and if she is likely to take with their royal highnesses. I am sure she comes with one great advantage, which is, having your good will and protection,

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1 The seat of Lady Betty Germaine.

2 Probably Henrietta, Countess of Godolphin, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough in her own right.

3 Col. Campbell, her husband.

4 Margaret Bellenden, her sister.

5 Miss Bellenden's maternal half-sister, Lady Eliz. Ramsay, married Lord Hawley of Ireland, and their daughter is the lady here mentioned.

which, I flatter myself, will not be lessened on my account; for though the obligation comes immediately from the Duchess of Dorset[6], you may be sure I reckon you the fountain and foundation of that poor girl's getting her bread; for without you I never should have had the courage to have attempted it.

I hope you will put her a little in the way of behaving before the Princess, such as not turning her back:—and one thing runs mightily in my head, which is, crossing her arms, as *I did to the Prince*[7], and told him I was not cold, but I liked to stand so: and then some sort of warning as to Claton[8] (I cannot spell her name), and gaming.

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[6] Eliz. Collyear, niece of Lord Portmore, wife of the first Duke of Dorset, had been one of the maids of honour to Queen Anne, and was first lady of the bedchamber, and afterwards mistress of the robes, to Caroline, both when princess and queen. The second office she resigned in Mrs. Howard's favour when, in 1731, she became Countess of Suffolk.

[7] An amusing instance of the unceremonious way in which this lively lady treated the Prince has been preserved. One evening sitting by her, his royal highness took out a purse, and began counting his money: the "giddy but high-spirited Bellenden" either took this for an insulting mode of courtship, or she was really wearied and lost her patience, and she, by a very sudden motion either of her foot or her hand, sent his royal highness's guineas rolling about the floor, and, while he was gathering them up, ran out of the room.

[8] Mrs. Clayton, wife of Robert Clayton, Esq of the Treasury,

Now, dear creature, write to me, and send me some news, that I may make some figure in the country. I have been pretty well ever since I came here; it is a fine place, and we live very easily and agreeably. I shall see you when the Duchess of Dorset goes into waiting—we all move together. I intended to have written to my Long Leg and Short, but I have not time

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a friend and correspondent of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. On the accession of George I. the Duchess (through Baron Bothmar's influence) procured for her friend the place of bed-chamber-woman to the Princess, with whom she grew as great a favourite as her colleague Mrs. Howard with the Prince: but Mrs. Clayton was not so disinterested as Mrs. Howard, and *friendship* was, in this case, more liberal than *love*; and although Walpole has called her "a pompous blockhead," she had the art to procure her husband to be created Lord Sundon, and she exercised over the Queen an influence of which even Sir Robert Walpole was jealous. It was afterwards known that her hold on the Queen was the secret of a rupture, with which her majesty was afflicted, and which she had the weakness to wish, and the courage to be able, to conceal. Lady Sundon was the patroness of the low-church clergy, of whom many were advanced by the Queen's influence, and she was more than suspected of turning her favour to pecuniary profit. One remarkable pair of diamond ear-rings, which she had received as the price of some place she had obtained, she wore one day in a visit to her old friend the Duchess of Marlborough: after she had gone, the Duchess exclaimed, "What an impudent creature, to come with her bribe in her ear!" "Madam," said Lady M. W. Montagu, who was present, "how should people know where *wine* is *sold*, unless a *bush* is hung out?"

this post; but tell them I hear they were prodigious civil to my niece, which I take to myself, and love them more than ever, which I will assure them at meeting. The bell rings for dinner: adieu, my dear Swiss[9].

HON. MISS BELLENDEN TO MRS. HOWARD.

[The original of this letter, signed M. B. is endorsed as being from *Mary* Bellenden; but the hand-writing, and other circumstances, make it more probable that it is from Margaret, the elder sister, celebrated in Gay's "Welcome" as

"Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land"]

[1720.]

[1]Harry will tell you that our pleasures come so thick upon us, that I have hardly time to sleep; and though at this moment one eye is quite shut, I cannot go to bed till I own to dearest of all Howards how much I am her slave, and that is as much as you please to allow a female to be. I entirely confide in you upon

[9] Mrs. Howard was called amongst her familiars by this name, for what reason cannot be now ascertained; but perhaps from her cautious, inoffensive, and *neutral* disposition.

[1] Her brother.

all occasions, and am extremely delighted every thing goes so well with Madam [2]Bess. I do assure you her being agreeable to you is not her smallest recommendation to every body out of court; and what they think there, except when it relates to your happiness or pleasure, is a joke to me.

I believe you will be in town before me, for we are to stay a great while, and at present Lady [3]G. thinks we shall have too little time to finish all that is so in her head; but she is as close as a corked bottle, so I can tell no more what is to become of my great person than the great pope of Rome. The Veres[4] are still in our neighbourhood: they are very great ladies, and so are we, therefore move slowly to one another.

You may be sure I will never name you for an author upon several accounts, nor indeed talk of any thing you writ, for indeed it is

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[2] Probably Miss Hawley.

[3] Probably the Countess of Godolphin.

[4] No doubt the daughters and coheiresses of Aubrey, last Earl of Oxford of the Vere family. Lady Diana, the eldest, married the second Duke of St. Alban's, and was groom of the stole to the Princess. Lady Mary, the second, died suddenly, and unmarried, on the 1st Aug. 1725, as she was taking the air in her carriage in Hyde Park. Another sister, Lady Harriet, died in Sept. 1736.

what I detest; and have taken care of your letter to Lady Lansdowne. And to make it easier to you for the future, I send you the direction. I had lately a letter from Southwell, who is sprightly as a bird, and I send you the enclosed, which she sent me for country wit, and I believe it may be of that kind, for I do not taste it. I shall see Lady Mohun very soon, and I am sure we shall discourse of you with a very good taste,—you know she can; and I have all the sense God ever gave me yet, and when the subject is pretty, it is the less difficult, which is always a great satisfaction to dear Mrs. Howard's faithful and obedient

M. B.

Pray bid Bess kiss my face, and tell her that I will write next post if she does not wear red (paint).

MRS. BRADSHAW TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 26.]

Aug. 21, [1720.]

Yes, Madam Howard, I have been in Pluto's gloomy regions, where I was very well received both by his majesty and queen Proserpine. They

were seated upon a throne of ebony; at the foot of the throne was Death, with his sharp edged scythe, instead of a chamberlain's wand; about him flew black Cares and cruel Jealousies, and Ambition, putting all in confusion. On the one side of the presence chamber was Tartarus, which is the abode of kings that govern by [1]arbitrary power; and on the other the Elysian fields, where such good people as you and I are rewarded; but I was forced to go through Tartarus before I could come at the Elysian fields.

I met a world of my acquaintance, but did not much care to acknowledge them. In a passage betwixt these two places I met with our old friend Lord Wharton[2]; he is just the same gay thing he was in our world; he told me that at the side of the room I was then in, there was prepared a place for the present ministry; for, said he, they are of a mongrel kind, neither quite fit for hell or heaven, and nobody here would

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[1] Mrs. Bradshaw was a staunch whig.

[2] Thomas, eldest son of Philip, Lord Wharton, born in 1640; created on the accession of George I. Marquis of Wharton. He was a leading whig; had a chief hand in the Revolution, and in all the whig administrative measures of the succeeding reigns, till his death in April 1715. His wit, talents, and zeal, made him very obnoxious to the tories, and his personal profligacy gave some excuse for their abuse. He was the father of the more witty and more profligate Duke of Wharton

care to associate with them. I asked him after the beaux esprits. Alas! said he, we have no such thing; Minerva has as great a pique to our region as to yours. I pay my tithe as ill here as I did the last twenty years of my abode in the other world: but we have some fine gay things here of both sexes, and about a month ago one of Proserpine's maids[3] was privately married to one of Pluto's bedchamber; she is gone to make a visit to one of the court: there he stands, as pensive as if he had just thrown an ill cast.

We have, said he, one lady[4], whom I can recommend to your friendship; her father was a son of the muses, and his daughter inherits her sire's wit; she is a great favourite of Pluto, and consequently of our queen: all the court are fond of her, she being always ready to do a good turn, and seldom speaks ill of any one; this character made me think the time long till he brought us together. I found her person prodigiously agreeable, and for the time I staid below I was as often with her as I could. I found she answered the account my marquis

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[3] This, perhaps, alludes to Miss Bellenden's marriage with Colonel Campbell;—the *pensiveness* might arise from fear of having displeased the prince.

[4] An allusion, probably, to Mrs. Howard herself, but I do not find how her father deserved to be called a son of the muses

had given me beyond my expectation, and did what I could to improve a friendship she at first gave me cause to hope for; but, whether I was not to her taste, or what other reason she had, I do not think I gained upon her so much as I wished; and finding nothing else to please me I resolved Charon should ferry me back again. We were but very few passengers: nothing remarkable happened in my voyage, and I arrived in this world at ten last night, which I found just as disagreeable as I left it.

This epistle will convince you change of air has not made me worse humoured; that I am ready to tell you all I know; but you are as close as a stopped bottle, and do not give one the least account how things go on your side of the water.

However, Madam Howard, I desire to abide, rest, and remain, most consumedly yours,

P.

I met Madam Lepell[5] coming into town last night: she is a pretty thing, though she never comes to see me; for which, tell her, I will use her like a dog in the winter.

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[5] Lady Hervey.

LADY LANSDOWNE TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Lady Mary Villiers, daughter to the first Earl of Jersey, had been married to Mr. Thynne; but he died in 1710, a few months after their marriage, and this lady produced a posthumous son, who was afterwards the second Viscount Weymouth. She re-married, in 1711, Lord Lansdowne the poet, and died in 1735. Dr. Johnson erroneously calls her Anne Villiers; and he mistakes the date of their going abroad, which by this letter appears to have taken place two years earlier than the date assigned by him. (Johnson's Works, vol. x. p. 256.) See some account of his lordship hereafter.]

Paris, Oct. the 9th, 1720.

You could give me no greater pleasure, madam, than to let me know that our inclinations are mutual. I sent you some of the complexion[1] of this country, not that you have any occasion to use it, but only to show you what poor shifts we are forced to make to look handsome in this place.

I wish I knew how to distinguish the sincere respect I have for you. I am sorry my friend[2] is grown so stupid; and shall be

[1] Some rouge, with which it seems Mrs. Howard condescended to improve her complexion, which was naturally pale.

[2] Miss Bellenden's marriage with Colonel Campbell is stated

tempted to have a quarrel to matrimony if it has robbed her of that vivacity which became her so well.

I am now beginning to turn my thoughts to your splenetic part of the world: we are told here you are altogether by the ears, and that there are terrible commotions in Exchange Alley;[3] which is but bad encouragement to come among you, for us, who are lovers of peace and quiet. Nothing, however, will much trouble me while you give me leave to continue, dear madam,

Your most faithful servant,

M. LANSDOWNE.

LADY BETTY GERMAINE TO THE HON. GEO. BERKELEY.

[This celebrated and amiable lady was Lady Betty Berkeley, second daughter of Charles second earl of Berkeley, and

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in the *Historical Register* to have taken place on the 22d of the month in which this letter was written; but it appears from other evidence, that it was declared in June, and it is certain that it took place some time before it was announced. It is, without doubt, the match alluded to by Lady Lansdowne

[3] On account of the failure of the South-sea scheme. but the commotions in Change Alley were not more violent than those which the Mississippi failure had lately produced in the *Rue de Quincampoir*.

sister of Mr. George Berkeley, to whom are addressed the following violent reproaches, which terminate so agreeably. She was the widow of Sir John Germaine of Drayton, who left her his large fortune; which she, at her decease, bequeathed, with the name of Germaine, to Lord George Sackville, so disagreeably known by his conduct at the battle of Minden. Lady Betty had been a friend of Swift's almost from her childhood, and is celebrated in some of the gay verses with which he amused the family of her father when lord-lieutenant in Ireland When the Dean fancied he had some reason to complain of Lady Suffolk, Lady Betty defended her friend in a couple of letters, nearly the best in the collection, which are printed among Pope's and Swift's, and which it has been thought necessary to reproduce in the following pages. Lady Betty died in December 1769, at an advanced age. I do not find the exact date of her birth; but, as she was old enough in *1700* to add a stanza to some unfinished verses of Swift, she could be little less than ninety at her decease. Her whole life seems to have been an exercise of good-humour, generosity, and affection; of all which qualities the following letter seems very characteristic.]

17th Oct. [1720.]

Why, thou fool, puppy, blockhead, George Berkeley, dost thou think that I will be troubled with securities? or can it enter into your *no*-head that if you were put to distress for four thousand pounds, that I should not think myself happy to be able to serve you?—But please yourself, sir—I have desired the [1] Speaker

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[1] Sir Spencer Compton, afterwards Earl of Wilmington.

to let you have what you want. He tells me he fears another such call from the Bank; but even though you should take the four, still I shall have enough without:—they are much higher discount than 13, which most of my last were sold at. I hope to have the honour to see you in town next Sunday—so adieu. Worse and worse here every day—no soul left that we know but Lady Kit and Mrs. [2] Coke, who sit and sigh for S. Sea.

MRS. BRADSHAW TO MRS. HOWARD.

Bath, August the 30th, 1721.

Oh, Madam Howard, your poor slave Peggy has had one leg in the grave since you saw her; which has so accustomed me to think that all worldly things are vanity and vexation of spirit, that I am fitter to give you a sermon than an account how things pass here.

[2] Probably Miss Cecil, wife of Thomas Coke, Esq. vice-chamberlain to the king. She died in January, 1723

Either I have no taste, or all the disagreeable people from the four corners of the world are assembled together in this place; though my good lady countess [1], who is never out of her way, can find amusement amongst them till twelve o'clock at night. There are a good many ladies one knows, but the men (which you know is what interests me) are such unfinished animals, one would swear they were beholden to the hot springs for their creation, without any other assistance. Here is a Colonel Cotton [2], who is a good agreeable man; but the ladies are all so fond of him, that I believe he must take to his bed soon. If you see a footman in the streets his errand is to Colonel Cotton: he gives breakfasts, makes balls, plays, and does every thing a lady can desire; but then he is but one man, and cannot turn himself to at least ten women that have fastened upon him, from which contests do often arise amongst us.

I would fain persuade Mr. Gay to draw his pen; but he is a lost thing, and the colic has

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1 Probably Lady Bristol. (See p. 50.)

2 I presume this is the Colonel Cotton whom Lady M. W. Montagu represents Lady Bristol to be in love with (vol. iii. p. 129, of the edition of 1817). That letter is dated (I presume by the Editor) 1723, but it is necessary here to observe, that the dates of her ladyship's letters have been very incorrectly assigned in that edition.

reduced him to pass a hum-drum hour with me very often. I desired him to club a little wit towards diverting you, but he said it was not in him; so I chose rather to expose myself, than not put you in mind of a poor sick body that has taken physic to-day and not seen the face of a mortal.

The countess is upon the walk, and has just sent me word she is coming home, and brings a party at ombre for me, which I had rather she had let alone; but it shows her good will, and she is really prodigious kind and civil to me. My dear Howard, adieu: as I mend in health, it is to be hoped the product of my pen will be something better; if not, I have so much regard for you, that I will draw it no more.

I have looked for some edging[3], as you ordered: they are all very dear, and I think not pretty—at least, nothing so for a crown a yard. There is one, of a honeycomb ground, she will not sell under six shillings and sixpence; if you will give that let me know, for I bid her lay it by till I heard from you, which, I must tell you, would cherish me mainly.

The countess sent you a message by Mr.

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[3] Some apology may be expected for retaining this information on the price of edging; but such points will not be uninteresting to ladies, and even to the graver heads who calculate the value of money and the progress of manufactures.

Gay, and knows nothing of my writing, though I can answer for her she is much yours, and nobody more so than

Your own

PEGGY.

Mr. and Mrs. Hampden[4] are here: I beg you will send me word if the Duchess of Argyle is brought to bed, for I have set my heart upon hearing she has a son[5].

MRS. BRADSHAW TO MRS. HOWARD.

Bath, Sept. the 19th, 1721.

I REALLY do not know how to go about giving you a description of the pleasures of this place. To me it is all noise and nonsense, but the countess[1] finds her recreations: she cries every

[4] Robert Hampden, of Hampden, grandson of the patriot Hampden, who was also Lady Suffolk's grandfather.

[5] Jane Warburton, second wife of John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, had been maid of honour to the Princess. On the 21st of August, 1721, she was brought to bed of a daughter. Their graces had no male issue.

[1] Of Bristol. Her tears for the earl's absence, after two-

post-day for an hour, because the earl has not come; she dries up her tears about twelve, to play upon the walks, and an hour sooner, if any body gives a breakfast (which happens about three times a week); we quarrel and are friends, and at it again after it is scolded out. I am only a humble spectator; for as yet, I thank God, I have not been in any of them. If it were not for some few people here that knew my parentage, I should be just upon the footing you and I have often agreed the saddest circumstance of life. In short, dear Howard, I never was so tired of any place in my life—but that is to go no farther.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert are here, and I never saw any body so much recovered as she is. Mrs. Berenger passes most of her time with Mr. Congreve[3], who is in the house with her.

and-twenty years of wedlock, would surprise, if it did not appear that they were easily dried up, and that she endeavoured to console herself with Mr. Stanhope and Colonel Cotton.

[2] Probably the Hon. Robert Sawyer Herbert, second son of Henry, eighth Earl of Pembroke, and his lady, Mary, the daughter of Speaker Smith. They were both in the Princess's family—he as groom, she as woman of the bedchamber. He afterwards filled several public offices, and died in 1769. His lady died in 1757.

[3] The poet.

Mr. Stanhope[4] is at present the reigning man, and the countess's favourite. To-night he gives her and her company a supper at dame Lindsey's, and on Monday a ball:—who shall be invited to it has been matter of dispute these two days, and I fancy will end in pulling of coifs.

I met Mr. Gay by chance, and told him your message: he is always with the Duchess of Queensberry, for we are too many for him; but that is only in your ear, for we have now and then a private conference at the Pump. Mrs. Coke[5] goes away on Sunday, and I shall have a great loss; for when I can be my own woman I go to her, and am quiet for an hour. I believe I should be a great deal better for the waters, if I was not hunted beyond my strength; but as it is, I have no spirits. I hope to bottle them up till we meet, and then I am sure I shall divert you with a historical account of my travels.

Yesterday I began to pump, which, they say, will do my ears good. I came deaf, and I believe I shall go home dumb; for I make very little use of my talking faculty, for fear of a

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[4] Probably Lord Chesterfield's second brother, William.

[5] See page 73

quarrel[6]. Nash[7] says, if I go off without one, my statue shall be set up in the town.

I am heartily sorry you have had the head-ache; but then I am glad you do not like the people about you, if it makes you hope after your absent friends; into which number I will crowd with might and main, and will not easily be thrust out. I told the countess your message, and she gave me a long answer, which I will not set down: the substance thereof was, that you promised to write first. She is come home, and I am called down to dinner, and shall be in constant waiting till bed-time—so, my dear Madam Howard, adieu.

Your letter has put me in better humour than I use to be, so I hope you will do it again.

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[6] With Lady Bristol, whose temper was capricious.

[7] Beau Nash, the master of the ceremonies at Bath, to whom a statue was erected, between the *busts* of Pope and Chesterfield; which gave occasion to that excellent epigram which concludes,

"Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length."

LADY LANSDOWNE TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 70.]

[Sept. 1721.]

In the first place, I should begin to beg dear Mrs. Howard's pardon for not having wrote before, to let her know that her manteau[1] is set out from Paris; and I was promised that it should be in your possession the 10th October: it is the choice of a lady that is famous for a good fancy, and the pattern is the newest. The reason you have not heard from me is that I have been much out of town. I was some days at Versailles and Marli, to see the water-works: after that I have been much at St. Maur[2] with Madame la Duchesse.[3] There

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[1] A female robe then in fashion. So Pope, in his catalogue of the misfortunes which may fairly try a lady's temper, admits the just indignation

"Of Cynthia, when her *manteau*'s pinn'd awry."

[2] St. Maur, on the banks of the Marne, about six miles from Paris, was a chateau of the family of Condé.

[3] Wife of the Duke of Bourbon, commonly called M. Le Duc, who succeeded the Regent as prime minister of France. He never assumed the title of Prince de Condé; nor has the present Duke of Bourbon.

I had not much time to write, to give you a true account of my person. I shall go with the same company to Chantilly[4] for a week or ten days, to divert myself and to hunt. I refer you to Stanhope[5], who knows that one can pass away time very well with that company. I will give you an account of the diversions of Chantilly at my return, that you may be informed that we can be as merry in France as you can at Richmond. I am very well assured that England blows an air of ingratitude to me, having not heard one word these two months from anybody; and yet, in the main, poor Lansdowne deserves better—at least, if there be any merit in being so much as I am

Yours, &c.

M. L.

[4] Chantilly, the splendid seat of the House of Condé; destroyed in the Revolution. A small adjoining lodge and the magnificent stables still remain.

[5] Became Lord Chesterfield in January, 1726.

MRS. CAMPBELL TO THE HON. MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 56.]

Knowle, Oct. 12th, [1721.]

I THINK it is a great while since I heard of *you*. I have not written one letter since I saw you, or else you would have read of *me*. I suppose you have seen my John, who will tell you I have had a sore mouth, and have been almost afraid of a cancer. I think I am a little better, but not quite well; and now am in dread of the plague. I wish we were all in the Swiss Cantons again[1]. Pray let me know what your opinion is about it, and if you are afraid; I reckon you know what is proper to be done on that occasion; and I expect that you will communicate your knowledge for the good of the public.

I know nothing of coming to town, nor have done no one thing relating to my progeny.[2] I think of taking you for my nurse, and Miss

[1] Oh! the restlessness of human nature! Mrs. Campbell, a few months before, was delighted to leave the court, and now she wishes herself back again. Mrs. Howard was called by her intimates the *Swiss*, and her apartments in the palace the *Swiss Cantons*;—probably in allusion to the political neutrality which she so wisely maintained at court.

[2] Mrs. Campbell had been above a year married.

Hawley[3] for midwife: if strength will be of use, she can perform that office.

I have not taken any notice of her Grace of Argyle[4] since I went to Drayton. I shall write to her to-day; and intend to say that I left a message with you when I was at Richmond last, to tell her that it was impossible for me to wait on her, not being in my own coach: that part you know is true—so you must either lay the fault on your memory or your ears[5], which I will leave to your own discretion. I this minute received the account of Mrs. Murray's[6] misfortune, which last has almost made me swoon. Dear Howard, write me the particulars. I can say no more—adieu. Direct for me at Knowle. They[7] are all your humble servants.

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[3] Her niece.

[4] Jane Warburton. See page 76.

[5] Mrs. Howard was deaf from an early age.

[6] Griselda Baillie, grand-daughter of the first Earl of Marchmont, and daughter of the celebrated Lady Griselda Baillie. She was married, in 1710, to Mr. afterwards Sir A. Murray of Stanhope, and died in 1759. She became disagreeably celebrated for the attempt made upon her by her footman, Arthur Gray; to which Mrs. Campbell here alludes. Every one knows the malicious ballad and the pompous epistle by which Lady M. W. Montagu so unwarrantably increased the scandal of this unpleasant affair; and yet we find her ladyship, "*in the usual integrity of her heart and simplicity of her manners,*" wondering that Mrs. Murray should be offended at such innocent and good-natured pleasantry.

[7] The Duke of Dorset's family.

LADY LANSDOWNE TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 70.]

Dec. 5th, [1721.]

I AM mighty glad that dear Mrs. Howard liked her manteau: I hope it was not out of any compliment that you wrote me word that you thought it pretty. If you have a good opinion of my fancy, I hope you will employ me in anything that you have a mind to in these parts of the world. There are very pretty silks come into fashion, without gold or silver: I wish you could have made your [1] birth-day a little later, and you should have had one of them.

As to your sword-and-pistol way, I am much of your opinion. If that is the only mode of having love and gallantry revive, we had better keep as we are, and be content with a hum-drum flirt: but I hope, dear Mrs. Howard, you and I shall live to see better days, and love and honour to flourish as in the old time.

We have here an excellent new ballad [2], sent

[1] The birth-day of the Prince was the 30th October.

[2] Probably Lady M. W. Montagu's indecent ballad on Mrs. Murray's adventure, alluded to in the last page.

from England by the lady herself to her dear friend L. M[3]. Pray be so good as to let me know who is named for the author.

We are told here that you rough English people have no fancy for Mr. Law[4]. Is it possible, that a new thing, and what one may call a sort of a foreigner, should not please? I am afraid that our nation is not of a constant temper. I suppose that by this time you have seen Sir R. Sutton[5] in all his French airs; but let me beg of you not to give your judgment of the French people by him, but only consider he was for a great many years in Turkey. He can give you some account of my ladyship; and, indeed, I am very sorry he is gone, for he was a very good ombre player—so send him to us soon: not but we have a fine Spanish thing here, that gives fine dinners, and treats us with operas. Pray, if you ever see Lord

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[3] Probably the Countess of Mar, Lady M. W. Montagu's sister, who was at this time in Paris.

[4] The celebrated French financier. Lady Lansdowne, in allusion to the cullibility of the English, wonders that anything new and foreign should fail to make a sensation.

[5] Sir Robert Sutton, K. B. at the revival of the order, June, 1725, and successively envoy in Holland and ambassador at Constantinople, and, at the date of this letter, minister at the court of Versailles. He married the young Dowager Countess of Sunderland, and was the father of Sir Richard, the first baronet.

Crayton[6], make my compliments to him, and let him know that he makes a great noise at Paris amongst the ladies, though he thought to be so cunning at the ball at the Palais Royal. I am afraid your patience is worn out with this long scrawl; therefore believe me, with great truth and sincerity,

Your most faithful friend,

M. Lansdowne.

MR. LAW, THE FINANCIER, TO MRS. HOWARD.

[John Law, the celebrated projector, was born in Edinburgh in 1671. His father was a banker, and at his counter, young Law imbibed a taste for financial studies; but he was also a man of pleasure, and in 1694 had the misfortune to kill a rival, of the name of Wilson, in a duel. A reward was offered for his apprehension in the Gazette of Jan. 3, 1695, which describes him as "a black lean man, six feet high, with large pock-marks in his face, big high nose, and speech broad and loud." This accident drove him abroad. The history of his financial schemes in France needs no repetition here. In the latter end of 1719 his Mississippi

6 Probably William Lord Crichton; afterwards, on the death of his mother, 1742, fourth earl of Dumfries. He was at this time a captain of dragoons. He died in 1768.

bonds had advanced to be above sixty times their original value; and Law was at the head of the destinies of France. All Europe shared in the delusion: and we have seen that the highest classes of society even in England were infected with the mania of jobbing. In a few months the bubble burst—the idol Law was overthrown. He escaped with difficulty to Brussels, and afterwards, in Oct. 1721, arrived in England, where he was at first treated with much distinction, and, it would seem from this letter, had some kind of pension or allowance. In November, 1721, he pleaded, in the court of King's Bench, a pardon for the murder of Wilson: but he remained only a few months in England; and, again returning to the Continent, finished his chequered career, in indigence, at Venice, about March, 1729.]

Tuesday, [1721.]

Can you not prevail on the Duke[1] to help me something more than the half-year? or is there nobody that could have good-nature enough to lend me one thousand pounds? I beg that, if nothing of this can be done, that it may only be betwixt us two, as I take you as my great friend; and I am very well assured of it by the honour I had done me yesterday at court by the King. I had another letter yesterday from France, with the same thing over again. Excuse this, dear madam, and only

[1] Probably John, Duke of Argyle

put yourself in my place, and know at the same time that you are the *only friend*[2] I have.

Yours, &c.

LAW.

MRS CAMPBELL TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 56.]

Coombank, April 29th, [1722.]

THIS does not come to draw dear Mrs. Howard in for an answer, but to assure you

[2] This melancholy avowal, that Mrs. Howard was his *only friend*, affords a striking instance of the instability of fortune, power, and friendship. This letter was probably written in the winter of 1721. The following passage will describe what the writer had been about the beginning of 1720: "Our projector had now arrived at an unexampled pitch of wealth and power. He possessed the ear of the Regent; he was almost adored by the people; and was constantly surrounded by princes, dukes, and prelates, who *courted his friendship*, and seemed *ambitious of his patronage*. Such was the immensity of his wealth, that he bought no less than fourteen estates, with titles annexed to them; amongst which was the marquisate of Rosny, which had belonged to the great Duke of Sully, the friend and minister of Henry the Fourth." Yet, within two years, he could find *no one good-natured enough to lend him* 1000*l.*; and had no friend left but Mrs. Howard, who probably was not three months acquainted with him!

of the concern I have for your health and welfare. I plainly perceive you were much in the vapours when you wrote to me: I partly guess the cause by your manner of writing. I should be glad to be mistaken; but I was told before I left London that somebody[1], who shall be nameless, was grown sour and cross, and not so good to you as usual. If it be so, it betrays the want of that good understanding that both you and I so often flattered ourselves about; but these times, I fear, are over. It would make one half mad to think of misspent time in us both: but I am happy, and would to God you were so. I wish, but perhaps you do not, that your circumstances were such that you might leave that life of hurry, and be able to enjoy those that love you, and be a little at rest; and I really do believe you have as many people that love and value you as ever came to one woman's share—I put myself foremost in the list. I am in hopes, one opera-day, when the weather is good, that you will venture to come and see me, and stay one night, and be in town by the time the Princess is dressed, if

[1] No doubt, the Prince. The way in which Mrs Campbell alludes to his "good understanding," and to her hearing only by report that he was cross, tends to confirm the doubts already expressed as to Walpole's account of his Royal Highness's ungenerous conduct towards Mrs. Campbell herself.

you set out between nine and ten next morning: I would have it when my John[2] comes, because I know he would be mightily pleased (besides its making me happy) in seeing you here. I suppose you may have heard that John is not to be returned; but he seems to think he is duly elected. Pray, do you not think it was a little comical to set up old Peter[3] where there could be no opposition, and let my John take his chance? These sort of things gall me not a little: but nothing can make me unhappy while John lives and is good to me, which, hitherto, I have no reason to fear will ever be otherwise.

Lord Sunderland's death astonished me[4]. All the ministers die when I am here. I believe they must give me a good pension to live in London. I want to know if Mr. Howard is come to town, and if he is not plaguing you. The odious postboy is come, so I have only time to bid my dear Mrs. Howard adieu.

I believe you had as good burn this letter, for my sake.

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[2] Her husband.

[3] In the parliament summoned for the following May, Mr. Peter Campbell was returned for Bute and Caithness; and Col. John Campbell was defeated in the Elgin district of burghs, but was voted in on petition.

[4] Charles, third earl of Sunderland, died on the 19th April, 1722. (See page 19.)

MRS. BRADSHAW TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 26.]

[Gosworth Hall,] May 28th, [1722.]

Our bells have rung ever since four this morning, which is more a proof of Lady Mohun's power than the people's inclinations[1].

I am told you expect from me an account of the manners and customs of this place: it is impossible for me to obey your commands at present, for the weather has been so wet that none of the neighbouring nymphs or swains have been able to make their appearance: but if you can be contented with a description of the hall, and the manner of life we lead this Christmas time (for so it is here, I do assure you), take it as follows.

We meet in the work-room before nine; eat, and break a joke or two, till twelve; then we repair to our own chambers and make ourselves ready, for it cannot be called dressing: at noon the great bell fetches us into a parlour, adorned with all sorts of fire-arms, poisoned darts, several

[1] The birth-day of George I.:—the good Cestrians were Jacobites, and would not have celebrated the Hanoverian king's birth-day if Lady Mohun had not forced them to do it.

pair of old shoes and boots won from the Tartars by men of might belonging to this castle, with the stirrups of King Charles I. taken from him at Edge-Hill.

Here leave we the historical part of the furniture, and cast your eye (in imagination) upon a table covered with good fish and flesh, the product of our own estate; and such ale!—it would make you stare again[2], Howard. After your health has gone round (which is always the second glass), we begin to grow witty, and really say things that would make your ears tingle: your court wits are nothing to us for invention (plots only excepted); but, being all of a side, we lay no scheme but of getting you amongst us, where, though I say it that should not (because I would have my share in it), you would pass your time very agreeably in our dike, for you must know we have hardly seen dry land since we came.

Mr. Mordaunt[3] has once or twice made an effort to sally out into the gardens, but finding no rest for the sole of his foot, returns presently to us again; and, I must give him his due, always in good humour. Miss[4] had a small

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[2] Lord Harvey has hinted to us that Mrs. Howard was fond of ale.

[3] Lady Mohun's third husband. (See page 7.)

[4] Probably Miss Mordaunt, half-sister to Lady Mohun's husband.

ray of hope last night, for Colonel Lawrence[5], and a gentleman with him, swam to us; the last was clothed in blue, turned up with red, and adorned with plate buttons, upon which she puts me on her lutestring suit, not omitting all the little flirtation she is mistress of: if she brings it to any thing you shall be sure to have notice time enough to provide another maid[6].

Nay, I will assure you, old as I am, I have my little gallantries too. A gentleman, of three hundred per annum, fancies me extremely, and if he had not been under an engagement before I came, I have some reason to believe I might have kept a chaise of my own; however I live in hope that a loose man may come, though it will be some time first, for all the best families in the parish are laid up with what they call the yoke—which in [7]England is the itch. We have had a noble captain, who dined in a brave pair of white gloves, to my very great surprise; but it was when I was in my London ignorance.

I am now called upon to see a pond drawn, which will produce carp as big as some of your lords of the bedchamber. Madam Howard, I

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[5] Probably a brother, or other near relation of Lady Mohun.

[6] Miss Mordaunt had succeeded the unfortunate Sophia Howe as maid of honour.

[7] Cheshire is sometimes called Wales.

live in expectation of an epistle from you, which is the only wish I have out of my company, who are all your humble servants; but nobody is more entirely so than your slave

PEGGY.

LADY MOHUN TO MRS. HOWARD.

[See p. 7.]

[July, 1722.]

I HAVE been some time considering what should be the cause of dear H. H.'s long silence, since I have been informed my letters to you were not intercepted, and I am confident you can have no suspicion but yours were always welcome to me. I have had a thousand fears that [1]*our author* was sick, but was soon convinced, by letters from other correspondents, that those fears were groundless; then I thought, perhaps with too much reason, that some other entertainment

[1] In several passages of the correspondence it appears that Mrs. Howard had acquired the name of *author*, from writing now and then, in imitation of the newspapers, "*a Court Journal*," for the amusement of her friends. Some of Lady Mohun's replies are suppressed, as being unintelligible without the *journals*, which are, unluckily, not to be found.

more agreeable had supplanted my happiness; but then I flattered myself your justice could not neglect the merit of my love and sincerity, though there were no other motive to engage you; but one I am sure more prevailing than all others with you is to relieve the distressed. It is impossible to describe the melancholy situation of our present affairs; the weather is so bad we cannot stir abroad, nor stay at home with any comfort; for it is so cold, that large Scotch coal fires can hardly keep us warm: the neighbours we are sometimes delivered up to are more disgusting, and less conversable, than our own familiar cattle, and an approaching visitor more formidable than any of the giants of Don Quixote; who, by the way, has hitherto been our chief entertainment; but now our books are out, and our prodigious fund of wit exhausted, no various scenes, nor ingenious correspondents from foreign parts to raise our own, we are not only grown weary of each others' repeated dulness, but of ourselves, and our own musty notions; and this cursed ill weather is an addition to our spleen, and inclines us to believe there is a thorough change in nature. The metamorphoses of our company are already visible—as follow: the Colonel[2] is collar of brawn; Peggy[3], a dormouse;

[2] Colonel Mordaunt, Lady Mohun's husband.
[3] Mrs. Bradshaw.

our great Miss[4], a screech-owl; and I, a poetess, as you will find—

The wind and rain discordant brawl;
They penetrate through chinks of wall,
And sound melodious in the hall.

Winter has taken July's place,
Sol lags in his diurnal race,
And is ashamed to show his face.

Peggy can neither read nor write,
Her heart is out of measure quite;
And if she prays, 'twill be in spite.

Your *Journal*, therefore, send us soon,
To dissipate our clouds at noon,
Or death will seize your weary

MOHUN.

MRS. BRADSHAW TO MRS. HOWARD.

[1] Gosworth Hall, 26th August, 1722.

I HAVE much oftener an inclination to be scribbling than wherewithal to furnish out an epistle; but if I should stay till that happen,

[4] Miss Mordaunt.

[1] The seat of Lady Mohun. See p. 7.

you might forget you have such a friend in the world; and this would be a great mortification to me, for I own I have a good deal of pride in the proof you have given me of your good wishes, and pains-taking for me since I have been out of your sight, which when I forget, may my right hand forget its cunning.

We dined last week at your fellow-servant's, Mr. [2]Booth's, which is an extreme pretty little place; the [3]Earl and Countess of Warrington met us, which to me spoiled the feast: she is a [4]limber dirty fool, and her consort the stiffest of all stiff things, so that instead of an agreeable freedom which one always expects at a bachelor's house, it was as solemn as a funeral, and I was chief-mourner. They call it six miles from us; I believe it twelve, and cursed roads, as all Cheshire is: if one could fly in the air, it would

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[2] Langham Booth, younger son of the first Earl of Warrington, groom of the Prince's bedchamber. He died in May, 1724, and left his estate to his brother, the Earl.

[3] George Booth, second Earl of Warrington, and his lady, Mary, daughter of Sir John Oldbury, a merchant in London. His lordship was a *noble author*, having published (at first anonymously) a treatise in favour of *divorce*, on account of disagreement of temper, and an answer to some reflections of Bishop Burnet on his father. He died in 1758; his lady had died in 1740: it was during her life that he had published his argument in favour of divorce.

[4] It is not easy to explain what Mrs. Bradshaw meant by this very strange use of the word *limber*.

be a charming country; but since there is no such machine, I would not live here (with any other family than that I am in) for the king's ransom. You will see by the flesh I have got that I have been much made of, and if your negotiation comes to a good end, as I hope it will, I shall come to town in the bloom of fifteen, and enjoy all the pleasures of that happy age.

Miss [5] Mordaunt is very full of business in managing a wedding, which she has with great skill brought to perfection, between the richest tanner of the place and her maid. The man was pricked to the heart at the first glance, yet, if I may say it, I think I never saw any thing young that had less to boast of; but beauty is in the lover's eye, and after this and [6] Mrs. Wentworth, nobody need despair; and our Miss (Mordaunt) has a chance still.

My lady (Mohun) and I have our rural pleasures too. The Colonel (Mordaunt) gave a smock for the young wenches to run for. The pleasure of the day ended with a [7] prison base;

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[5] Probably one of the sisters-in-law of Lady Mohun.

[6] Perhaps Anne, sister of Lord Strafford, maid of honour to Queen Anne; married to James Donelan, Esq. of Ireland.

[7] Since called prison *bars*. This rustic game had been a royal amusement. King Edward VI., in his diary, tells us that, on the 31st of March, 1549, he offered "a challenge

all the swains from two neighbouring towns performed feats of activity, and run against one another with little more than a fig leaf for their clothing, and we, being in a state of innocence, were not ashamed to show our faces.

I had so witty a letter from the Countess of Bristol, I shall not think of answering it till I can get somebody to help me, or at least, till she gives security that one's letters shall not pass through the first troop of guards. I thought I was safe in writing to [b] Ickworth; but I find she has handed it about, and I am afraid it may disoblige a friend of yours, which, I am sure, was not in my mind to do, and, if I get well out of this, I am cured of ever venturing a joke in her hands again; and I beg you will stand my friend to the earl if it come to his ear, for I conclude you have seen the letter, so I need not explain it to you.

I will not say any thing for my lady (Mohun), she speaks so well for herself, and engrosses all your letters; poor *I* have had but one, and yet there is nobody living with greater esteem, dear Madam Howard,

Your faithful humble servant,

than P.

that he and sixteen gentlemen of his chamber would *run at base*, shoot, and run at the ring, with any seventeen of the court."

[b] Lady Bristol's country seat.

MRS. BRADSHAW TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 26.]

Thursday Night [Nov. 1722.]

I HAVE sent to ten shops, and this is all the *nonpareil* I could get you, which, if you please, you may hang yourself in, since you could not find in your heart to say "thank you, Peggy," for the fine things I sent you.

Well, Madam Howard, if your head is as hard as your heart, you will make an able politician, and King George will lay hold of you this parliament[1]—for they say he wants such things. If you were by my fire-side, I could divert you—yes, and give you a good supper too, if I were so minded, although you were as good a man as your master. I verily believe, if he were once in my parlour, and I in good humour, he would never go home again—for I have very winning ways with me when I think fit * * *, though I do not take amongst ordinary capacities; but I am astonished you are not fonder of your humble servant,

PEGGY.

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[1] The fourth parliament of Great Britain was dissolved the 10th March, 1722. The new parliament was summoned for the 10th of May, but did not meet till November.

THE HON. MRS. PITT TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Harriet Villiers, second sister of the first Earl of Grandison, married to Mr. Robert Pitt, elder brother of Thomas, Earl of Londonderry. Their second son was the great Lord Chatham, who was not, it would seem, indebted to his maternal relations for the high-minded integrity of his public life. These letters are preserved in justice to Mrs. Howard; and they are placed under the date of 1722, on the supposition that on his mother's death Lord Hertford resigned the Prince's bedchamber.]

Monday morning [Nov. 1722.]

MADAM,

IT was a great mortification to me not to be able to pay my duty to Her Royal Highness last night, but I have been confined to my bed these two days; otherwise I should have had an opportunity to have asked you a question without giving you this trouble, which I hope you will pardon, and favour me with an answer: which is, whether the lord of the bedchamber to the Prince is appointed in my Lord Hertford's[1] place. If not, my brother Grandi-

[1] Algernon, eldest son of the sixth Duke of Somerset, born in 1684, lord of the Prince's bedchamber. On the death of his mother, Nov 23, 1722, he succeeded to the barony of Percy and

son[2] would offer his service to His Royal Highness, if you will be so good as to let me know if it would be well received, or if any one else has been named; otherwise, he would engage some friends to speak to the Prince: and if you think it proper (as he has been informed it is usual to make presents on such occasions), I will bring you *a thousand guineas* to dispose of to whoever is proper, but desire his name not to be used in vain; therefore I ventured to impart this matter to you, whose honour and *secresy* I depend on, and am, dear madam,

Your most faithful servant,

H. PITT.

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five other baronies. On the death of his father he became, in 1748, seventh Duke of Somerset. He was distinguished as a volunteer in the Duke of Marlborough's latter campaigns, and afterwards rose to the highest military rank. He was also for many years president of the Society of Antiquaries; and died in 1750 without male issue.

[2] John, fourth Viscount and first Earl Grandison. He was advanced to the latter honour on the 11th Sept. 1722, on account, says the Peerage, "of his personal merits and noble descent." It seems that he did not trust to his "personal merits and noble descent" to get into the Prince's family.

MRS. PITT TO MRS. HOWARD.

[It is to be regretted that we have not Mrs. Howard's answer to the preceding letter; but, from this reply, it seems that the *offer* was rejected by Mrs. Howard with the reproof which it deserved. Such transactions remind us of Sir Robert Walpole's celebrated assertion, that ministers are oftener *tempted* than *tempters*. *Experto crede Roberto.*]

[Dec. 1722.]

MADAM,

I ASK your pardon for the freedom I have taken, and return you a thousand thanks for the justice you did me in letting Her Royal Highness know my sincere wishes for her health and happiness. I believe my brother could never intended a *bribe* to any of their Royal Highness's family, but was informed a present was usually[1] made on such occasions, which I should not have named to you but to be informed, as believing you must have heard more of such matters by living so long at court. I should only be glad to have their Royal Highnesses

[1] The word *secresy*, in the preceding letter, is not very consistent with Mrs. Pitt's explanation—for why should there be any secresy about what was *usual?*

know my brother's desire to serve them, whether it is accepted or not; and am, madam,

Your most humble servant,

H. Pitt.

MRS. CAMPBELL TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 56.]

Coom-bank, April the 10th [1723]

How do you do, Mrs. Howard? that is all I have to say: if my brain could have produced any thing sooner, you should have heard from me. This afternoon I am taken with a fit of writing; but as to matter, I have nothing better to entertain you with but to tell you the news of my farm. I therefore give you the following list of the stock of eatables that I am fatting for my private tooth. It is well known to the whole county of Kent, that I have four fat calves, two fat hogs fit for killing, twelve promising black pigs, four white sows big with child, for whom I have great compassion[1], two

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[1] As her eldest son, John, fifth Duke of Argyll, was baptised in June, 1723, it is probable that this lively lady alludes in this homely way to her own situation.

young chickens, three fine geese, sitting with thirteen eggs under each (several being duck eggs, else the others do not come to maturity) —all this, with rabbits, and pigeons, and carp, in plenty, beef and mutton at reasonable rates —(this is writ very even[2]). Now, Howard, if you have a mind to stick your knife in any thing I have named, say so.

Nothing has happened here since I came worth mentioning in history, but a bloody retaliation committed on the body of an owl, that had destroyed our pigeons.

I now take my leave, only adding one piece of advice, which is, take the utmost care of your * [3], for I left all the * in London in danger. If any body inquires why I left the town, pray satisfy them, that it was to save my * , which, together with the rest of the cargo, is at your service!—Adieu, dearest of Swisses!

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[2] Mrs. Campbell's writing is in general bad, and her lines aslant—in this place she had been a little more fortunate than usual.

[3] Matrimony had not, it seems, amended Mary Bellenden's "*etourderie.*" What the danger was to which any part of the female person was at this time more particularly exposed, history does not inform us.

MRS. HOWARD TO MR. GAY.

Richmond Lodge, July the 5th, 1723.

I was very sorry to hear, when I returned from Greenwich, that you had been at Richmond the same day; but I really thought you would have ordered your affairs in such a manner, that I should have seen you before you went to Tunbridge. I dare say you are now with your friends[1], but not with one who more sincerely wishes to see you easy and happy than I do: if my power was equal to theirs, the matter should soon be determined.

I am glad to hear you frequent the church; you cannot fail of being often put in mind of the great virtue of patience, and how necessary that may be for you to practise, I leave to your own experience. I applaud your prudence (for I hope it is entirely owing to it), that you have no money at Tunbridge. It is easier to avoid the means of temptation, than to resist them when the power is in our own hands.

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[1] I know not who those friends could be whose superior power Mrs. Howard envies; but it is clear that she gives Gay no great encouragement to hope any thing from *her* individually. If he was deceived, it was not by her

I beg you will never mention the plan which you found in my room; there is a necessity yet to keep that whole affair secret[2], though (I think I may tell you) it is almost entirely finished to my satisfaction.

I hear the whole Ashley[3] family (with Mr. and Mrs. Hervey[4]) remove soon, to pass the remainder of the summer at Lord Cadogan's (at Caversham).

The place[5] you are in has strangely filled your head with cures and physicians; but (take my word for it) many a fine lady has gone there to drink the waters without being sick, and

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[2] This relates to the celebrated villa of Marble Hill, which Mrs. Howard was now, and for several years after, employed in building and improving. Swift, in 1727, describes it as having exhausted Mrs. Howard's purse, and not being yet finished. Marble Hill speaks—

"My house was only built for show,
My lady's empty pockets know;
And now she will not have a shilling,
To raise the stairs, or build the ceiling.
'Tis come to what I always thought,
My dame is hardly worth a groat."

But the reason that Gay was enjoined to secresy as to the building, probably, was, that George the Second had given her ten or twelve thousand pounds towards that object.

[3] Ashley Park, near Walton upon Thames.

[4] Soon after Lord and Lady Hervey.

[5] Tunbridge Wells.

many a man has complained of the loss of his heart, who has had it in his own possession. I desire you will keep yours, for I shall not be very fond of a friend without one, and I have a great mind you should be in the number of mine.

MR. GAY TO MRS. HOWARD.

Tunbridge, July 12, 1723.

MADAM,

THE next pleasure to seeing you is hearing from you; and when I hear you succeed in your wishes, I succeed in mine—so I will not say a word more of the house.

We have a young [1]lady here that is very particular in her desires. I have known some ladies, who, if ever they prayed, and were sure their prayers would prevail, would ask an equipage, a

[1] This was, probably, a Miss Mary Jennings, who died in Nov. 1736, at the age of thirty, remarkable for her riches, corpulence, and love of ale. There can hardly have been two persons of the same age, combining the same remarkable peculiarities.

title, a husband, or [2]matadores; but this lady, who is but seventeen, and has but thirty thousand pounds, places all her wishes in a pot of good ale. When her friends, for the sake of her shape and complexion, would dissuade her from it, she answers, with the truest sincerity, that by the loss of shape and complexion she can only lose a husband, but that ale is her passion. I have not as yet drank with her, though I must own I cannot help being fond of a lady who has so little disguise of her practice, either in her words or appearance. If to show you love her, you must drink with her, she has chosen an ill place for followers, for she is forbid with the waters. Her shape is not very unlike a barrel; and I would describe her eyes, if I could look over the agreeable swellings of her cheeks, in which the rose predominates; nor can I perceive the least of the lily in her whole countenance. You see what thirty thousand pounds can do, for without that I could never have discovered all these agreeable particularities: in short, she is the *ortolan*, or rather *wheat-ear*, of the place, for she is entirely a lump of fat; and the form of the universe itself is scarce more

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[2] It has become almost necessary to say, that *matadores* constituted a *good hand* at the then fashionable games of ombre and quadrille.

beautiful, for her figure is almost circular. After I have said all this, I believe it will be in vain for me to declare I am not in love; and I am afraid that I have showed some imprudence in talking upon this subject, since you have declared that you like a friend that has a heart in his disposal. I assure you I am not mercenary, and that thirty thousand pounds have not half so much power with me as the woman I love.

MRS. HOWARD TO MR. GAY.

Richmond Lodge, July 22, [1723.]

I HAVE taken some days to consider of your *wheat-ear*, but I find I can no more approve of your having a passion for that, than I did of your turning parson. But if ever you will take the one, I insist upon your taking the other: they ought not to be parted; they were made from the beginning for each other. But I do not forbid you to get the best intelligence of the ways, manners, and customs, of this wonderful *phenomène:* how it supports the disappointment of bad ale, and what are the consequences to the full enjoyment of her luxury? I have some thoughts of taking a hint from

the ladies of your acquaintance, who pray for matadores, and turn devotees for luck at ombre; for I have already lost above a hundred pounds since I came to Richmond.

I do not like to have you too passionately fond of every thing that has no disguise. I (that am grown old in courts) can assure you, sincerity is so very unthriving, that I can never give consent that you should practise it, excepting to three or four people that I think may deserve it, of which number I am. I am resolved you shall open a new scene of behaviour next winter, and begin to pay in coin your debts of fair promises. I have some thoughts of giving you a few loose hints for a satire; and if you manage it right, and not indulge that foolish good-nature of yours, I do not question but I shall see you in good employment before Christmas[1].

[1] Irony. Mrs Howard means, that if he wrote a satire, he would be bought off. The jest, though a poor one, seems still further to exculpate Mrs. Howard from the charge of having deceived Gay.

THE DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM TO MRS. HOWARD.

[This remarkable lady was the daughter of James the Second, by Catherine Sedley, created by her royal lover Countess of Dorchester *for life.* Sir Charles Sedley, resenting the seduction of his daughter, joined in the Whig measures of the revolution, and excused his revolt from James under an ironical profession of gratitude. "His majesty," said he, "having done me the unlooked-for honour of making *my* daughter a *countess,* I cannot do less in return than endeavour to make *his* daughter a *queen.*" Lady Dorchester inherited much of her father's wit, all his indelicacy, and seems not to have shared any of his scruples. She once said of herself, and her two colleagues in James's favour, (Lady Susan Bellasis and Miss Godfrey,) "I wonder why he keeps us; we are none of us handsome; and if *we* had wit, *he* has not sense to find it out." After James's flight, she married Sir David Collyer, first Earl of Portmore, by whom she had two sons, to whom she said, "If any one calls you sons of a —— you must bear it, for so you are; but if they call you bastards, fight till you die, for you are Sir David's sons." Her daughter, the writer of this letter, married John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, and was herself a very extraordinary person. She was extravagantly proud of her descent from James, and affected to be the head of the Jacobite party in England; and she certainly had occasional intercourse with and some influence over *her brother,* the Pretender. She maintained a kind of royal state, and affected great devotion to the memory of her father and grandfather. yet, as we see, she had no scruples in acknow-

ledging the Brunswick family so far as to endeavour to drive a good bargain with them.

One of her many letters is preserved, both as a specimen of the extraordinary style of this extraordinary lady, and as giving an estimate of the value of Buckingham House and its appurtenances a century ago.]

[Aug. 1st, 1723.]

MADAM,

I HAD not an opportunity of showing you the inclosed[1], nor my answer to it, which being wrote in haste, and not, perhaps, very good French, it is possible is not understood by her. I have ever treated you, madam, as one who can distinguish people's humour and behaviour. I have expressed my intentions about the house in a way that several perhaps would not, but hint that, 'though I was unwilling to let the house, it was possible the trustees might;' in hopes, by difficulty, to raise a desire in their Royal Highnesses to have the house. Though the world teaches one daily those kind of arts, I really will not take the trouble of any method which I do not think proper for myself, or rather for those I deal with. My intention of being out of London till my [2]son has

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[1] A letter from the Princess.

[2] Second Duke of Buckingham of the Sheffield family, who died soon after, at the age of sixteen, and for whom his mother

more strength increased, and his affairs in the country, where his fortune lies, quite settled to my mind, makes me think of parting with my house on tolerable terms; and for worse, it is not to be had, since I am pretty sure I will neither forfeit my fortune nor run it out. What I have named to Madame Germaine is without any advice, all my trustees being at present out of town; but we agree enough to be sure of their not opposing me, though it is less I know than they would approve; and, indeed, considering the little care and regularity that is taken in the Prince's family, did his Highness give as much again as he might now have it for, it is possible one might repent it at the expiration of the lease. If their Royal Highnesses will have every thing stand as it does, furniture and pictures, I will have three thousand pounds per annum; both run hazard of

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made so extraordinary a funeral. On that occasion she sent to the old Duchess of Marlborough, to borrow the rich and ornamented hearse which had conveyed the great Duke to the grave.—"Tell her," said Sarah, "it carried the Duke of Marlborough, and shall never carry any one else."—"My upholsterer," rejoined Catherine of Buckingham, in a fury, "tells me, that I can have a finer for twenty pounds." This last stroke was aimed at the parsimony of their Graces of Marlborough, which was supposed to have been visible even in the funeral: but the sarcasm was as unjust as the original request of borrowing the hearse was mean and unfeeling.

being spoiled, and the last, to be sure, will be all to be new bought whenever my son is of age. The quantity the rooms take cannot be well furnished under ten thousand pounds; but if their Highnesses will permit the pictures all to be removed, and buy the furniture as it will be valued by different people, the house shall go at two thousand pounds. The princess told me yesterday that she heard I would sell my house: now it is very strange she should hear so, because I have said I would not sell, and refused a good deal for it, which was proposed in an unknown name. Now, it will be found that my frank way of dealing proceeds more from my temper than from an over eagerness in parting with a place in which I pique myself to let my prudence get the better of vanity or inclination; and perhaps that wisdom will not always continue. If the prince or princess prefer much the buying outright, under sixty thousand pounds, it will not be parted with as it now stands, with furniture, pictures, gardens, meadows, and little tenements which pay one hundred and twenty pounds per annum; and all His Majesty's revenue cannot purchase a place so well situated, and so fit for them, nor for a less sum; or, indeed, it is hardly worth for that, giving my son, when he grows up, the mortification to find such a house gone from him; and half the purchase-money,

at least, will go to build him another to his mind—and a million cannot find him such a valuable one. As I should be glad of an opportunity of talking more freely to you, and the princess has spoke to you, madam, concerning the matter, if you would give yourself so much trouble, could you not [3]propose to see the house yourself and sound me about it; and, indeed, it is fit somebody should that can judge well and speak truth. I would willingly return from hence to meet you any day after next Monday. I have tired you sufficiently with the length of this letter; so shall only ask your pardon, and assure you of my being, with great regard, always, madam,

Your most humble servant,
K. BUCKINGHAM.

Friday, Aug. 2.

P.S.—I am not sure but I may go to the Bath, if I really imagined it likely that the princess (who, I believe, does not dislike having the house, though she is not quite so free as I am) should agree; and I would give orders to have it furnished sooner than otherwise I may; for although all the apartments above are, some of

[3] Her Grace had forgotten the scorn of little *arts* with which she began this rambling letter.

those below are not, put in order since the mourning was taken down. As to the house, as far as I can judge of her Royal Highness's thoughts by her manner, I believe she would like enough to be in it; but, because letting it happened to be the first named, and, as I confess, what I am most inclined to, Madame Germaine says that they are more inclined to buy it, but want money. You know I can say nothing in answer to that. The princess asked me at the drawing-room if I would sell my fine house, which—after I had, in my letter to her, desired nothing more might be said of it, in case the Prince did not treat for it,—might have surprised one, but it did not. I answered her, smiling, that I was under no necessity to part with it; yet, when what I thought was the value of it should be offered, perhaps my prudence might overcome my inclination.

MR. GAY TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 21.]

[This is not one of Gay's happy letters. He so labours to say smart things upon statesmen and courtiers, that he becomes vapid and confused. If he often indulged himself in these kind of tirades, which were all meant against Walpole, (who had lately made him a commissioner of the lotteries), it is no wonder that Sir Robert was not very anxious to advance him; and let it be observed, that this letter was written several years before the date of the ill turn which "*Bob the poet's foe*" is said to have done—so that Gay seems to have been the aggressor.]

Tunbridge Wells, August, 1723.

I HAVE long wished to be able to put in practice that valuable worldly qualification of being insincere. One of my chief reasons is, that I hate to be particular; and I think, if a man cannot conform to the customs of the world, he is not fit to be encouraged, or to live in it. I know that, if one would be agreeable to men of dignity, one must study to imitate them; and I know which way they get money and places. I cannot indeed wonder that the talents requisite for a great statesman are so scarce in the world,

since so many of those who possess them are every month cut off in the prime of their age at the Old Bailey[1].

Another observation I have made upon courtiers is, that, if you have any friendship with any particular one, you must be entirely governed by his friendships and resentments, not your own; you are not only to flatter him, but those that he flatters; and, if he chances to take a fancy to any man whom you know that he knows to have the talents of a statesman, you are immediately to think both of them men of the most exact honour: in short, you must think nothing dishonest or dishonourable that is required of you; because, if you know the world, you must know that no statesman has or ever will require any thing of you that is dishonest or dishonourable.

Then you must suppose that all statesmen, and your friend in particular (for statesmen's friends have always seemed to think so), have been, are, and always will be guided by strict

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[1] How strange this *cant* appears, when one recollects that Gay was all his life hunting after these same objects, and had just obtained the place of commissioner of the lottery from the very statesmen whom he here represents as fit only to be "cut off at the Old Bailey!"

justice, and are quite void of partiality and resentment: you are to believe that he never did or can propose any wrong thing—for whoever has it in his power to dissent from a statesman, in any one particular, is not capable of his friendship: this last word friendship I have been forced to make use of several times, though I know that I speak improperly, for it has never been allowed a court term. This is some part of a court creed, though it is impossible to fix all the articles; for as men of dignity believe one thing one day, and another the next, so you must daily change your faith and opinion: therefore the method to please these wonderful and mighty men is never to declare in the morning what you believe till your friend has declared what he believes—for one mistake this way is utter destruction.

I hope these few reflections will convince you that I know something of the art of pleasing great men. I have strictly examined most favourites that I have known, and think I judge right, that almost all of them have practised most of these rules in their way to preferment. I cannot wonder that great men require all this from their creatures, since most of them have practised it themselves, or else they had never arrived to their dignities.

As to your advice that you give me in re-

lation to preaching and marrying and ale, I like it extremely; for this [1]lady must be born to be a parson's wife, and I never will think of marrying her till I have preached my first sermon. She was last night at a private ball—so private, that not one man knew it till it was over; so that Mrs. Carr was disturbed at her lodgings by only a dozen ladies, who danced together without the least scandal.

I fancy I shall not stay here much longer, though what will become of me I know not—for I have not, and fear never shall have, a will of my own.

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[1] See page 112

MRS. HOWARD TO MR. GAY.

[This letter is curious. It implies that Mrs. Howard employed Gay to assist her in some correspondence in which she happened to be engaged with a *man of wit*, who called himself her *knight-errant;* and I have little doubt that this was a correspondence with the celebrated *Lord Peterborough*, of which a selection will come presently.—This correspondence seems to have flourished between the bursting of the South Sea bubble, in 1720, and the death of Lady Mohun, in 1725, but none of the letters are dated; and they so seldom condescend to discourse on mundane affairs, that there is no clue by which to arrange them. They are, therefore, with their answers, printed all together in this place.]

After you have told me that you hate writing letters, it would be very ungrateful not to thank you for so many as you have written for me. Acting contrary to one's inclinations, for the service of those one likes, is a strong proof of friendship; yet, as it is painful, it ought never to be exacted but in case of great necessity: as such I look upon that correspondence in which I have engaged you.

Perhaps you think I treat you very oddly, that, while I own myself afraid of a *man of wit*[1], and make that a pretence to ask your

[1] Lord Peterborough

assistance, I can write to you myself without any concern; but do me justice, and believe it is, that I think it requires something more than wit to deserve esteem. So it is less uneasy for me to write to you than to the other; for I should fancy I purchased the letters I received (though very witty) at too great an expense, if at the least hazard of having my real answers exposed.

The inclosed[2] will discover that I did not make use of every argument with which you had furnished me; but I had a reason, of which I am not at this time disposed to make you a judge. Conquest is the last thing a woman cares to resign; but I should be very sorry to have you in the desperate condition of my *knight-errant*. No! I would spare you, out of self-interest, to secure to me those I have made by your assistance.

Aug. 10.

A speedy answer. Keep the inclosed till we meet.

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[2] Probably one of Lord Peterborough's answ

MRS. HOWARD TO MR. GAY.

[This is a reply to Mr. Gay's answer to the last, but his letter does not appear; nor is it much to be regretted. The style of this portion of the correspondence is very insipid, and shows that nothing is so dull as the affectation of wit.]

Aug. 22.

I AM very much pleased to find you are of my opinion. I have always thought that the man who will be nothing but a man of wit oftener disobliges than entertains the company. There is nothing tries our patience more than that person who arrogantly is ever showing his superiority over the company he is engaged in. He, and his fate, I think very like the woman whose whole ambition is only to be handsome. *She* is in continual care about her own charms, and neglects the world; and *he* is always endeavouring to be more witty than all the world; which make them both disagreeable companions.

The warmth with which I attack wit will, I am afraid, be thought to proceed from the same motive which makes the old and ugly attack the young and handsome; but if you examine well all those of the character I have mentioned,

you will find they are generally but pretenders to either wit or beauty: and, in justification of myself, I can say, and that with great sincerity, I respect wit with judgment, and beauty with humility, wherever I meet it.

I have sent the [1] inclosed, and desire an answer. I make no more apologies, for I take you to be in earnest; but, if you can talk of sincerity without having it, I am glad it is in my power to punish you—for sincerity is not only the favourite expression of my knight-errant, but it is my darling virtue.

If I agree with you, that wit is very seldom to be found in sincerity, it is because I think neither wit nor sincerity is often found; but daily experience shows us it is want of wit, and not too much, makes people insincere.

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[1] Some other letter of the following correspondence

LORD PETERBOROUGH TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Charles Mordaunt, first Earl of Monmouth and third Earl Peterborough, so well known for his romantic courage and adventures, has been also celebrated as "one of those men "of careless wit and negligent grace who scatter a thousand "bon mots and idle verses, which painful compilers gather "or hoard till the owners stare to find themselves authors." To these, and still higher praises, Walpole adds, that "four very genteel letters of his are printed among Pope's." The pleasure, therefore, of finding in the Suffolk papers above forty letters of this British Amadis was, at first sight, very great; but it must be confessed that they appear, on inspection, little worthy of his reputation, and least of all worthy of the character of *careless wit* and *negligent grace*: they seem, on the contrary, to be in the worst style of formal *love letters.* His Lordship declares that Mrs. Howard's eyes have pierced his heart and have robbed him of peace; and, upon this head, he pursues the fair-one—not like the lover of Daphne or Galatea—but in the sad intricacy of a metaphysical chase. If there had been but one or two of those letters, they might have been taken for ridicule of that argumentative style of sentiment; but, at last, it becomes too evident that the whole were written in such serious sadness, that poor Mrs. Howard was obliged to call in help to answer them. Nor is it to be forgotten, in appreciating the folly of the affair, that Lord Peterborough must have been about this time sixty-five years of age, and, if not married, secretly engaged to Mrs. Robinson; while his *Amoret* was about forty, the wife of one man, and the acknowledged favourite of another. In selecting a few of these well-written, but affected, epistles, I have chosen those to

which the answers are extant; and it will be generally admitted that the lady has the advantage over the hero. How far Gay assisted Mrs. Howard (see p. 122) it is not easy to judge; but the best of her letters are those in which her own pen is most visible. In 1735 Lord Peterborough declared his marriage with Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, a singer, and soon after set sail, to die at Lisbon in the autumn of that year. His Lordship's letters are written in a beautiful hand, with a neatness and accuracy both of orthography and punctuation very unusual in that day, and as little characteristic of the fiery and irregular temper of the writer as the style and matter. Two or three other letters, written in his Lordship's last years, in a rather better tone, will be found under their proper dates.]

As I can as well live without meat and sleep as without thinking of her who has possession of my soul, so to find some relief, in never having any conversation with this adored lady, I have been forced, when alone, to make many and many a dialogue betwixt her and myself; but, alas! madam, the conclusions are always in her favour, and I am often most cruelly condemned by myself—nay more, her indifference and almost all her rigour are approved.

Permit me to give you an account of my last duet without my partner; and as by the original articles of our scribbling treaty you were sincerely to tell me your opinion, so remember your long silence, and give me an answer to this.

On my part, I was representing to her the

violence, the sincerity of my passion; but what I most insisted on was, that, in most circumstances, it was different from that of other men. It is true I confessed, with common lovers, she was the person that I wished should *grant;* but with this addition, that she was the only woman that I could allow to *refuse.* In a word, I am resolved, nay content, to be only hers, though it may be impossible she should ever be mine.

To bear injuries or miseries insensibly were a vain pretence—not to resent, not to feel, is impossible; but, when I dare venture to think she is unjust or cruel, my revenge falls upon all of her sex but herself. I hate, detest, and renounce all other creatures in hoop-petticoats; and, by a strange weakness, can only wish well to her who has the power and will to make me miserable.

Commonly, lovers are animated by the gay look, the blooming cheeks, and the red lips of the mistress; but, heavens! what do I feel when I see anguish and paleness invade that charming face? My soul is in a mutiny against those powers that suffer it, and my heart perfectly melts away in tenderness. But for whom have I such concern? For that dear lady who hardly thinks of me, or scarce regretteth she makes me wretched.

But, alas! it was in this last dialogue I found

my misery complete; for you must know, the lady had listened with some attention—mercy was in her looks, softness in her words, and gentleness in all her air: "Were this all true," she asked, "what could you expect? what do you think your due?"

Never was poor mortal so dismayed. Though she was absent, I had not the courage to make one imaginary request: had she been present, I could only have expressed my wishes in a trembling look. Oh, wretched prodigality, where one gives all, and dare demand no return! Oh, unfortunate avarice, which covets all, and can merit nothing! Oh, cruel ambition, which can be satisfied with nothing less but what no man can deserve!

It was long before I could recover from the terror and amaze into which I had thrown myself. At last I ventured to make this answer: "If what I may pretend to be less than love, surely it is something more than common friendship[1]."

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[1] After so many pathetic exclamations—

"O lame and impotent conclusion!"

MRS. HOWARD TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

[We have seen, in a former letter to Gay, that he wrote answers to some man of reputed wit and consequence with whom Mrs. Howard was in a formal correspondence. This must have been Lord Peterborough; and it is therefore doubtful how much of the following letters belong to Gay or how much to Mrs. Howard. No trace of them is found in Gay's hand; and several rough and scribbled drafts of them are in her own: and, besides, Mrs. Howard distinctly tells Gay that she sometimes made such use, only, of his hints as she thought fit, working them up with her own ideas. The letters may therefore have been substantially Mrs. Howard's. The whole affair is curious. The liveliest man in England sits down and writes love-letters so appalling, that one of the liveliest and most ready women in England thinks it necessary to employ an assistant to answer him; and the assistant she selects is—of all men alive—Johnny Gay—the most simple of mankind, and who, as we have seen, became a mere bungler, even in letter-writing, as soon as he attempted the line of "verbosa et grandis epistola."]

I do not know whether your lordship expects I should answer every letter you write in exact time and form, in order to provoke you to write another: if you do, I fancy your last was an artifice to draw me in to declare my sentiments on the subject of love first, which I think a little unfair—for the most that is expected

from a woman is to be upon the defensive. Suppose I should declare my sentiments first; your lordship, who has been so conversant with our sex, might very civilly imagine that I hated contradiction; you might be biassed to think my notions pretty enough for a woman; and your complaisance might draw you in unawares to flatter my understanding, by agreeing to every thing I said. What should I get by all this? only the pleasure of hearing myself talk: and I fancy the women that have all their lives been treated in this well-bred manner have that pleasure wholly confined to their own dear selves; and I look upon this as the reason why women generally talk more than men: they are seldomer contradicted, and, consequently, they think themselves oftener in the right. Not that I would have your lordship imagine that I love contradiction, in order to support a dispute: no, the conversation that pleases me is when a person (if such a person can be found) will think freely before me, and speak what he thinks; rather than the common way of playing off sentiments[1], to show what can be said, and not what he himself thinks right.

I grant, my lord, we can expect this sort of

[1] Mrs. Howard seems to allude to Lord Peterborough's own style in his correspondence with her.

treatment from none but friends and lovers, and none but friends and lovers deserve it; but he that is sincere is never upon his guard, and cannot do otherwise.

LORD PETERBOROUGH TO MRS. HOWARD.

Be pleased to suppose me just landed on the other side of the water, and so entitled to the liberty[1] you gave; or, if you can imagine I am yet in England, guess at the reason why I am not so impatient for a journey.

Impatient I have been, however, to confess my satisfaction. Could any thing be more agreeably surprising than to meet with a fair lady who makes use of her own admirable understanding, not lazily giving up her reason, or poorly submitting her judgment to those guides who commonly manage their pretensions with as much self-interest, and as little honesty, as South Sea directors[2].

If condemned to be a woman's slave, may it

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[1] Mrs. Howard appears to have consented that he should write to her from abroad.

[2] This is one of the few allusions by which we have been enabled to make an approximation to the dates at which these letters were written.

be to one nobly maintaining her own liberty: if I were to receive any favour, let it be from one who knows what to grant, and when to refuse—whose compliments are not alike to every one. Oh, the merit of the least favour which is particular; and how little merit in an undistinguished all!

Thus far the character is charming, and perhaps it is due; but how, how can this lady justify the least indulgency to insincerity? You may as well refuse your thought as heart. Give no confession, but let none obtain what you have no mind to grant; but strictly adhere to truth. A lady guarded with wit and beauty keeps man and woman at what distance she pleases.

Learn this from one not wholly ignorant of nature: wit, beauty, and youth may be resisted; but, with wit and beauty, believe her sincere, the creature becomes divine and irresistible.

MRS. HOWARD TO LORD PETERBOROUGH.

MY LORD,

I ENTIRELY agree with you, that a woman that hath no distinction of persons will never be distinguished by any one; but

then your lordship must grant me, that the woman that is civil and obliging to every body giveth signal proofs of her courage: for she that trusts every man's vanity, runs greater risks than she that trusts one man's honour.

Besides, before your lordship censures this character, you ought to consider that different persons have different views, and that these compass their utmost wishes when they are admired; so that we may blame their taste, but not condemn their conduct. Since chivalry ceased, coquetry and modern gallantry came into the world. A man of gallantry acts upon the same principles as the coquette. A man of gallantry says tender things to every lady he meets, and is ready to take arms in defence of her beauty and wit. A man of gallantry must have the spirit to be inconstant—for he loses the title of gallantry the minute he becomes a downright lover; therefore, lest he grow out of fashion, he studies, like the coquette, to distribute his favours equally to all. The man of gallantry devotes himself to the sex, as the knight-errant used to do to his one individual mistress: so that, if coquetry and gallantry are crimes, the fault is in the times and in the fashion, and not in ourselves.

I find your lordship a champion for another old-fashioned virtue, which is truth. I hope your lordship, who are so zealous for it, knows

how to distinguish it, and that you will not accuse me of too much sincerity in defence of coquet.y. How can you imagine that women, who are used to flattery all their lives, can ever be in love with truth? and how will you persuade us that the men love it, when we know it is they only that flatter us?

Your lordship's caution about not showing your letter I shall *sacredly* observe, lest I give any person occasion to censure your lordship of flattery, and myself of credulity.

LORD PETERBOROUGH TO MRS. HOWARD.

I AM sorry to find by your letter, that I am under the fatal necessity of never pleasing ladies; or rather, that I must despair of ever pleasing one of your sex, though I should confine my ambition to the service of the one individual person I might have a mind to please.

Ladies used to flattery from so early a date can never reconcile themselves to truth: this is your doctrine, and I fear you judge too well. I have been under so long a habit of sincerity, and am so ignorant of all false arts, that my condition is desperate; for whether I set up for

chivalry, fighting for or with ladies, I have no other arms but truth. Were I to assume the character of a modern gallant, I should act the part very ill, and spoil all with an out-of-fashion sincerity.

You give a hint that would make a very good part for a comedy, and I think I have observed something like it in mere pretenders to admiration: one who, perhaps feeling a real passion, must affect indifference or inconstancy to maintain their pretensions to wit. But such a wit in my play shall meet with no success, and the coquette lady with many mortifications.

You too generally accuse the men for making compliments, and being insincere in them. You confine the character, as it were, to our sex. O for so many honest shares in the South Sea as I could name of flattering female gipsies; though some I know very sincere in their praises! I defy any man to say so many fine things to the individual one as I heard a woman say of you not long ago. I confess I thought it must be partial, till I was convinced in a little time all was true, by feeling, as I thought, all Lady Mohun had expressed.

You make use of a very powerful word in the conclusion of your letter, *sacredly*. I return you the strongest expression I can use, *upon my honour*. I shall certainly do as you say you will do upon the same occasion, were it

only for this reason, that I can never be more in the right than when I follow your example.

MRS. HOWARD TO LORD PETERBOROUGH.

To convince your lordship that I have some pretensions to that uncourtly quality you seem so fond of, I venture to advise you against those strong professions of sincerity; because those who are ever recommending a particular virtue, give occasion to believe that they have been very often suspected of the want of it.

What makes me almost an unbeliever that there is such a thing in reality as sincerity, is, that it is a virtue so entirely disinterested, that it is of use to every body but the owner; for though we are almost always obliged to the conversation of sincerity, yet we seldom see a man the more favoured or esteemed for his plain-dealing. The long disuse of it in courts has put it on the same footing with ill manners and ill breeding. It is a quality that we may very well imagine resides among the shepherds and shepherdesses of Arcadia; for romantic virtues never appear natural but in romances.

Besides, consider, my lord, how unhappy is

the condition of the man who is sincerely in love, and is found out to be so; for what advantage can any man get in convincing a woman that he is entirely in her power? Every man of gallantry calls himself a woman's slave; but he that is really so is really treated like one, and seldom or never rewarded for his services. This piece of female conduct I fancy the men are not ignorant of; and when they are sincerely in our power, they have always prudence enough not to let us know it.

How can we believe any one to be sincere, when we consider all the advantages of being otherwise? If a man had the highest value for the love of truth, yet who is there imprudent enough to make use of it upon all occasions? We naturally incline to believe what we wish, and of consequence are more easily persuaded that we are what we would be, than what we really are: so that if sincerity actually recommends a man, those always appear to have the most who have the least share of it.

If all I have said cannot prevail with you to think me entirely sincere, yet I beg you at least to half-believe me, when, while I accuse all the rest of the world, I except your lordship and myself.

LORD PETERBOROUGH TO MRS. HOWARD.

Love is the general word—but upon many occasions very improperly used; for passions very different, if not opposite, go under the same title.

I have found love in so many disguises and false appearances in others, and even in myself, that I thought the true passion undiscoverable, and impossible to be described; but what I pretend to represent I have so perfectly felt, that methinks I should be the better able to express it.

The beginnings of this passion, whether true or false, are pleasing; but if true, the progress is through mountains and rocks: the unhappy traveller goes through rugged ways, and, what is most cruel, he is walking in the dark on the edge of precipices, he labours under a thousand difficulties:—success must cost him dear, and then, alas! the acquisition is insecure.

The greatest hardship is this: we seem bound to the same port; we sail in treacherous seas in quest of a woman's heart, 9ut without a compass; there is no beaten path, or common road; as many objects, so many humours; what prevails with one may displease the other, in this fantastic pilgrimage of love: he that goes out

of the way may soonest arrive at his journey's end; and the bold have better success than the faithful, the fool than the wise.

But I have undertaken to define this passion, which I allow to be called love. It is not the person who could please me most, but her that I am most desirous to please, who is truly adored.

To judge of this, let us consider the character of a beauteous female rake. This creature seems designed to give a man pleasure, and pleasure without pain, though not qualified to give him love: access is easy, enjoyment sure. Free from restraint or obligations, not fettered with the chains of pretended constancy; you meet with satisfaction, and you part with ease; you are warm enough for pleasure, not exposed to the rage of jealousy, and safe from the cold of despair. A true epicure (but not a lover) should content himself with this; and this may be agreed to be the *pleasure-giving* lady.

This is no unlively picture of a damsel who might please, but far from that person to whom we resign a heart in the delicate way of love. How shall I describe the Amoret capable of inspiring a true respectful tenderness? who so fills the soul with herself, that she leaves room for no other ideas but those of endeavouring to serve and please her? Self-interest, self-satisfaction, are too natural, too powerful, to be

quite destroyed; but they are in a manner laid asleep, when at the same time we respect and fear what we love. A kind of awe has the effect of opium; as our pains, so our passions are not overcome, but moderated; and we are brought to compound, not for what we desire, but what she is willing to give.

I must always more or less endeavour to maintain by proof what I assert. My satisfaction ceases when I am condemned by my own maxims to end this letter; but I am not at liberty to pursue a pleasure that may give you too much trouble at a time. I begin my next with telling you what Amoret should be, or what I think she is.

MRS. HOWARD TO LORD PETERBOROUGH.

One would imagine, by observing upon the world, that every man thought it necessary to be in love—just as he does to talk—to show his superiority to a brute: but such pretenders have only convinced us, that they want that quality they would be thought to have.

How few are there born with souls capable of friendship! then how much fewer must there be capable of love; for love includes friendship, and much more besides! That you might mis-

take love in others, I grant you; but I wonder how you could mistake it in yourself. I should have thought, if any body else had said so, he had never been in love.

Those rocks and precipices, and those mighty difficulties which you say are to be undergone in the progress of love, can only be meant in the pursuit of a coquette, or where there is no hope of a return; or perhaps you may suppose all women incapable of being touched with so delicate a passion.

In the voyage of love, you complain of great hardships, narrow seas, and no compass. You still think all women coquettes. He that can use art to subdue a woman is not in love; for how can you suppose a man capable of acting by reason who has not one of his senses under command? Do you think a lover sees or hears his mistress like standers by? Whatever her looks may be, or however she talks, he sees nothing but roses and lilies, and hears only an angel.

Your female rake, or *pleasure-giving* lady, that can leave you without regret, that cannot give jealousy, and does not pretend to constancy, I should think a very undesirable thing. I always imagined that these kind of ladies thought it necessary at least to feign love, to make themselves agreeable; and that the best dissemblers were the most admired. Every one that loves thinks his own mistress an Amoret;

and, therefore, ask any lover who and what Amoret is, he will describe his own mistress as she appears to himself: but the common practice of men of gallantry is, to make an Amoret of every lady they write to. And, my lord, after you have summed up all the fine qualities that are necessary to make an Amoret, I am under some apprehensions you will conclude with a compliment, by saying I am she.

LORD PETERBOROUGH TO MRS. HOWARD.

You cannot complain of my system of love. I permit the fair to follow nature and inclination without constraint, and only forbid them falsehood and ill-breeding; while to the men I give no other liberty but that they may endeavour to please.

I must, whether I will or no, allow of some discreet dissimulation; but it is only in the nature of devils to love deceit and the torment of fellow-creatures:—and ought a lady to entice an honest heart, only that her equipage of lovers may be the more complete?

Confess, women, you are obliged to me, when, by my doctrine, I deliver you from all the dismal and troublesome applications of love. You are to have no mournful speeches, no funeral

letters, no repeated importunities. If the lover deserves your attention, you will only discover what he feels by what he is not able to hide, and his true respect by a behaviour that shows as much reserve as passion; and give me leave to say, a man of sense cannot offend a woman of wit and delicacy; for she will find the way to prevent what might displease her, and to deny before she is asked. In a word, my lover, wholly intent upon pleasing his mistress, is so nice in all his words and actions, that she can hardly perceive he loves, unless she has a mind to see it.

The fire of love, the more it is suppress'd,
The more it glows and rages in the breast;
The tend'rest thoughts are those which from the fair
Are most conceal'd, not daring to declare
In whisper'd murmurs or the gentlest noise,
Our fear of torments, or our hope of joys.
Lovers are mute if silent looks can't speak—
In words, alas! our thoughts we dare not break;
The trembling tongue begs of the suppliant eye
To tell the tale of silent misery.

The Spanish ladies, of all others, have the most noble and reasonable sentiments of love. From the queen down to the [1] maid of honour, they all accept of a profession of love with a decent

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[1] The reader will here observe a slight sneer at the dignity of *maid of honour.* Mrs. Howard, who was only bedchamber-woman, did not dislike such allusions

gratitude: they never pretend to scorn or reprove a lover, but will thank and—refuse. They know how to make themselves understood; then they expect to be obeyed, and not importuned. The unhappy admirer must acquiesce upon the first hint; he soon perceives his good or bad destiny. If it be a man the lady esteems, he commonly becomes her confessor, and she gives him the best excuse, owning she likes elsewhere. As this justifies the lady, it probably may cure the lover; and thus wounds (if curable) are healed without rancour against the fair one who innocently gave them.

A certain acquaintance of mine in a [2]play acts in quite a different manner: she pouts and tosses up her nose in the English way at a declaration of love, and yet does all in her power to procure it. But this wild colt is soonest tamed; and by the time she has put herself out of breath with affected complaints, she is scarce able to resist, and almost willing to yield.

It were as ridiculous as unjust to expect any person should part with their own quiet to give another ease. Suppose a man suffering all the pretended torments of lovers, does it follow that the compassionate lady should sacrifice her own

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[2] Probably Millamant in Congreve's Way of the World.

happiness, her own satisfaction, for the relief of one who is indifferent to her?

MRS. HOWARD TO LORD PETERBOROUGH.

You lay down rules and prescribe laws for the behaviour of lovers, as if you believed they had the use of their reason, and their thoughts and actions in their own power. The person who can observe laws and rules I absolutely deny to be in love: therefore all rules for the conduct of lovers may be of service to the men of gallantry, but never to real and true lovers.

The civilities of the Spanish ladies are like those of shopkeepers, to encourage a multitude of customers. Who is so obliging to her lovers as a coquette? She can express her civilities with the utmost ease and freedom to every body alike; while the person that loves entirely neglects, or forgets every body for the sake of one. And when I consider how vanity interprets civility, and look over the list of fine gentlemen, I wonder any woman is commonly civil. Not that a woman can lose her character by any thing they say, but methinks one would not indulge a fool in his follies.

I find your lordship thinks it very reasonable that all women should protect themselves against

impertinence. I think your lordship should have said, that the women who do not love impertinence should protect themselves against it; for I imagine that a woman who encourages a multitude of lovers either does not know what impertinence is, or has a relish for it.

To a woman that loves, every man is impertinent who declares his passion, except the man she loves.

I do not like your lordship's [1]comparison of love and gaming: there again you talk of skill, and of the best players losing, instead of being sharpers. Lovers are [2]*bubbles* to each other; and if ever they endeavour to impose upon one another, the cheat is impracticable, for their eyes turn informers.

What your lordship observes upon the difficulty of explaining a real passion is, I think, very natural; for the most sanguine lover can never expect that a woman's words should own as much as her eyes: then who would choose to perplex his hopes for the curiosity of asking again what was, with greater certainty, granted him before? If a man can believe any ap-

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[1] In a letter which is suppressed.

[2] Cheats. The South-Sea scheme, and the thousand other short, brilliant, and unsubstantial visions of that infatuated time, were happily called *bubbles;* and thence every cheat came to be so called.

pearances of a woman, he can believe her eyes. That caution, that awe, that reserved respect, that fear of offence, are the strongest declarations of love. I think a woman has reason to suspect a person that has it in his power abruptly to declare his passion. Love discloses itself without design, and by such imperceptible degrees, that I believe it is generally very difficult to determine which of the lovers made the first declaration.

LORD PETERBOROUGH TO MRS. HOWARD.

By my honour, by truth (which I love almost as well as the author of my torments), I protest to you there is a lady so terrible to me, that the first moments I approach her I can hardly speak; and I feel myself the greatest fool in nature near the woman in the world who has the most wit.

To what has a [1]friend innocently exposed me! The brims of the cup were sweet; but the dose was strong, and I drank it down with too much greediness. What I may obtain, I know not; what I have lost, I know—in a word, all

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[1] Lady Mohun.

satisfaction, and my quiet: and I remain tasteless to all pleasures, and to all of your sex but one.

But I expect little by this account (how true soever) from the person in question. I believe it is not new to her to see such effects of her wit and beauty; and I fear she may have hardened her heart by the knowledge of her superior worth, and by a just contempt of mankind. Alas! were there some difference betwixt my adoration and that of others, how shall I make it known? Some angry deity, designing punishment, gave to one woman so many different charms; and I was fated to be the wretched man capable of receiving as much love as she could give.

O fatal oracle, delivered by the fairest sibyl! Laws, rules, reason, whither are you fled? Too true, all are neglected and lost for the sake of one. Curiosity has no power, revenge no taste, ambition no attraction; there seem but two ideas left in nature—to love and to obey.

I fly from danger for a little time by absolute necessity: I fear I should do it by choice if I could foresee my fate. Perhaps I should never come back: but the *bubbles* you mention always return to play and love, though to their certain ruin.

In music no delight my soul can find,
Music can only please the quiet mind;

The softest touches only can inspire
Repeated fury to the raging fire.
The wretched lover, doubtful of relief,
Abhors the pleasing sounds which check his grief:
He scorns relief but from the wounding fair;
Unless she cures, he nourishes despair:
Freedom he hates, and hugs the fatal chain,
And, fond of grief, his sole delight is pain.

Call you that *life*, to breathe without desire,
Or quench in dulness love's transporting fire?
Or why beloved, if you without return
Must freeze in cold, and see your lover burn?
What greater curse than drowsily to live,
And neither pleasure know nor pleasure give?
If to no charms you will your heart resign
But such as equal, such as merit thine,
Treat with the poets for celestial love,
And choose the shape in which you'll have your Jove.
The bards alone can give deserving lovers,
Yet 'tis some creature which the god discovers.

MRS. HOWARD TO LORD PETERBOROUGH.

MY LORD,

I FANCY you must think me very unlike a woman, to have the power to contain myself so long as to be spoken to twice without a reply—I mean, to have received two of your letters without returning an answer: by which you will find that a woman's pen is not so

ready as her tongue; for most women speak before they think, and I find it necessary to think before I write.

If you will allow a woman ever to think, I must beg your lordship to give me leave to tell you what I think of your letters.

In the first place, I cannot think myself so terrible as you seem to represent me, nor can I imagine you to have so little courage as you pretend. You express yourself with so much spirit and gallantry, that I fancy you cannot feel all that concern and fear in the terror of my countenance; for, supposing I was armed with all the wit your generosity gives me, you must allow me to be sensible your lordship is never unarmed. I know that, could you flatter me into a belief that I had a great deal of wit, it would only be a proof to you that I had very little—the common effect of men's flattery and women's credulity.

I think, my lord (if you will take the opinion of a female physician), that you are not in such a dying condition as your spleen represents you, when, by all your thoughts and expressions, your mind seems to be so much alive. I think every man is in the wrong who talks to a woman of dying for her; for the only women that can have received a benefit from such a protestation are the widows.

You talk of flying from dangers: I cannot

think your lordship would fly from an imaginary one, who have stood so many real ones. I would not have you call it a flight, but rather a retreat; for, by your past conduct (if you will give me leave to make use of a *double entendre*), I suppose you will *rally* again.

LORD PETERBOROUGH TO MRS. HOWARD.

Amsterdam, July 5, [.]

CHANGE of air, the common remedy, has no effect; and flight, the refuge of all who fear, gives me no manner of security or ease: a fair devil haunts me wherever I go, though, perhaps, not so malicious as the black ones, yet more tormenting.

How much more tormenting is the beauteous devil than the ugly one! The first I am always thinking of; the other comes seldom in my thoughts: the terrors of the ugly devil very often diminish upon consideration; but the oppressions of the fair one become more intolerable every time she comes into my mind.

The chief attribute of the devil is tormenting. Who could look upon you, and give you that title? who can feel what I do, and give you any other?

But, most certainly, I have more to lay to the charge of the fair one than can be objected to Satan or Beelzebub. We may believe they only have a mind to torment because they are tormented; if they endeavour to procure us misery, it is because they are in pain: they must be our companions in suffering, but my white devil partakes none of my torments.

In a word, give me heaven, for it is in your power; or may you have an equal hell! Judge of the disease by the [1] extravagant symptoms: one moment I curse you, the next I pray to you. Oh! hear my prayers, or I am miserable.

Forgive me if I threaten you: take this for a proof as well as punishment. If you can prove inhuman, you shall have reproaches from Moscow, China, or the barbarous quarters of Tartary. Believe me, for I think I am in earnest: this I am sure of, I could not endure my country but for your sake.

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[1] Extravagant, indeed. It seems really necessary to repeat our apologies for printing all these rhapsodies; but, however tedious, they are still curious, as showing the manners of the time.

MRS. HOWARD TO LORD PETERBOROUGH.

[This letter, whether it be Mrs. Howard's own or prompted by Gay, is the best of the batch. It retorts Lord Peterborough's common-place with equal wit and good sense.]

July 26, [.]

I HAVE carefully perused your lordship's letter about your fair devil and your black devil, your hell and tortures, your heaven and happiness—those sublime expressions which ladies and gentlemen use in their gallantries and distresses.

I suppose by your fair devil you mean nothing less than an angel. If so, my lord, I beg leave to give some reasons why I think a woman is neither like an angel nor a devil, and why successful and unhappy love do not in the least resemble heaven and hell. It is true, you may quote ten thousand gallant letters and precedents for the use of these love terms, which have a mighty captivating sound in the ears of a woman, and have been with equal propriety applied to all women in all ages.

In the first place, my lord, an angel pretends to be nothing else but a *spirit*. If, then, a woman was no more than an angel, what could a lover get by the pursuit?

The black devil is a spirit too, but one that has lost his beauty and retained his pride. Tell a woman this, and try how she likes the simile.

The pleasure of an angel is offering praise; the pleasure of a woman is receiving it.

Successful love is very unlike heaven; because you may have success one hour, and lose it the next. Heaven is unchangeable. Who can say so of love or lovers?

In love there are as many heavens as there are women; so that, if a man be so unhappy as to lose one heaven, he need not throw himself headlong into hell.

This thought might be carried further. But perhaps you will ask me, if a woman be neither like angel or devil, what is she like? I answer, that the only thing that is like a woman is—*another woman.*

How often has your lordship persuaded foreign ladies that nothing but them could make you forsake your dear country! But at present I find it is more to your purpose to tell me that I am the only woman that could prevail with you to stay in your ungrateful country.

LORD PETERBOROUGH TO MRS. HOWARD.

THE last tedious dull letter which I sent you should persuade you, by your own argument, that the head and the heart are much out of order; that which I have received from you convinces me, by your own rules, that, as nothing can abate your vivacity, so nothing can affect your quiet.

Comparisons are not required to be exact; but you have helped me to maintain mine. This time you must be my black spirit; and surely nothing but woman, with infernal spite and wit, could ridicule, as you have done, my poor angels and devils.

Not content with your victory over my demons, you pursue me through heaven and hell, and take from me all the terms of art, though you confess they have been used by all men to all women in all ages.

Remember the orders which were once given to these devilish creatures, women: they were to cover their faces in the church, lest they should tempt the [1] angels. If there were some precautions to be taken to prevent the corre-

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1 An idle allusion to St. Paul's 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, ch. xi. v. 10. The whole letter is a laborious effort after wit, somewhat profane, and mighty dull.

spondence in former times, why may one not in these days pursue a fair devil (which you interpret an angel) with thoughts not wholly spiritual?

Though you tell me there is danger in trying the experiment, yet you see I venture upon the simile; neither do I fear offending, because you know, and I feel, you have not lost your beauty: for pride, if you have none, then I am sure you are like no other woman. But I fear you have your full share of these hellish qualities—too much love to yourself, and too much cruelty to others. For the first, I quote my Lady Mohun. You refuse the title of angel, and yet make me resemble them in practice—for my pleasure is offering you praise. You merit, and therefore have, my heart. If most women receive praise with pleasure when it is not their due, why should you not accept of it from one who hates flattery as much as he loves his tormenting devil?

Now, indeed, fair lady, we come to the terrible article, where you give the melancholy reason why the pleasures of love are unjustly compared to those of heaven. Alas! what remedy one must venture for the hour of success, and deserve to have it lasting! But I declare you guilty of the highest mistake and heresy in love, if you take from me my dream of heaven in you, and think any other woman could with reality make me amends.

MRS. HOWARD TO LORD PETERBOROUGH.

[Again, we believe, the reader will be of opinion that Mrs. Howard has greatly the advantage of his lordship in "this keen encounter of the wits."]

I FIND you are very difficult to part with your angels and devils, and you seem to be very fond of some of the fine terms of love in use: you think it absolutely necessary that such expressions should be allowed. I grant, my lord, that terms of art are necessary in any science; but I look upon love as purely nature.

All that I argue for is, that as these expressions have been in all ages the favourite words of fine gentlemen, who would fain persuade themselves and others that they are in love, that those who really are in love should discard them, the better to distinguish themselves from impostors.

Not that, my lord, I would have you believe that I have any objection against being an angel, if possibly I could be one; but the flattery that might really content a reasonable woman would be to have bestowed on her all the finest qualities that belong to the finest of women. I always thought husbands were the only men who could compliment a woman into a state of immortality.

I own, my lord, that I talk at random upon this subject, and to a person so experienced; for undoubtedly you, who have loved so many, must know the most successful manner of address.

In the preliminaries that were settled for this correspondence you allowed a woman to dispute; and, my lord, I will say a thing that appears very like an untruth in a woman's mouth, that I only dispute to be better informed.

LORD PETERBOROUGH TO MRS. HOWARD.

When I saw you last, you were in such a disorder, so likely to be increased by your intended journey, that I hope you allow me, in my Lady Mohun's name, to inquire after your health.

At the same time, give me leave to confess I left one part of your last[1] without an answer, that I might have the pretence of writing the sooner; and I cannot but begin my letter with making you a reproach.

I think you do me injustice (and the world will be of my opinion) when you apply to me that self-interested expression which I find in

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[1] Of July 26—p. 154.

yours. You suppose it is my purpose to pretend you are the only woman could persuade me to stay in my ungrateful country.

Fair lady, I have passed my whole life, I may almost say, without any purpose to my own advantage. In the precepts for love I have exceeded the command, for I have loved my neighbours, or some of them at least, much better than myself; in which number I am sure you might find the fair devil. Now those that love in this manner have no self-interested purpose, so much are they wholly possessed with the desire of pleasing her they adore.

Another injury you do me, if you form an idea of the respect I have for you upon any pattern. I cannot describe what I feel; but this I am sure of, whereas the general motives to love are hopes of mutual enjoyments, I could not only renounce my share in pleasure, but accept of pain in exchange, to increase the satisfaction of her I love. If this be true, I have no purpose which is selfish, or which you should disapprove.

I may be told by the diffident lady these are words, and that more than fashionable faith is requisite for the belief. It is impossible to say one can love, and wholly forget one's self; but this is true, my love subsists under so much diffidence and despair, that I think I should compound for this, submitting to unhappiness,

if I were secure you could be entirely convinced how much I deserve your friendship—something as much out of the way as my passion may perhaps convince you of what I say.

LORD PETERBOROUGH TO MRS. HOWARD.

When thy beauty appears,
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropp'd from the sky,
At distance I gaze, and am awed by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye.

But when without art
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you 're a woman again.

There's a passion and pride
In our sex, she replied,
And thus (might I gratify both) I would do:
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you[1].

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1 This song, though Lord Peterborough calls it Pope's, is ascribed to Parnell in all editions of his works, and particularly in that published by Pope himself in 1721 It must therefore be concluded, either that Pope took the opportunity of his friend's book to publish this little song (which, by the way, occupies a very *prominent* place in the volume), or he

Mr. Pope's angel and woman being both imaginary, and at his own disposal, he were to blame had he not made her kind: if it were in my power to continue it, my angel and my lady should be so too.

However the little gentleman (Pope) has brought angel, woman, man, and love together in a song, there was no expedient but that which he has taken to justify the pursuit of a she angel by a human lover, or to save an angelic passion from your raillery.

But methinks his song shows a way that might make the pursuit of the heavenly creature neither fruitless nor ridiculous; but that depends upon the courtesy of the angel.

So much for the seraph and the song. But seriously, madam, was ever fate like mine? I am forced to plot and contrive for a moment's audience with you, and I can obtain hours' conversation with the Princess (of Wales). I go into her closet without fear, and tremble when I approach your door.

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gave the song to Lord Peterborough (before Parnell's poems were published) without telling him who the author was; in which case his lordship might erroneously attribute it to "the little gentleman."

Mr. Moore, in one of his lively songs, has employed the same idea:—

> "Be an *angel*, my love, in the morning,
> But, oh, be a *woman* at night."

You were saying something of an intended journey: that thought persuades me I might make you a just reproach. You are distant from me when I almost touch you, and I am near you even when the ocean divides us.

I wanted one moment the other day to tell you the contradictory and extravagant thoughts you inspire. In a splenetic day, when I see clouds in the heavens, and no smiles in your face, I would fly from my cold, my northern goddess, and in the remotest parts of the earth only adore the sun; but when I see the sky serene, and fancy some mercy in your eyes, then my thoughts are only fixed on her who could keep me here for ever with a tender look, and make me reparation for all injuries.

MRS. HOWARD TO LORD PETERBOROUGH.

I HAVE been extremely ill ever since I received your lordship's last letter, which has prevented me from answering it sooner.

Your lordship is at last in the right; for certainly the most agreeable compliment to a woman is to persuade her she is a very fine woman. No reasonable woman desires more, and we all know no reasonable man desires she should be

any thing else: and therefore let us leave the goddesses and angels to enjoy their heaven in quiet; for since none of our present lovers can bring creditable witnesses that they ever saw a goddess or an angel, how can they tell but the comparison may do their ladies an injustice?

Your song does the very thing which all along I have been endeavouring to expose—which is, the ridiculous cant of love. A person that is in real distress expresses his wants and desires naturally: similes and studied expressions savour more of affectation than of real passion.

I fancy the man who first treated the ladies with that celestial complaisance used it in contempt of their understandings. It pleases a little miss to be called a queen: and I think the woman must be still a little miss in her way of thinking, who can be taken with being called a goddess or an angel.

Your lordship going into warmer climates to pay adoration to the sun is something of the same strain. But I will make no more objections; for I would not endeavour to dissuade you from a sort of eloquence which you must have experienced to be the most powerful to engage the hearts of women.

In the preliminaries of our correspondence we were to declare our thoughts with freedom: but all this time I have forgot that I am la-

bouring to advise a person in matters which he must know much better than myself; for I am very certain that no person whatever understands a woman so little as a woman.

MRS. HOWARD TO LORD PETERBOROUGH.

[This is an answer to a letter suppressed.]

I CANNOT much wonder that men are always so liberal in making presents of their hearts; yet I cannot help admiring the women who are so very fond of these acquisitions. Let us consider the ingredients that make up the heart of man.

It is composed of dissimulation, self-love, vanity, inconstancy, equivocation, and such fine qualities. Who then would make that a present to a lady, when they have one of their own so very like it?

A man's heart never wants the outward appearance of truth and sincerity. Every lover's heart is so finely varnished with them, that it is almost impossible to distinguish the true from the false ones. According to my ob-

servations, the false ones have generally the finest gloss.

When your lordship asks a heart for a heart, you seem to reckon them all of equal value. I fancy you think them all false ones, which is the surest way not to be very often imposed upon. I beg your lordship, in this severe opinion of hearts, to except mine as well as your own.

If you were so happy as to be owner of a false heart, you should esteem it as the most proper present for a lady; for should you make her a present of such a one as yours was before you parted with it, it is fifty to one whether you would receive a true one in return.

Therefore, let every man who expects an equivalent for his heart be provided with a false one, which is equally fit for the most professed lover: it will burn, flame, bleed, pant, sigh, and receive as many darts, and appear altogether as charming as a true one. Besides, it does not in the least embarrass the bearer, and I think your lordship was always a lover of liberty.

LORD PETERBOROUGH TO MRS. HOWARD.

By your letter, you seem to insinuate mine may be like yours; for you honestly confess a mighty resemblance between the male and female hearts. I wish the likeness could be carried on throughout: I should almost be content (as you advise) to change a true one though for a false one, if at the same time I could receive as much beauty, wit, and [1] youth.

You own you can make no judgment of your own heart, declaring positively that woman cannot judge of woman: out of complaisance to your opinion, I suppose the same of man. There can be, then, but one expedient how we may come at some probable conjectures of each other. If you would make as honest confessions to me as I would do to you, then you might judge of my heart, and I of yours.

Without similes, or studied expressions, I would tell you my distress. I would truly describe what I have felt for others—what I feel for you. I would reveal every thought, as good catholics do to their father confessors; and upon the whole matter you shall determine

[1] Mrs. Howard was now about 40.

whether you can give me absolution for the past, and credit for the future.

I confess I should find great pleasure in such a bargain; for if my first wish were to have the woman's heart I love, the next would be to know it such as it is.

That I am a lover of liberty I must not deny, but it were better for me to be out of my own power: a cruel mistress could not use me worse than I commonly use myself. Take me, or I shall ramble all my life in restlessness and change. Accept of the libertine for a slave, and try how faithfully I can love, honour, and obey. As far as I can judge of myself, if you give me leave naturally to express my wants and desires, I desire nothing more than your esteem, and want nothing but your heart.

MRS. HOWARD TO LORD PETERBOROUGH.

I THINK your lordship, in the last paragraph of your letter, is a little ungenerous. For a present which you tell me you have made to me, you expect the most exact return, which generosity generally leaves to the courtesy of the receiver.

You quote Scripture to justify the reason-

ableness of your request: an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a heart for a heart. This seems to me to be rather a demand of revenge and resentment than love. But a man cannot give a heart for a heart that has none to give.

Consider, my lord, you have but one heart, and then consider whether you have a right to dispose of it. Is there not a lady at Paris who is convinced that nobody has it but herself? Did you not bequeath it to another lady at Turin? At Venice you disposed of it to six or seven, and you again parted with it at Naples and in Sicily.

I am therefore obliged, my lord, to believe, that one who disposes of his heart in so profuse a manner is like a juggler, who seems to fling away a piece of money, but still has it in his own keeping.

LORD PETERBOROUGH TO MRS. HOWARD.

Before I complain I give you thanks, that in the several dispositions of my heart you have had the grace not to bestow it on any [1] German lady: but have you not too much

[1] This is a sneer at the taste of George the First; and, indeed, (as it turned out afterwards) of George the Second too.

confined my generosity, and forgot that some Blacks are very beautiful, and Indians very lively?

By your own account, I am in the condition to make you the greater and the juster compliment. I give you the preference to all the women in the world; with authority too, since I believe no person ever had the opportunity of seeing such variety.

But give me leave to tell you your intelligence is very imperfect, and in many cases false. I have no knowledge of the lady you begin with. I was ever too good an Englishman to submit to a French enemy; and were I to offer any thing to a lady at Paris, it should be three bottles of champagne, and not one heart.

At Turin I was so busied in making kings that I had not time to think of ladies; and was so far from making a [2]conveyance, that I know no person there ever had the least pretence to me, or I to them.

Venice, indeed, was an idle place, and proper enough for an idle engagement; but alas! madam, hate does not differ more from love than a Venetian amusement from an English passion, —such a one as I feel for you.

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[2] Lord Peterborough, whose orthography is in general very correct, spells this word *conveighance.*

In truth, you never had in any country, nor could have, but one rival; for in no place I ever found any to compare to you but one, and that was an English lady[3], and a wife: so that, after all, this vagabond heart never went out of his own country; and the first and last true and warm passion seized me in this cold climate, and the deep and lasting wounds were given me at home.

Were you curious upon my score, and would believe my confessions, I would appeal to your judgment whether my heart was ever so much in any other woman's power as in yours? I could appeal to what is past, as well as to what I am sure will happen; for you shall and will believe, that I have had for you a passion which deserves neither reproach nor reproof.

The repetition of either seriously would throw me into such melancholy and despair, that, consenting to my fate, I should never be able to maintain the greatest innocence, or justify the greatest love.

Oh, madam, may I not say, were there a possibility of some return, that I would prefer one kind thought to the mines of Peru and Mexico? A heart for a heart is a natural though un-

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[3] Can this be an allusion to his own engagement with Anastasia Robinson? It would seem singularly out of place here; yet what else could his lordship mean?

reasonable demand in my circumstance. Oh, dearest lady, refuse not mine, and do with your own as you think fit, provided you keep it to yourself; or keep it, at least, till you can find one who deserves it.

LORD PETERBOROUGH TO MRS. HOWARD.

[The reader will not be sorry to have reached the end of this series of letters. It is hoped that their peculiar style, and the eminent reputation of the writer, will excuse the Editor for having published so many of them.]

MADAM,

Some part of my life I have spent in accusations of the fair sex. Sometimes women were vain or faithless, sometimes too easy, sometimes too cruel, in my opinion; but of late my complaints are all against the men. The young appear to me empty, disagreeable beaux; and those advanced in years ill-bred, presuming, and ignorant pretenders, whether they deal in gallantry or politics.

I have complained sometimes of fate, sometimes of you, without considering, I confess, how seldom we have just pretences to what we wish for; but faults acknowledged should ever be forgiven. The lady I most revere perhaps

gives more than I deserve: if you honour me with your good opinion, and give me sometimes a thought, I acknowledge the favour with the utmost gratitude.

Ladies and kings have their negative voice; but you would not, nay, some things you cannot deny. You may lay constraints upon our words and actions, but our thoughts are free: they approach you at the greatest distance. I assure you, from the wild romantic [1] cottage where I pass my time I should send few of them to courts and castles, unless you were in them.

My Blenheim would not afford lodgings for two maids of honour and their equipage, and yet I cannot forbear wishing that you might somehow or other see my purchase of fourteen pounds a year.

Though you had seen the prodigies of Norfolk the day before, I should depend upon your partiality to Bevismount, the noble title of my palace, which has put the public to no expense[2].

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[1] The villa of Bevis Mount, close to Southampton, lately pulled down.

[2] Lord Peterborough insinuates, that both Blenheim and Houghton (the splendid seat created by Sir Robert Walpole) were erected at the public expense. It is hardly true even of Blenheim. That edifice was voted, indeed, by the public; but the Tory ministers made so many difficulties, and their suc-

Were it not presuming upon your goodness and permission, I should not trouble you with the inclosed.

I am, madam,
Your most faithful, obedient servant,
PETERBOROUGH.

MRS. CAMPBELL TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 56.]

August the 29th, 1724.

How does my good Howard do? Methinks I long to hear from you; but I suppose you are up to the ears in [1]bricks and mortar, and talk of frieze and cornice like any little woman! I am going in a few days to [2]Colonel Fane's, where I intend to improve myself in

cessors were so little zealous, that the Duke of Marlborough expended an immense sum of his private money in completing this noble palace. Houghton does not *appear* to have cost the public a farthing; but to this hour it is unexplained how Sir Robert Walpole, a country gentleman of two or three thousand a year, should, so early in his public life, have found means to build "the prodigy of Norfolk."

1 At Marble Hill.

2 John Fane, colonel of the 1st grenadier guards, afterwards, in 1736, seventh Earl of Westmoreland. He erected,

the terms of art, in order to keep pace with you in the winter; otherwise I know I shall make but a scurvy figure in your room.

You are a base woman to me, for, to be sure, you might have found one day to come to Coombank when his Highness goes to visit his dad, which he does sometimes, as the Evening Post informs me. I keep no correspondence with any mortal, so have no knowledge how the world wags: it would be charity to inform me a little of the affairs of this earth.

I see, in the newspaper of to-day, poor [3]Lady Townshend is brought to bed: I am sure it must be before her time. I hope she is not very bad, poor soul! You will have the Duchess of Dorset with you on Sunday—pray give my service to her; my bowels yearn to have her at Knowle. And pray tell who has been baited by men or dogs in your family, and if our [4]maids are like

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after a design of Palladio, the house at Mereworth in Kent: he also had the *good taste* to give a Grecian front to one side of the fine old English cloistered court at Apethorpe. It was at Mereworth, no doubt, that Mrs. Campbell designed to improve herself in the terms of architecture.

[3] Dorothy Walpole, sister of Sir Robert, the second wife of Charles, Viscount Townshend, was brought to bed on the 25th of August, 1724, of twin daughters—one married to Dr. Cowper, dean of Durham; the other to the Hon. General Cornwallis. Lady Townshend died in 1726.

[4] The maids of honour, Mrs. Campbell's late colleagues.

to lose what they are weary of. Pray God they do not stay with you till my son is old enough to * * them all! Well, God save you, my dear Swiss: if you can come here, say so—to your most faithful, obedient,

M. C.

MR. GAY TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Bath, 1724.]

MADAM,

SINCE I came to the Bath I have written three letters:—the first to you, the second to Mr. Pope, and the third to Mr. Fortescue. Every post gives me fresh mortification, for I am forgot by every body. Dr. Arbuthnot and his [1]brother went away this morning, and intend to see Oxford in their way to London. The talk of the Bath is the marriage of Lord Somerville and [2]Mrs. Rolt.

[1] Dr. Arbuthnot had two brothers. The eldest, George, married Miss Robinson, the sister of Lady Peterborough; by whom he had an only son, John, who died in 1797, leaving, by a niece of Archbishop Stone, four sons—Charles, now first commissioner of woods and forests; Alexander, bishop of Killaloe; Robert and Thomas, colonels in the army, and knights commanders of the Bath. The doctor's other brother resided at Rouen in France, and left no male issue.

[2] Anne Bayntun, widow of Colonel Rolt, married in 1724 to Lord Somerville.

She left the Bath yesterday; he continues here, but is to go away to-day or to-morrow: but as opinions differ, I cannot decide whether they are married or no. [3]Lord Essex gives a private ball in Harrison's great room to Mrs. Pelham this evening: so that, in all probability, some odd bodies being left out, we shall soon have the pleasure of being divided into factions. I shall return to London with [4]Lord Scarborough, who hath not as yet fixed his time of leaving the Bath. [5]Lord Fitzwilliam this morning had an account that a ticket of his was come up 500*l.* [6]Lady Fitzwilliam wonders she has not heard from you; and has so little resolution, that she cannot resist buttered rolls at breakfast, though she knows they prejudice her health. If you will write to me, you will make me cheerful and happy; without which I am told the waters will have no good effect. Pray have some regard to my health, for my life is in your service.

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[3] William, third Earl of Essex, was now a widower: his lady, Jane Hyde, having died in the January of this year. His lordship re-married, two years after, Lady Eliz. Russel

[4] Richard, second Earl of Scarborough.

[5] John, second Earl Fitzwilliam of Ireland He died 28th of August, 1728.

[6] Anne Stringer, who died in 1726.

LORD BATHURST TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Allan, first Lord Bathurst, the friend of Pope, Swift, and Bolingbroke. He was a decided Tory, and one of Queen Anne's twelve peers. He was born Nov. 16, 1684, and died Sept. 16, 1775, retaining to the age of ninety-one, not his senses merely, but his wit, pleasantry, and spirits. His son (whom he survived) was Lord Chancellor Apsley. Sometimes, when the Chancellor retired from his father's table, Lord Bathurst would say, "Come—now the old gentleman's gone, let us have another bottle.' When George the Second, then prince, quarrelled with his father, a kind of coalition took place between his friends and the old Tory opposition. This contributed to, if it did not produce, Mrs. Howard's intimacy with Pope and Swift, Bolingbroke and Bathurst. The scandal[1] of the day, however, hinted that her friendship for the latter was of a tenderer nature, and that the jealousy of the Prince was so far awakened as to forbid Lord Bathurst's visits But the tone of this and of all Lord Bathurst's letters seems to contradict this insinuation. We find he never gave up his intimacy with Mrs. Howard; and, on one important occasion, employed her mediation with George the Second; which is quite inconsistent with the supposition that his Majesty had been jealous of his favour with the lady.]

Richkings, near Colnbrook,
Tuesday Noon [1725.]

MADAM,

THAT a poor country gentleman should be forgot by his court friends is no new

[1] "The most surprising news is Lord B.'s assiduous court;

thing—that he should be troublesome to them is as little extraordinary; therefore, to keep in the ordinary course of things, it is proper for me to put you in mind of your promise of coming here one day this week, for I am obliged to remove from hence the next. I hope to hear that her Royal Highness is well. I believe I ought to go to Richmond again, to inquire after her health, but if I hear of it I shall be satisfied; and I leave it to further time to show how sincerely your Jacobite friend is attached to her.

I am convinced I shall make but an awkward courtier, and I could perceive that some of the folks I met there the last day looked upon me as a wild beast whose teeth and claws had been lately pulled out; but perhaps they may grow again the next winter, and the creature may be found to be tame only to those it likes, and

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which fills the coffee-houses with profound speculations. But I, who smell a rat at a considerable distance, do believe in private that Mrs. H. and his lordship have a friendship that borders on *the tender*."—"These smothered flames, though admirably covered under whole heaps of politics, were at length seen, felt, heard, and understood; and the fair lady given to understand by her commanding officer, that, if she showed under other colours, she must expect to have her pay retrenched."—Lady M. W. Montagu's Letters, vol. iii. p. 151. 164.

submit to nothing but the Royal Blood[2]. But what if the rest of our [3]herd should grow tame too, and leave off roaring? Your hunters would complain of want of sport, and you may be accused of having spoiled their diversion. You do not know what you have done. I give you fair warning, therefore, whatever happens, do not hereafter accuse your, &c.

BATHURST.

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[2] An allusion to the old superstition with which Falstaff has made us familiar: "The lion will not touch the true prince."

[3] The opposition.

LADY HERVEY TO MRS. HOWARD.

[The celebrated Mary Lepel; whose letters, with a sketch of her life, have been so recently published, that the latter need not be here repeated. She is celebrated in the lighter poems of Pope with too much familiarity; but Voltaire, Lord Chesterfield, and Horace Walpole have immortalized her beauty, wit, conduct, and good sense. She and Miss Bellenden were—not rivals, but—the joint objects of universal admiration. In beauty they were, although in different styles, nearly equal; but Miss Bellenden was most admired by the gay, and Miss Lepel by the witty. Her good sense and discretion were almost proverbial; and in a vast number of letters of that age, which have passed through the hands of the editor, those of Lady Hervey are remarkable for the accuracy of the writing and orthography, for the decorum and propriety of the expressions, and for the plain good sense and feeling which they evince. It is to be regretted that the infidelity of Lord Hervey's friend and tutor, Dr. Middleton, seems to have in some degree weakened her religious principles She had too much good taste to obtrude offensive opinions on her correspondents; but she certainly treated Middleton's sophisms with more respect than they deserved.]

Bath, June 7, 1725.

Though very likely you did neither expect nor desire to hear from me, yet I fancy you will not be much surprised at doing so; for it is very natural for any one that once has had the pleasure of corresponding with dear Mrs.

Howard to endeavour to continue it. I cannot give you much encouragement to let me hear from you, unless the assuring you it will be a great pleasure to me to do so will be any; for I can promise you nothing in return, this place not being able to afford either news or entertainment—not that it is so very empty as I had heard; and really a great part of the company are of one's acquaintance, though I cannot say of quite the most agreeable part of it.

We had a breakfast on Saturday given by Mr. Byng[1], at which I believe there were at least fifty or threescore people. Sir Richard Grosvenor[2] gives one to-morrow. At night we have constantly four or five tables at cards; and hazard has not failed once: so that, take it altogether, we make a very pretty sort of a show for the time of year. I do not know what weather it is in town, but here it is as cold as in winter, which is very agreeable to the water drinkers, but very little so to the rest of the company. Lord Peterborough[3] is

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[1] Either the Honourable Pattee Byng, at this time treasurer of the navy, afterwards second Viscount Torrington, who married, in 1721, Lady Charlotte Montague; or his brother Charles, who was afterwards the third viscount, and did not marry till 1736.

[2] Sir Richard Grosvenor, the fourth baronet, who married, in 1724, Diana Warburton.

[3] See p. 126

here, and has been so some time, though by his dress one would believe he had not designed to make any stay; for he wears boots[4] all day, and, as I hear, must do so, having brought no shoes with him. It is a comical sight to see him with his blue ribbon and star, and a cabbage under each arm, or a chicken in his hand, which, after he himself has purchased at market, he carries home for his dinner.

We have heard great fame of a speech Lord Stanhope made to the King; but almost every one has heard it a different way. I fancy I have had the truest[5] account of it. We expect to see it in print.

Whenever you have a minute to spare, I shall be more obliged to you than any other body if you will bestow it on me; and if Richmond affords any little news I shall thank you for it. I have spoken to three lace-women, but

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[4] By the change of modes this seems no longer such a strange apparel. An Irish member of parliament got the name of "*Tottenham in his boots*," because he on a sudden went down to the House in his boots, and turned a question against the Court. Our grandfathers never wore boots but on horseback, or when they expected to mount; but their boots were different from the light *chaussures* of our day.

[5] Probably from Stanhope himself, who was an early and constant friend of Lady Hervey's. The speech has not reached posterity. It was probably some ebullition of party spirit.

cannot find out that one of whom the Princess's lace is bespoke; but I shall inquire further about it, and shall be always pleased to do that or any other thing that dear Mrs. Howard desires, being her most faithful humble servant,

M. Hervey.

My lord desires his humble service to you.

LORD STANHOPE TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 1.]

The Peak, June 30, 1725.

Madam,

I think I have acquired a sort of a right of troubling you with a letter every time I go into the country; I am sure, at least, I have a temptation to do it, which I cannot resist—that is, your usual goodness in letting me afterwards have one from you.

After assuring you of my respects, which no place can alter, I am more at a loss what to say from hence, than I should have been from any other part, either of this world or the next; for, were I to give you a true description of this place, I should lie under the imputation that travellers generally do. I will only tell you, by way of specimen, that the inhabitants

here are as utter strangers to the sun as they are to shoes and stockings; and were it, by some strange revolution in nature, once to shine upon them, the unusual light would certainly blind them, in case the heat did not suddenly kill them. It is called the Peak; and you have heard that the devil is reported to have some possessions in it, which I certainly believe. For, had I been a papist (as, thank God, I am not) I should have thought myself in purgatory; but, being a good protestant, I was obliged most orthodoxly to conclude myself to be in hell. But reflecting, since, how little good company I meet with *here*, and how much I might expect to find *there*, together with the consideration of my excessive poverty, I begin to believe I am in Scotland, where, like the rest of that nation, I only stay till I am master of half-a-crown to get out of it.

But, after all this, I ought in justice, and, indeed, to *give the devil his due*, to inform you of the satisfactions I meet with here.

In the first place, the waters, that my father came here to drink, have done him a great deal of good, and, I hope, have confirmed his health for a considerable time. In the next place, I have my [1] two brothers, who make it their whole

[1] Probably Sir William Stanhope, born in 1702; and John Stanhope, born Jan. 9, 1704.

business to entertain me. They never suffer me to be alone, thinking me inclined to melancholy. Then, having heard that I love music, they spare no pains to please me that way: the eldest performing tolerably ill upon a broken hautboy, and the youngest something worse upon a cracked flute. As I would be civil in my turn too, I beg of them not to give themselves so much trouble upon my account, being apprehensive that great expense of breath may impair their lungs; but all to no purpose, for they assure me they will venture any thing to divert me, and so play the more.

Besides these domestic amusements, I have likewise my recreations abroad, both pleasant and profitable: for I have won three half-crowns of the curate at a horse-race, and six shillings of Gaffer Foxeley at a cock-match. But whether this success may not one day or other prove to my cost, by drawing me into gaming, I cannot answer.

I am afraid I have, like most memoir writers, troubled you too long with the account of my own life; but you will easily excuse me, for the sake of that agreeable variety you will find in it. So, wishing you all imaginable success at Trey-ace, Commerce, or whatever else may

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Raillery of his own passion for gaming,

be the prevailing diversion of the [3]Lodge, I am, with the greatest truth and respect,

Yours, &c.

STANHOPE.

P.S. I must beg of you, if his Royal Highness should be ever so good as to mention me, that you will present my most profound duty and respect to him, when you find it not improper. I hope their [4]three Highnesses are well.

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[3] Richmond Lodge.

[4] Probably the Prince's three children: Frederick, William, and Augusta.

THE COUNTESS OF ORKNEY TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Elizabeth Villiers, the eldest daughter of Sir Edward Villiers, ancestor of the Earls of Jersey, by Lady Frances Howard, daughter of Theophilus, Earl of Suffolk. She was maid of honour to Queen Mary when Princess; and, then and afterwards, a source of dissension between her and King William. Without any great share of beauty, she thawed the phlegmatic heart of William into love, and his economy into bounty. His majesty, forgetting his political and stifling his natural principles, granted to this lady all the private estates of King James in Ireland, then valued at about 26,000*l* a year, subject only to two rent-charges (very suitable to such a grant) of 2,000*l* a year to Lady Susan Bellasyse, and 1,000*l*. to Mrs Godfrey—two of King James's mistresses. We have lately discovered, by Dangeau's Memoirs, that William had had the generosity to send the exiled king his carriages and plate: but the strange liberality of quartering two of his father-in-law's cast-off mistresses upon his own favourite, is still more remarkable, though not equally commendable. To the world it appeared a scandalous abuse, and led to an act of parliament defeating this tripartite job, and resuming to the use of the public all grants made since the Revolution. Lady Orkney was much consulted by Harley in the great change of ministry in 1709; and Swift, who became known to her in consequence of that connexion, calls her "the wisest woman he ever knew," and her picture is one of the bequests in his will. Her husband was Lord George, fifth son of the Duke of Hamilton, who married her in the last days of November, 1695, and was created Earl of Orkney in the first days of the ensuing January, with remainder to the heirs *whatsoever* of his body; and it seems as if nature as well as the king designed this for a female fief, for it has since its

creation been inherited by females only. Lady Orkney died in 1733.

It would be cruel to deny the reader the pleasure of seeing a portrait of this Venus walking at the ensuing coronation, from the lively pencil of Lady Mary W. Montagu:

"She that drew the greatest number of eyes was indisputably Lady Orkney. She exposed behind a mixture of fat and wrinkles, and before a very considerable protuberance, which preceded her. Add to this the inimitable roll of her eyes, and her grey hairs, which, by good fortune, stood directly upright, and it is impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual."—*Letter to Lady Marr*, 1727.]

Clifton (Clifden), July 22, [1725.]

MADAM,

THE unhappy find time long. I am truly concerned for my poor [1]Lady Lovat.

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[1] There were three or four Ladies Lovat at this period; but Lady Orkney probably alludes to Amelia, eldest daughter of Hugh, the tenth Lord Lovat, who claimed to succeed to the barony, and maintained a long law-suit for it against the celebrated Simon Frazer, who, by force, fraud, and purchase, at last established his claim. The history of this law-suit (if it may be called by that name) is most extraordinary. Simon, to assist his own personal rights, ran away with the heiress: the remorse of his associates restored the young lady to liberty, upon which Simon ran away with her mother, whom he forcibly married: an exploit for which he was condemned to death; but in 1715, having sided with the Hanover family, he obtained a pardon, and he bought off soon after his op-

She stays in London for no other end but in hopes to get something to carry her to Scotland; and every day she is detained she is less able to live or to go. I did do as you desired; but I fear the petition has not been read, or not spoken of, as you expected. Your humanity has drawn this great trouble upon you; but what is life worth without it? I shall be at Court some day next week, where I shall wait on you; and I hope then to have a successful answer to this. This, and a thousand other things I have heard of you, engages me to be with truth your ladyship's

Faithful humble servant,

E. ORKNEY.

LADY HERVEY TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 181.]

Bath, July 30th, [1725.]

I CANNOT defer thanking dear Mrs. Howard for the favour of her letter, though I hope I shall do it very soon by word of mouth; for I

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ponents, the Lady Lovat and her son: when, in the full possession of all the objects of his former ambition, and near 80 years of age, he changed sides, and, having joined the rebellion in 1715, was executed two years after.

design to leave this place either the middle or latter end of next week, and as soon as I have recovered the fatigue of the journey shall pay my duty to my master and [1]mistress at Richmond, where I hope and expect to have the pleasure of seeing you. I was vastly mortified to find you so tedious in your answer, but am now sorry to find you had such good, or rather such bad, reasons for it. I hope, by what you say of our going to Ashley[2], that you design to be a good neighbour. I shall certainly visit both you and Marble-Hill; for I long extremely to see what I am told is the prettiest thing[3] of the size that can be seen.

I hear Lady Pembroke[4] is breeding, and that my lord has bid for twins at least. They say this match, instead of hurting Lord Herbert, will be very beneficial to him; and that, if the old man goes on as he has begun, he

[1] I do not find that Lady Hervey had at this period any place at court; but she alludes either to the place she lately held, or to that which her husband still filled.

[2] Probably Ashley Park, a villa near Walton on Thames.

[3] Marble-Hill was now pretty far advanced.

[4] Mary, sister to Scroope Viscount Howe, was maid of honour to the Princess, and became, in the early part of this year, third wife of Thomas, eighth earl of Pembroke. They had no issue; but, by his former marriages, the earl had seven sons and six daughters.

cannot live many months. It seems he is of the opinion Mr. Dryden has made Alcmena:

> "Ye niggard gods, that make our lives too long,
> Yet cram them with diseases," &c.

I refer you to the play for the rest of the speech[5]. If this wedding succeeds as it is thought, you had best advise Lord Stanhope to procure Lord Chesterfield[6] a bride, and himself the estate.

If you give me the pleasure of hearing from you again before I see you, send your letter to town, where probably I shall be; or, at least, they will know where to find me. I shall bid you adieu, for they tell me dinner stays only for me; and my stomach is so much sharper

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[5] "Ye niggard gods! you make our lives too long;
You fill them with diseases, wants, and woes,
And only dash them with a little love
Sprinkled by fits, and with a sparing hand.
Count all our joys, from childhood e'en to age,
They would but make a day of every year.
Take back your seventy years—the stint of life,
Or else be kind, and cram the quintessence
Of seventy years into sweet seventy days;
For all the rest is flat insipid being."

This speech is the only part of the whole scene which Lady Hervey could with decency quote.

[6] Lord Chesterfield died (without Lady Hervey's prescription) within a very few months.

set than my wit, that I fancy it will be as well for us both to conclude.

My lord is very much yours.

LADY HERVEY TO MRS. HOWARD.

Bath, October the 11th, [1725.]

One is never so ready to obey other people's commands as when they speak one's own inclinations. I have just received a message from you by Mr. Jeffreys; in compliance with which I now write to you, which I should have done before on hearing you were ill, had not Lady Bristol told me she had a letter from you, which assured her you was better; and assured me still more so, for I did not think you wanted either health or leisure when you had spirits and time enough to bestow *there*. I own I flattered myself, that after that I should not have been neglected; but what one expects and what one meets with are too often different. Perhaps, from what I have said, you may imagine that [1]Lady B. and I are somewhat

[1] Lady Bristol, Lady Hervey's mother-in-law, was of a very eccentric and capricious temper. Lady M. W. Montagu says,

cook; but you are greatly mistaken if you think so, for I am (though much unworthy) one of the first favourites: [2]Lady Betty Mansell being in the utmost disgrace, and [3]Lady Anne Hervey not being in so very great a degree of favour as formerly. I find your advice the best in the world; and that vast civility, much coolness, and great distance, are not only the best preservatives, but the only acquirers of that lady's good graces.

If you want any account of this place I shall refer you to Mr. Jeffreys, who, as he tells me, returns to you very soon, and is already, I believe, better informed of what passes here than I am. I never stir out in a morning, and am

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in one of her letters about this period, "All our acquaintance are run mad; they do such things! such monstrous and stupendous things! Lady Hervey and Lady Bristol have quarrelled in such a polite manner, that they have given one another all the titles so liberally bestowed amongst the ladies at Billingsgate."—*Works*, vol. iii. p. 161. The uniform decency and good sense of Lady Hervey's life, and the known virulence of Lady Mary's pen, would rescue Lady Hervey's memory from much blame on this point, even if it were true that any *violent* differences had arisen between the ladies—which this letter renders improbable.

[2] Lady Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Lord Bristol, born in 1698, married, in 1724, to Mr. Mansell, son of Lord Mansell. She died in 1726.

[3] Lady Anne, the second daughter, died unmarried in 1771.

as often at home in an evening as I can contrive to be; for I play but seldom, and here are very few conversable creatures. We have had several private balls since I came, and there had been many before I came, but now I believe there is an end of them; for [4]Lady Walsingham, to whom they were all addressed, left this place this morning.

All I have yet told you is very probable, and will not surprise you; but arm yourself with faith to believe me when I tell you that [5]Bab, our own lean, pale-faced Bab, has been queen of a ball, and has been the object of sighs, languishments, and all things proper on such occasions: and, to surprise you yet more, I must inform you, that her flirt is master of ten thousand pounds a year. I do not doubt but that Lady Bristol will tell you of it, for she is brimful of that (and cases of quadrille); but do not own

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4 Melesina de Schulembergh—*niece,* says the Peerage, of the Duchess of Kendal, but probably her *daughter* by George the First, who created her Countess of Walsingham. She married, in 1733, Lord Chesterfield, who commenced against George the Second a suit for 20,000*l.* said to have been left Lady Walsingham by the will of George the First, which George the Second suppressed. The cause never came, and, indeed, never could come, to trial; but Walpole says the money was paid.

5 Lady Barbara Hervey, third daughter of Lord Bristol. Notwithstanding the auspicious hopes recorded in this letter, poor Lady Bab died unmarried in 1727.

that you heard it before, lest she should suspect me to be your informer.

After this extraordinary piece of news, all the rest must seem flat; so I will say nothing more, only beg you will believe that Lord Hervey and I are both more yours than I have room to tell you.

LORD STANHOPE TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. I.]

[1] Brettby, Oct. 23, [1725.]

MADAM,

You have so often indulged me in troubling you with my applications, and the satisfaction I have in being particularly obliged to you is so great, that I fear I do not enough consider the trouble I may give you: however, I must venture once more upon this occasion, and beg the favour of you to make my excuse to the Prince for not paying my duty to him upon his [2] birth-day, as I ought to do.

I hope his royal highness will do me the justice to believe that it is neither a negligence of my

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[1] Brettby Hall, in Derbyshire, the seat of the Earls of Chesterfield.

[2] 10th of November.

duty, nor a want of inclination to pay it, but an almost indispensable necessity, that hinders me from coming to town; for ever since my father had his fits (which were such and so many as I believe no other body ever survived) he has continued entirely senseless: in which condition it is impossible for me, upon many accounts besides filial [3]piety, to leave him. How long he will continue so I cannot tell; but this I am sure of, that if it be much longer I shall be the maddest of the two: this place being the seat of horror and despair, where no creatures but ravens, screech-owls, and birds of ill omen, seem willingly to dwell; for as for the very few human faces that I behold, they look, like myself, rather condemned than inclined to stay here.

Were I given to romances, I should think myself detained by enchantments in the castle of some inexorable magician, which I am sure Don Quixote often did upon much slighter grounds; or were I inclined to a religious melancholy, I should fancy myself in hell: but not having the happiness of being yet quite out of my senses, I fancy—what is worse than either—that I am

[3] It must be owned that the remainder of this letter is not in a tone of very sincere *filial piety*; yet Lord Stanhope had lived on very good terms with his father, and was affectionate in his attentions to him in his last illness.

just where I am, in the old mansion-seat of the family, and that, too, not my own.

I ask a thousand pardons for giving you all this trouble; but at the same time beg you will believe, that it is impossible to be more sensible of the many obligations I have to you than I am; which I should not be entirely unworthy of, could there be any merit in being, with the greatest respect and sincerity, &c.

STANHOPE.

LORD STANHOPE TO MRS. HOWARD.

Brettby, 13th Nov. 1725.

MADAM,

WHEN you did me the honour of writing to me, I believe you could not expect to escape being troubled with my thanks for it, though my satisfaction was very much lessened by finding that your illness prevented my having that honour sooner. I hope you are now perfectly recovered; and I may venture to assure you, that among the numbers of people that (I dare say) interest themselves in your health, none can do it more sincerely than I do.

I am glad to find you do justice to my filial

piety. I own I think it surpasses that of Æneas; for when he took such care of his father he was turned of fourscore, and not likely to trouble him long: but you may observe that he prudently disposed of his wife, who being much younger, was consequently more likely to stick by him; which makes me shrewdly suspect, that had his father been of the same [1]age as mine, he would not have been quite so well looked after. I hope, like him, I shall be at last rewarded with a Lavinia, or at least a Dido, which possibly may be full as well.

I am afraid you are too much in the right when you tell me I am in purgatory; for souls always stay there till they go to heaven, which I doubt will be my case; whereas I should be very glad of baiting a considerable time at London in my way to it. I am, with the greatest truth and respect, yours, &c.

STANHOPE.

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[1] Lord Chesterfield, though in a very deplorable state of health, was not above 50.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ. (afterwards Earl of Bath) TO THE HON. GEORGE BERKELEY.

[William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, was a man of wit, eloquence, and popularity almost unequalled in the history of our statesmen. For twenty years he had been accumulating the affection of his friends, and the confidence of the public; and at last, in 1742, he was enabled, by the concurrence of Frederick, Prince of Wales, to unite under his standard the disaffected Whigs, the Tories, and the Jacobites, in such force, that Sir Robert Walpole was driven from the helm. Before Sir Robert retired, his son Horace tells us that he, with great dexterity, turned the key of the closet-door on his rival, by inducing the King to degrade the patriot into a peer; and on their first meeting in the Lords, Sir Robert is described to have told Lord Bath, with malicious pleasantry, that they were now the two most insignificant fellows in England. There is, no doubt, some truth in this view of the subject; but justice ought to be done to Mr. Pulteney's conduct, and to his probable motives. He had, while leading the opposition, pledged himself to accept of no place on the overthrow of the minister. If he had remained a commoner, he must have either scandalously broken that public engagement, or sat a cipher in the House of Commons, to which he had so lately given law: besides, he was now 60 years of age, and had been near 40 years in public life, "tempus erat abire." He had accomplished for his country all he proposed, and took for himself an *otium cum dignitate,* to which his age and his services entitled him. But, whether justly or unjustly it is in vain now to discuss, his popularity abandoned him, and he became worse than "one of the most insignificant men in England." He attempted, in 1746, to help

Lord Carteret in forming an administration, but never occupied any public station. He died, in 1767, of a cold caught by supping in a garden,—regretted by a few friends, but forgotten by that world whose idol he for so many years had been. In Lady Hervey's Letters there is to be found an elaborate and impartial character of Lord Bath. This collection offers some examples of his letters of gossip and his letters of business, both of which will be in some degree interesting, as giving us some specimens of the private character and manners of so remarkable a person.]

Newmarket, April the 19th, 1726.

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH I shall see you almost as soon as you will have my letter, I cannot but return you thanks for yours, and what was enclosed in it.

Here is a vast deal of [1]good company, and a great many thieves and rogues among them. The news of the place is scarce worth sending you: I suppose you do not care a farthing whether Whitefoot or True-blue carries it. Julius Cæsar and [2]Pricklouse are to be matched

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[1] It is probable that there is no place in England at which the manners are less essentially changed than Newmarket; yet it is supposed that, even there, the proportion of *good company* is considerably diminished.

[2] Mr. Pulteney was fond of these striking nominal contrasts: they occur frequently in his letters; but his allusions of this kind are always coarse, and sometimes indecent.

for October next, and the odds run already on Pricklouse's side. My service to all friends, and, among them, pray do not forget little [3] Durse. I am, &c.

W. P.

WILLIAM FORTESCUE, ESQ. TO MRS. HOWARD

[William Fortescue was the friend of Pope and Swift,—the legal adviser of the Scriblerus club; to the which he contributed the facetious case of the Pied Horses, and several legal corrections and hints on the other Scribleriad publications. Pope's imitation of the 1st Sat. book ii. of Horace, was addressed to Mr. Fortescue, as the original had been addressed to Trebatius, an eminent Roman lawyer. Mr. Fortescue's family was of great respectability and antiquity in Devonshire, and few houses have produced so many eminent lawyers. Mr. Fortescue was born about 1688, called to the bar in 1715, promoted to the bench of the Exchequer in 1735, to the Common Pleas in 1738, and to be Master of the Rolls in 1741. He died in this latter office in 1749.]

Inner Temple, July 1st, 1726.

MADAM,

WITH this you will receive the History of the [1] Sevarambi, which I promised

[3] Probably Augustus, Lord Dursley, afterwards fourth Earl, at this time about 10 years old.

[1] A French *Utopia*, the scene of which was laid in South America.

your [c] ladyship. It is a constitution of government quite different from any that hath yet appeared in the world, and I think much the best. By that only instance of making money of no use either to the necessities or pleasure of life, what a train of evils are at once prevented? and how happy, of course, must a people be, where doing good and loving their country are the only means of esteem and preferment!

I am, I believe, the only person who thinks it real; and were it not for some few things, and some few friends whom I do not care to leave, I should certainly be for taking a voyage thither. Nay, I am so far gone in extravagance, that as this wise people have always persons residing in every country, I hardly see a tall man in an American dress but I take him to be one of them, and can scarce forbear asking him a hundred questions about Sporoundi and Sevarinde. I make no doubt but you will laugh heartily at me; and shall be very happy if either the book or my folly give you any diversion.

I hope to be able to do myself the honour of

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[c] It is observable, that although this letter is dated many years before Mrs. Howard became Countess of Suffolk, Mr. Fortescue addressed her as her *ladyship;* a title which none of her other correspondents (except Lemuel Gulliver) commit the error of giving her.

waiting on your ladyship some time next week: be pleased, madam, in the meantime to accept of my humble thanks for your great goodness to me when I was last at Richmond, and give me leave to assure you that I ever am, with all possible gratitude and truth, your ladyship's, &c.

W. FORTESCUE.

LADY HERVEY TO THE HON. GEO. BERKELEY.

[P. 181.]

Ickworth, August the 10th, 1726.

I SHOULD be quite at a loss for a reason to justify my giving you this trouble, if I did not think your own good-nature a sufficient one; but as you may gratify that by granting me the favour I design to ask of you, I shall make no apology for asking it.

The case is this: my aunt had a servant who lived with her six-and-twenty years, and served her faithfully; at the end of which time this servant married a tradesman, who was in very good circumstances; but, hoping to improve them, he joined his stock with some builders, who quickly broke themselves, and ruined him. The man dying soon after, left his wife very much in debt, from which she endeavoured to free herself, and to get her livelihood by work-

ing; but now both her eye-sight and health are grown so very bad, that she is incapable of doing any thing to maintain herself, and at present subsists only by my aunt's charity. If you would be so good as to set her down for the first vacancy in [1] St. Catherine's, you would do a very charitable thing with regard to her, and a very obliging one to me.

I cannot forbear congratulating and rejoicing with you on the recovery of our common [2] friend, dear Mr. Pulteney. I hope the danger he has been in (since he has overcome it) will be of service both to him and his friends, by making him more careful of a life he has lately passed in such a manner as must endanger it.

I hope you are perfectly well, despise the assistance of a stick, and hardly guess what

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[1] Mr. Berkeley was Master of St. Catherine's Hospital in the Tower.

[2] Lady Hervey, in her letters to Mr. Morris, acknowledges her early friendship with Mr. Pulteney; which was probably improved by that gentleman's political connexion with George the Second while Prince of Wales, in opposition to his father's government. It is singular (though *nec est lex justior ullâ*) that George the Second should have lived to see Mr. Pulteney lead his own son's opposition against him, as that statesman had led his against his royal father. It is observable, too, such are the inconstancies of political life, that Lady Hervey's *dear* Mr. Pulteney fought a duel a few years after this period with her husband.

can be the use of a slit shoe. I wish you may for ever remain in this state of ignorance; and that every other thing that can conduce not only to your ease, but happiness, may as certainly attend you as it is truly wished you by

M. HERVEY.

The woman's name is Margaret Russel.

LADY HERVEY TO THE HON. GEO. BERKELEY.

Ickworth, August the 15th, 1726.

I AM too thankful for having my old woman received at *any* time to pretend to limit you. I am very well satisfied with your promise of letting her fill up the third vacancy, and only beg that when the time comes you will not forget her. I confess my request runs somewhat high, to desire that an old woman may not be forgot: it is more than most people can promise for a young one; but you give yourself such a character with regard to the *fair sex*, that you can only blame yourself if we expect more from you than you can or design to perform. I shall defer my thanks till I see you, because I am not good at making compliments, and a compliment, I am sure, makes a much

better figure when it is said than when it is written.

I have not so much vanity (though I find, by the end of your letter, you believe I have a great deal) as not to think I had better trust to your observation and justice than to my own expression to assure you I am, &c.

M. Hervey.

LADY BRISTOL TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Some account of Lady Bristol will be found in the preceding notes, pp. 50, 74, and 190.]

[1] *Bettisfeild, North Wales, August the 16th, 1726.*

After many a tedious journey I am at length arrived in an unknown part of the world, out of my own country, and far from home, though not from friends; for we meet here with the kindest reception that is possible to wish or imagine: yet no pleasure, time, or place, can make me forget the many favours I received from dear Mrs. Howard at Richmond, which I

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[1] In Flintshire, the seat of Sir Thomas Hanmer.

had not an opportunity to thank you for when I came away, and can only do it now, when I am at the same time asking another; which is, that you would be so good as to let me know after what manner I am to [2] mourn. Having had no directions left at my house (as is usual upon these occasions), I am quite at a loss how I am to appear at the Bath; for I should be extremely concerned to be the least wanting in any respect or duty to the Prince and Princess, or in not having the honour to be distinguished as their servant. If you can make my compliments to both their royal highnesses without exposing me, as you have done upon other occasions, it will greatly add to the obligations already laid upon, &c.

E. Bristol.

DEAN SWIFT TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Dean Swift, visiting his old friends in England in the summer of 1726, was introduced by Pope to Mrs. Howard, who was now become his neighbour at Marble Hill. The writers

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[2] The London Gazette of the 6th Aug. contains a notice for a general mourning for the death of the Prince Maximilian of Hanover, the King's brother.

of Swift's life, and the editors of his works, would persuade us, that Swift courted Mrs. Howard meanly, and with narrow personal views. That the Dean may have thought it likely that she might become powerful enough to be of use to both himself and his friend Gay is very probable, and he might naturally and honestly have indulged such expectations; but that he was guilty of meanness in forming or in preserving her acquaintance every thing disproves; and nothing but that too common desire of lowering the eminent, and ridiculing the wise, could have given currency to calumnies which, founded upon isolated passages, are contradicted by a fair view of the entire correspondence. I have noticed in the prefatory papers a current mistake and misrepresentation of this kind relative to the Dean's celebrated "Character of Mrs. Howard." It is true that a letter from Swift to Lady Betty Germain is, as we shall see by and by, peevish and unjust towards Mrs. Howard; but that ebullition of a temper, soured by sickness and affliction, cannot fairly be made the ground of imputations against the Dean's independence and integrity.

Many of the following letters have been already published; but as the originals are before me, and as Mrs. Howard's intercourse with Dean Swift forms an epoch in her history and in his, I have thought it proper to collect into one view the whole correspondence.]

[Sept. 1st, 1726.]

MADAM,

Being perpetually teased with the remembrance of you by the sight of your [1] ring on my finger, my patience at last is at an end; and in order to be revenged, I herewith send you

[1] A present of Mrs. Howard's to the Dean.

a piece of Irish plaid, made in imitation of the Indian; wherein our workmen here are grown so expert, that in this kind of stuff they are said to excel that which comes from the Indies; and because our ladies are too proud to wear what is made at home, the workman is forced to run a gold thread through the middle, and sell it as Indian. But I ordered him to leave out that circumstance, that you may be clad in Irish stuff, and in my [2] livery. But I beg you will not tell any parliament man from whence you had this plaid, otherwise out of malice they will make a law to cut off all our weavers' [3] fingers. I must likewise tell you, to prevent your pride, my intention is to use you very scurvily; for my real design is, that when the Princess asks you where you got that fine night-gown, you are to say it is an Irish plaid, sent to you by the Dean of St. Patrick's, who, with his most humble duty to her royal highness, is ready to

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[2] That part of the city of Dublin where the silk manufacture was (and still is faintly) carried on, was in a district of which the Dean of St. Patrick's is chief magistrate. Swift called this district his dominions, its inhabitants his subjects, and the silk they wove his livery. The Princess, it appears, took a liking to this silk, and accepted the Dean's offer; which produced some subsequent communications between her royal highness and him.

[3] Swift alludes to the unjust and impolitic restrictions on Irish manufactures.

make her another such present, at the terrible expense of eight shillings and three-pence a yard, if she will descend to honour Ireland with receiving and wearing it: and in recompense, I, who govern the vulgar, will take care to have her royal highness's health drank by five hundred weavers, as an encourager of the Irish manufactory. And I command you to add, that I am no courtier, nor have any thing to ask.

I hope the whole royal family about you is in health. Doctor Arbuthnot lately mortified me with an account of a great pain in your [4] head. I believe no head that is good for any thing is long without some disorder; at least, that is the best argument I have for any thing that is good in my own.

I pray God preserve you; and I entreat you to believe that I am, with great respect,

Madam, &c.

JONATH. SWIFT.

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[4] It is hardly necessary to remind the reader of the Dean's constant suffering from disorders of the head; and the pains to which Mrs. Howard was so subject, were, like Swift's, probably connected with her constitutional deafness.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ. TO THE HON. GEO. BERKELEY.

Lainston, Nov. the 3d, 1726.

DEAR GEORGE,

I AM heartily glad the gout has left you; and if you hear no more of it till this time twelvemonth, it is worth living the [1] life you do to escape it. Exercise is of the same use to me as temperance is to you; and if I can but follow a woodcock or a pheasant the whole day, I do not care how heartily I eat of them when I come home. We have had exceedingly fine weather; so that I have constantly every day been abroad, and generally stayed out the whole day, which has done me an infinite deal of good.

You surprise me prodigiously with your account of sixteen Spanish men of war in the West Indies. Sure the Emperor of the Moon (who, for aught I know, may be a considerable maritime potentate, and, now I think of it, they say he has something to do even with our tides) must secretly have acceded to the [2] Vi-

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[1] Mr. George Berkeley endeavoured to mitigate his hereditary gout by habitual temperance: Pulteney, on the contrary, lived a jovial life, in defiance of the disease.

[2] Between Spain and the Emperor, signed 1st of May, 1725.

enna treaty, and have furnished the Spaniards with these auxiliary ships. And yet, methinks, an event of such consequence could hardly have escaped the watchful vigilance of our present ministers, who know how to employ the secret service money a little better than to let a prince who has such [3]influence at present over all the affairs of Europe do any thing which they are not immediately informed of. Pray ask the Doctor if something of this kind would not make a paper.

I suppose, now [4] Mr. Pelham has declared his match, [5]Arundel will not be long before he carries his lady into the country also. Taking ladies into the country *looks* like doing business; and that, for aught I see, is all that is necessary in doing of any business: at least, it

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In this treaty were some secret articles hostile to the interests of England; and it was, at the date of this letter, a subject of warm political dispute.

[3] Mr. Pulteney insinuates that the affairs of Europe were under *lunatic* influence.

[4] Mr. Pelham married, on the 29th Oct. 1726, Lady Catherine Manners, daughter of John, third Duke of Rutland.

[5] Probably Mr. Richard Arundel, member for Knaresborough, second son of the second Lord Arundel of Trerise. He was successively surveyor of the works, master of the mint, and a lord of the treasury. Mr. Arundel married Lady Frances, younger sister of Lady Catherine Pelham; but not until 1732.

holds good in matrimony, and let Harry (Pelham) ask either of the secretaries if it is not so in their offices. I am, &c.

W. P.

MRS. HOWARD TO DEAN SWIFT.

[This letter has been already printed but with variations.— In October, 1726, were published Gulliver's Travels; and although Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot affected not to know who the author was, it is certain that they did; it appears by this letter that Mrs. Howard too suspected, if she did not know, the fact. The allusions can only be intelligible to those who recollect the particulars of Gulliver's several voyages, which Mrs. Howard refers to with tolerable justness and pleasantry.]

[Nov. 1726.]

SIR,

I DID not expect that the sight of my ring would produce the effects it has. I was in such a hurry to show your plaid to the Princess, that I could not stay to put it into the shape you desired. It pleased extremely: and I have orders to fit it up according to the first design, for the use of the aforesaid person; as also to have over, by your means, the height of the Brobdignag Dwarf, multiplied by 2½:— this in a particular parcel. Likewise three for

the young princesses: these must be divided into three shares. For a short method, if you will draw a line of twenty feet, and upon that, by two circles, form an equilateral triangle, by measuring each side you will know the proper division. If you want a more particular and better rule, I refer you to the Academy of Lagado[1]. I am of opinion many in this kingdom will soon appear in your plaid. To this end, it will be highly necessary care be taken that the purple, the yellow, and the white silk be properly disposed; and, though these gowns are for the Princess, as the officers are very vigilant, take care they are not seized. Do not forget to be observant in the disposing of the colours. I shall take all particular precautions to have the money ready, and return it the way you judge safest.

The Princess will take care you shall have pumps[2] sufficient to serve till you return to England, but thinks you cannot, in common decency, appear in heels; therefore advises

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[1] Mrs. Howard's mode of forming an equilateral triangle is accurate enough; and the whole passage is a pleasant allusion to the incident of the tailor in Lagado.

[2] Shoes without heels: an allusion to the high-heeled and low-heeled parties (High Church and Low Church) at the court of Lilliput.

you to keep close till they arrive. Here are several Lilliputian mathematicians; so that length of your head or your foot is a sufficient measure. Send it by the first opportunity. Do not forget our good friends, the five hundred weavers. You may omit the gold thread.

Several disputes have arisen here, whether the Big-endians and Lesser-endians[3] ever differed in opinion about the breaking of eggs when they were either to be poached or buttered, or whether this part of cookery was ever known in Lilliput.

I cannot conclude without telling you the great joy our island is in upon a yahoo in Bedfordshire having produced a creature half a yahoo and half a ram; and another[4] yahoo, of Sussex, has brought forth four black rabbits. May we not hope, and, with some probability,

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[3] Another of Gulliver's types for Whigs and Tories; and Mrs. Howard means to express a very rational doubt, whether, when they come to get *good places*, there was much difference between them.

[4] Mary Tofts, of Godalming in Surrey, put this trick on the public, and even contrived to deceive some eminent medical men. If we had not the most positive evidence of the existence of this mania, we could scarcely believe that a nation could be so mad. The fable of the other monster has not reached us.

expect, that, in time, our female yahoos will bring a race of Houyhnhnms?

I am,
Your most humble servant,
SIEVE YAHOO[5].

DEAN SWIFT TO MRS. HOWARD.

Dublin, Nov. 27[1], 1726.

MADAM,

WHEN I received your letter, I thought it the most unaccountable[2] one I ever saw in my life, and was not able to comprehend three words of it altogether. The perverseness of your lines astonished me, which tended down-

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[5] Mrs. Howard, by a good-humoured kind of reproach, signs the two opprobious names which Swift's Gulliver gives to her sex and her profession. The reader remembers that a court-lady is called a *sieve*, and all ladies *yahoos*.

[1] Misdated in Swift's works 17 Nov.

[2] Swift affected not to understand the allusions to Gulliver. To Mrs. Howard this was perhaps natural; but he carried on the same farce with Pope and Gay. He says, in a letter to Pope of the same date as this, "I am just come from answering a letter of Mrs. Howard's, writ in such mystical terms, that I never should have found out the meaning, if a book had not been sent me called Gulliver's Travels." He addresses Gay, too, in the same style. The only intelligible explanation of this reserve towards friends who knew the truth, is that he suspected the post-office.

wards to the right in one page, and upwards in the two [3]others. This I thought impossible to be done by any person who did not squint with both eyes, an infirmity I never observed in you. However, one thing I was pleased with—that, after you had written me *down*, you repented, and wrote me *up*[4]. But I continued four days at a loss for your meaning, till a bookseller sent me the Travels of one Captain Gulliver, who proved a very good explainer; although, at the same time, I thought it hard to be forced to read a book of seven hundred pages in order to understand a letter of fifty lines, especially since those of our faculty are already but too much pestered with commentators.

The stuffs you require are making, because the weaver piques himself upon having them in perfection; but he has read Gulliver's book, and has no conception what you mean by returning money, for he is become a proselyte of the Houyhnhnms, whose great principle, if I

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[3] This studied obliquity of Mrs. Howard's lines was another allusion to Gulliver, who says that the Lilliputians "write from one corner of the paper to the other, like the *ladies in England*."

[4] This play on *up* and *down* is not so happy as the late General Conway's description of a political pamphlet of his day: "The patriots *cry it up*, and the courtiers *cry it down*, and the newsmen *cry it up and down*."

rightly remember, is benevolence: and as to myself, I am so highly affronted with such a base proposal, that I am determined to complain of you to her Royal Highness, that you are a mercenary yahoo, fond of shining pebbles. What have I to do with you or your court, further than to show the esteem I have for your person, because you happen to deserve it, and my gratitude to her Royal Highness, who was pleased a little to distinguish me? which, by the way, is the greatest compliment I ever made, and may probably be the last. For I am not such a prostitute [5] flatterer as Gulliver, whose chief study is to extenuate the vices and magnify the virtues of mankind, and perpetually din our ears with the praises of his country in the midst of corruptions; and for that reason alone has found so many readers, and will probably have a pension, which I suppose was his chief design in writing. As for his compliments to the ladies, I can easily forgive him, as a natural effect of that devotion which our sex always will pay to yours.

You need not be in pain about the officers searching for and seizing the plaids; for the

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[5] Swift ironically pretends to be the dupe of Gulliver's assumed simplicity, and affects to consider the severest satirist of mankind as a *prostitute flatterer*.

silk has already paid duty in England, and there is no law against exporting silk manufacture from hence.

I am sure the Princess and you have got the length of my foot, and Sir Robert Walpole says he has the length of my head; so that you need not give me the trouble of sending you either. I shall only tell you in general, that I never had a long head, and for that reason few people have thought it worth their while to get the length of my foot. I cannot answer your queries about eggs buttered or poached; but I possess one talent, which admirably qualifies me for roasting them: for as the world, with respect to eggs, is divided into pelters and roasters, it is my unhappiness to be one of the latter, and, consequently, to be persecuted by the former[6].

I have been five days turning over old books, to discover the meaning of those monstrous births you mention[7]. That of the four black rabbits seems to threaten some deep court intrigue, and perhaps some change in the ad-

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[6] This is hardly intelligible—it is evidently the smoke of a jest which has missed fire.

[7] Although Swift probably understood Mrs. Howard's allusion to these strange follies, he chose to affect ignorance for the opportunity of venting some of his spleen against the ministers.

ministration; for the rabbit is an undermining animal, that loves to work in the dark. The blackness denotes the bishops, whereof some of the last you have made are persons of such dangerous parts and profound abilities: but rabbits, being clothed in furs, may perhaps glance at the judges. However, the ram (by which is meant the ministry), butting with the two horns, one against the church, and the other against the law, shall obtain the victory. And whereas the birth was a conjunction of ram and yahoo, this is easily explained by the story of Chiron, governor, or, which is the same thing, chief minister, to Achilles, and was half man and half brute; which, as Machiavel observes, all good governors of princes ought to be. But I am at the end of my line and of my lines.

This is without a cover, to save money; and plain paper, because the gilt is so thin it will discover secrets betwixt us. In a [8]little room for words, I assure you of my being, with the truest respect, Madam,

Yours, &c.

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[8] Written very small, and at the bottom of the page.

DEAN SWIFT, *in the Character of Gulliver,* TO MRS. HOWARD.

[This letter concentrates the merits and defects of Swift's style, and particularly of Gulliver's Travels—it is witty and indelicate. It is printed in the Dean's works without date, and with the signature *Jonathan Swift;* an error which adds to the grossness, while it diminishes the pleasantry. One may risk under a mask what would be very offensive in one's proper person.]

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[1] Newark, in Nottinghamshire,
Nov. 28, 1726.

MADAM,

My correspondents have informed me that your ladyship has done me the honour to answer several objections that ignorance, malice, and party, have made to my Travels, and been so charitable as to justify the fidelity and veracity of the author. This zeal you have shown for truth calls for my particular thanks, and at the same time encourages me to beg you would continue your goodness to me by reconciling me to the maids of honour, whom they say I have most grievously offended. I am so

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[1] This letter was written from Dublin, where the Dean then was; but *Gulliver,* the reader will recollect, had retired after his travels to *Newark in Nottinghamshire.*

stupid as not to find out how I have disobliged them. Is there any harm in a young lady's reading of romances? or did I make use of an improper engine to extinguish a fire that was kindled by a maid of honour? And I will venture to affirm that if ever the young ladies of your court should meet with a man of as little consequence in this country as I was in Brobdingnag, they would use him with as much contempt, but I submit myself and my cause to your better judgment, and beg leave to lay the [2] crown of Lilliput at your feet, as a small acknowledgment of your favours to my book and person. I found it in the corner of my waistcoat pocket, into which I thrust most of the valuable furniture of the royal apartment when the palace was on fire, and by mistake brought it with me into England, for I very honestly restored to their majesties all their goods that I knew were in my possession. May all courtiers imitate me in that, and in my being,

Madam, your admirer,

And obedient humble servant,

LEMUEL GULLIVER.

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[2] A trinket which Mrs. Howard long retained and much valued. It has been inquired after, but in vain.

DEAN SWIFT TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Dublin,] Feb. 1, 1727.

MADAM,

I AM so very nice, and my workmen so fearful, that there is yet but one piece finished of the two which you commanded me to send to her Royal Highness. The other was done; but the undertaker, confessing it was not to the utmost perfection, has obtained my leave for a second attempt, in which he promises to do wonders, and tells me it will be ready in another fortnight, although perhaps the humour be gone off both with the Princess and you; for such were courts when I knew them.

I desire you will order her Royal Highness to go to Richmond as soon as she can this summer, because she will have the pleasure of my neighbourhood; for I hope to be in London about the middle of March, and I do not love you much when you are there[1]: and I expect to find you are not altered by flattery or ill company. I am glad to tell you now that I honour you with my esteem, because, when the Princess grows a crowned head, you shall have

[1] In London.

no more such compliments—and it is a hundred to one whether you will deserve them. Besides, it so happens that the King (Geo. I.) is too tough a person[2] for me to value any reversion of favour after him; and so you are safe. I do not approve of your advice to bring over pumps for myself, but will rather provide another [3]shoe for his Royal Highness against there shall be occasion.

I will tell you an odd accident, that this night, while I was caressing one of my Houyhnhnms, he bit my little finger so cruelly that I am hardly able to write; and I impute the cause to some foreknowledge in him that I was to write to a Sieve Yahoo—for so you are pleased to call yourself.

Pray tell Sir Robert Walpole that if he does not use me better next summer than he did the last I will study revenge, and it shall be *vengeance ecclesiastique*. I hope you will get your [4]house and wine ready, to which Mr. Gay and I are to have free access when you are safe at court;

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[2] Yet his Majesty died within three months.

[3] The Prince was described as halting between the two parties, on one high and one low heel. The Dean intimates, that when he becomes king, he must make his decision between the parties, and attach himself to one of them.

[4] Marble Hill, just now finished.

for as to Mr. Pope, he is not worth mentioning on such [5]occasions.

I am sorry I have no complaints to make of her Royal Highness; therefore I think I may let you tell her that every grain of virtue and good sense in one of her rank, considering their bad education among flatterers and adorers, is worth a dozen in any inferior person[6]. Now, if what the world says be true, that she excels all other ladies at least a dozen times, then, multiply one dozen by the other, you will find the number to be one hundred and forty-four. If any one can say a civiler thing, let them, for I think it too much from me.

I have some title to be angry with you for

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[5] Pope was abstemious, even to parsimony; and would sometimes, when a pint of wine was put down for himself, Swift, and Gay, go out of the room, saying, "Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine."

[6] Pope expresses the same sentiment in his Epistle to Lord Cobham:

"'Tis from high life high characters are drawn,
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.
A judge is just, a chancellor juster still;
A gownman learn'd; a bishop what you will;
Wise if a minister; but if a king,
More wise, more just, more learn'd, more every thing.
Court virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heaven's influence scarce can penetrate."

not commanding those who write to me to mention your remembrance. Can there be any thing baser than to make me the first [7]advance, and then be inconstant? It is very hard that I must cross the sea and ride two hundred miles to reproach you in person, when at the same time I feel myself, with the most entire respect,

Madam, &c.

JONATH. SWIFT.

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*[7] Positive proof that this acquaintance, which has been so handled by Swift's maligners, was of Mrs. Howard's seeking, and not of his!

LORD LANSDOWNE TO MRS. HOWARD.

[George Granville, created Lord Lansdowne in Queen Anne's celebrated batch of twelve peers; but whose advancement, as Dr. Johnson remarks, was less obnoxious, as two peerages had been lately extinct in his family. He was so remarkable a Tory as to be confined for the first couple of years of the reign of the House of Hanover. After his release he went abroad on account, says Johnson, of his pecuniary circumstances, but more probably to give political hostility time to cool. He was a pretty poet, and is immortalised by a station in the delightful "Lives of the Poets." He will be remembered in Johnson's works when he is forgotten in his own. He was born in 1682, and died in 1737. In his latter years he was reconciled, probably by the good offices of Mrs. Howard, to the reigning family; and Queen Caroline, who affected to be a patroness of all poets, accepted the homage of this noble bard, whose

—— Muse in her last moments fired,
Sang Carolina's praise, and then expired.]

Paris, April 8th, 1727.

MADAM,

I HAVE hitherto referred myself to [1] Lady Lansdowne to make proper compliments from me for the many favours which she acknowledges to have received from you. Under

[1] See page 70.

her present anxiety for her [2] son, she tells me the only comfort she has is in the continuance of your friendship. Forgive me then, madam, if, in the fulness of my heart, I can no longer contain from assuring you directly how sensible I am of the honour you do her. I make no question but her son will do well, as others have done before under the same [3] experiment. My principal concern is, how far the doubts and fears which I perceive she is under may affect her own health. Your goodness, madam, she says, is her only consolation. The pleasure of being sure of such a friend would, indeed, be a relief under any trouble. I would fain find something to say upon this subject which might explain what my heart feels. It is possible to be touched beyond what any language can reach; and this is my case. No words can express that infinite gratitude and respect which engage me to subscribe myself for ever, &c.

LANSDOWNE.

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[2] Probably her son by a former husband, afterwards second Viscount Weymouth.

[3] Probably inoculation for the small-pox

MR. HOR. WALPOLE (Senior) TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Horace, the next brother of Sir Robert Walpole, and the chief adviser of his foreign administration. A clumsy style, a coarse taste, and a jollity of manners almost pushed to buffoonery, afforded the antagonist wits of the day a fruitful source of sarcastic observation; and his nephew, Horace the younger—who had quarrelled with his uncle on some family matters—has done all he could (and his gay pen cuts very deep) to depreciate the elder Horace in the eyes of posterity: but the general history of his times, and the history lately given by Archdeacon Coxe of Mr. Walpole's own transactions, do him justice against party or personal malice, and prove him to have been a statesman of considerable diplomatic skill, and very extensive financial knowledge. He was in 1754 created Lord Walpole of Woolterton, and he died in 1756. On the extinction of his brother's branch of the family, his grandson was created Earl of Orford. There are several of his letters in the collection, but they are unimportant and unamusing: one is preserved rather out of respect to the name of the writer than to the qualities of the letter itself.]

Paris, April 15-26, 1727.

MADAM,

I HOPE that the Princess of Wales will have received before this time the silks in good condition, and to her satisfaction. I beg leave now to trouble you with another affair, which in some measure concerns her royal highness, and which I must leave to your discretion to do what you shall think fit in it. One Boëte, famous for drawing enamelled [1]pictures, is lately

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[1] This is the artist whom Horace Walpole, in his Anec-

dead here, extremely poor, and leaving behind him a wife and five small children. Among his effects, to be sold to the best bidder, for paying his debts, and for saving the little remains for the maintenance of his family, there is a picture of her royal highness, extremely well done—a side face, and, I suppose, after Sir Godfrey Kneller. Some considerable persons have hinted this to me, as well to prevent her royal highness's picture being exposed to sale at an auction, as in hopes, I suppose, that if she thinks fit to purchase it herself, she will be pleased, moved by her great charity and goodness, to give more for it than its real value, which, I find, is counted here to be about 25 guineas, and is what I have given for Mrs. Walpole's, although not half finished. You will pardon the liberty I take of mentioning this to you, being desired by persons that I could not refuse to take notice of it to her royal highness, which I dare not presume to do by writing myself to her.

I am, with the greatest truth and respect,

Dear [2] countrywoman, yours, &c.

H. WALPOLE.

dotes of Painters, miscalls *Boit*. He mentions, with the hesitation of incredulity, that Boëte received for his heads such sums as thirty and sixty guineas, and even sometimes five hundred: his works are only inferior to Petitot and Zincke.

[2] Mrs. Howard and Mr. Walpole were both natives of Norfolk.

SIR JOHN JENNINGS TO MRS. HOWARD.

[This brave old Whig officer had served under Shovel, Rooke, and Byng, but was left off the list in the latter years of Queen Anne. On the accession of the house of Hanover, he was restored to his station in the service, and made one of the Lords of the Admiralty. In 1720, he was appointed Governor of Greenwich Hospital, which he held till his death, at an advanced age, in 1715. He gave the Hospital a statue of his benefactor, Geo. I. in white marble; and his own picture is to be seen in the council-room, in such a costume as we can hardly reconcile with our notions of a British admiral—a full-dress suit of brown velvet, rolled stockings, and immense square-toed shoes. As to the letter itself, we confess that we should have wished that the gallant old tar had made his excuses to the king through the naval minister rather than through the female favourite.]

Greenwich, June 16, 1727.

MADAM,

Now it has pleased God to call the Prince to the throne of these kingdoms, my infirmities, which were heavy enough before, double their weight upon me, in preventing me of the honour of laying myself at their majesty's feet, and offering my most humble and dutiful congratulation on their accession.

My deafness alone, though rather worse than ever, would have been no impediment to my appearance on this occasion, but the frequent fainting-fits (my other complaints bring upon me)

forbid my attempting to come into the presence.

If their majesties were by any means apprized of this, I am persuaded they would graciously accept a heart entirely devoted to their service; and your permission to value myself upon you for this good and indispensable office, would greatly relieve me, and improve the obligations, though it cannot the esteem, with which I have the honour to be, &c.

J. Jennings.

MRS. MARTHA BLOUNT TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Theresa and Martha Blount, described by Gay as

"The fair-haired Martha, and Theresa, brown,"

were of an ancient Catholic family, whose seat was at Mapledurham, in Oxfordshire. Pope's letters and verses attest his sensibility to the charms and wit of both the sisters; but all his tenderness finally centered in *Patty*. In his will he bequeathed her the bulk of his property, and it was even suspected that he was married to her. Several of her letters are found in the Suffolk papers, but the reader will probably be satisfied with the following specimen.]

June 20, [1727.]

Till I received a message from dear Mrs. Howard by Mr. [1]Schultz, I thought the kindest

[1] See p. 9.

thing I could do was not to trouble you with any visits or [2]letters, and I wish others had been as considerate of you; for the contrary (I hear) has had the effect I apprehended it would, of making you [3]ill, which I am heartily sorry for. I have rejoiced, and shall always, at every thing that happens to your advantage, and yet I have been in the spleen ever since you left Richmond; but as I know you love to do good, I shall tell you, you have it almost as much in your power to please me now as when I was your neighbour; for every time you let me hear from you, or let me know when I may wait upon you conveniently, as I am quite out of your way, I shall look upon it as a greater mark of your kindness.

I wish you would employ me at Marble Hill, I cannot but fancy I might do you some service there. I am so very dull and I might say (which would be some excuse) not very well, and very low spirited, that I will make no apology for saying no more; but that I am most faithfully, dear madam,

Yours, &c.

M. Blount.

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[2] On the subject of the accession of her royal friend.

[3] This fear may not have been ill-founded, when we find that even the governor of Greenwich Hospital wrote to Mrs. Howard on this occasion.

DEAN SWIFT TO MRS. HOWARD.

June, 1727.

MADAM,

The last time I had the honour to wait on you, I forgot to ask what you had done with the memorial I gave you for his *then* royal highness as chancellor of the university of Dublin.

I doubt his majesty must act as chancellor, or rather I mean his vice-chancellor must act the next commencement, which will be the 7th or 8th of July; which is a solemn time when degrees are given, as his secretary, Mr. [1]Molyneux, knows. But, after that, it is to be supposed that his majesty will resign that office; and unless the [2]Prince of Wales will accept it, I do believe and am told that the Earl of Scarborough would be the fittest person on all accounts. In saying this, I do not meddle out of my province; and it is a matter that should now be thought on.

I am, &c.

JONATH. SWIFT.

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[1] Samuel, son of William Molyneux, Locke's friend, the author of the celebrated "Case of Ireland." The younger Molyneux was born in 1689, and was secretary to George II. when Prince of Wales, and afterwards a lord of the Admiralty. He was (as his father had been) skilful in astronomy and optics, and no inconsiderable mathematician. He died in 1728.

[2] Frederick, who was elected

THE RIGHT HON. RICHARD HAMPDEN TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Richard Hampden, great-grandson of the celebrated Hampden (as Mrs. Howard was his grand-daughter) came early into public life. He was appointed teller of the Exchequer in 1716; treasurer of the navy and a privy councillor in 1718. He embarked the greater part of his fortune in the South Sea scheme, and saved but a small portion of it. This accounts for the pecuniary difficulties which prompted the following letters; but nothing can excuse the sentiments, so unworthy the name of Hampden. These letters are preserved (Mr. Hampden having left no descendants to regret their publication) as explanatory of the manners and principles of the times. We find in the London Journal of Saturday, 29th October, 1720, the following notification to the public: 'That the report of Mr. Hampden's (late treasurer of the navy) receiving a pension in lieu of his place was utterly false and groundless; and that upon such a thing's being suggested to that gentleman, he said that "*he hated all pensions and pensioners, and that if he might not serve his country, he would not rob it!*" A saying,' adds the commentator, 'worthy of that ancient and public-spirited family!' We shall see how ill Mr. Hampden deserved this eulogium.

The first of these letters was written a few months prior to the date under which it is placed; but that slight anachronism has been thought excusable with a view of keeping the whole together.]

1727.

MADAM,

I AM extremely sorry for the melancholy occasion that was one of the causes

which prevented my seeing you this morning in Leicester-fields, where I was to wait on you. The reason of my intending so much trouble to you is, that I hear Sir R. Steele is now [1] dying, and as I took the freedom to tell you, that when a vacancy happened at Wendover my small interest there was at the disposal of your royal master. There are several people who have been with me already on this subject, but I defer to answer any of them till I know his highness's pleasure. I should be truly transported if I could do any thing to regain his good opinion. Be pleased, dear madam, to know of him if he has any particular commands, and they shall be obeyed to the utmost of my experience and [2] power in a Wendover election. I hope to have the pleasure to hear from you on this subject before it be long.

I am, &c.

R. Hampden.

Monday at 12.

I lodge at the [3] *Blew Periwig* in St. James's street.

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[1] Steele did not die till September, 1728.

[2] Mr. Hampden did not over-rate his power. At the ensuing general election he was returned both for Wendover and the county of Bucks; and, making his election for the latter, Mr. Hamilton succeeded him at Wendover.

[3] Signs of this whimsical kind were not uncommon. Voltaire,

MR. HAMPDEN TO MRS. HOWARD.

June 30 [1727].

MADAM,

FORGIVE me if I have ventured to wait on you several times since the late change of [1] affairs. I dare not presume to come any more without a particular authority from yourself. I did hope to find a little more protection from ruin in this reign than in the last, when I was persecuted incessantly by Sir Robert (*Walpole*), but on what ground I am yet ignorant of. I have this day received several messages, that as soon as this parliament is dissolved several actions for debt are to be brought against me, pursuant to the bill which Sir Robert got to [2] pass last session of parliament, and which he callrd a bill for my relief. I humbly entreat to know if I am to expect wherewith to buy bread from *this royal family;* otherwise I must very

when in England about the same period, lodged at the *White Peruke* in Maiden-lane.

[1] The accession of the new king.

[2] Mr. Hampden was nearly 80,000*l*. in debt to the crown on leaving office, and an act was passed 12 Geo. I. "for vesting in trustees the real and personal estate of Richard Hampden, Esq. for making some provision for his wife and family, and for the better securing the debt due from him to the crown." His wife was his cousin, Isabella Ellys, of Nocton.

soon take some service in [3] *some other family*, to prevent my starving, which all my circumstances at present seem very much to threaten. I do not go into the country by choice, but to avoid hourly duns and pressings for discharge of debts, which I can no way answer; since, by Sir Robert's bill, all means of payment are taken away. I most humbly beg some answer, that I may dispose of myself somewhere, without ending my days in prison, which I have great cause to believe is Sir Robert's intent. I would yet most humbly hope it may be no matter of reflection on you if you are the means of saving a family from ruin. I once more beg an answer, that in case nothing can be obtained for me, I may soon dispose of what small quantity of goods, &c. that are left, in order to make the best shift I can. I ask pardon for being thus troublesome, and am, madam,

Yours, &c.

R. Hampden.

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[3] This is curious: the great-grandson of Hampden, the despiser of pensions and pensioners, threatens a Whig king that unless he gets a pension, he will be driven to take service under the Pretender. The very idea of such a menace shows what people must have thought of the tenure of the house of Hanover, and gives us a higher opinion of the prudence and firmness of Sir R. Walpole's administration, which established that house so firmly that such threats became ridiculous.

MR. HAMPDEN TO MRS. HOWARD.

Sunday [July, 1727.]

MADAM,

As I have no friend except yourself, I venture to ask your forgiveness for this additional trouble. I entirely agree with the advice you was pleased to give me yesterday; but I cannot help apprehending, that since (as I am informed) all the commissions and warrants are now filling with all convenient expedition, it may be of dangerous consequence to delay at this time to make a proper application; and the rather, since my affairs are in so very strait and bad circumstances. You know very well, madam, that if any thing is done for me, it ought to be before the ensuing elections; though, as to them, I am not solicitous about being chosen, if I can have any provision made for me in England or elsewhere, and shall very readily resign up my little interest where it may be acceptable, in case I can be otherwise provided for. I beg you will not think I would have any thing done for me in a hurry, or at an unseasonable time: I leave it all to your prudence and that small remainder of regard which I hope you still entertain for me, and which I shall to my utmost endeavour to preserve. I

beg you will not be unmindful of what I desire, but will give me leave in ten or twelve days to wait on you and receive your commands, which shall always be carefully observed by, madam,

Yours, &c.

R. Hampden.

MR. HAMPDEN TO MRS. HOWARD.

[August, 1727.]

MADAM,

I return you many thanks for the last instance of your goodness, in admitting me to an audience when I waited on you. Your favourable expressions to me prevented my laying before you the real state of my circumstances, which indeed are so miserably reduced, that, unless I find some support, I must soon sink and be ruined for ever. I have lately, by taking up 200*l.* on the goods in the house at Hampden, and by borrowing 130*l.* of one, formerly my steward, and by 200*l.* which remained to me out of what the late king (who was very sensible of my circumstances) was [1] pleased to

[1] This would seem to be a round sum paid him by the king's bounty. It was probably to circumstances of this

order me about a year ago, run into an expense of near 600*l*., in order to secure my election; with hopes that some small provision may be made for me, the which if not done before my election, but after, will disqualify me from sitting in parliament unless re-chosen, which expense I cannot undergo. Therefore, as I now apprehend that nothing will be done for me, I heartily wish I had been at no expense about being elected; and with that money, and what small matter I hope to receive, if the trustees (*under the act*) do not prevent it, I might retire beyond sea, and live two or three years, which will be much better than being shut up in prison, as I heard yesterday from several hands, so soon as this parliament is dissolved. I wish to God any person would repay me what I have spent for my election, and I will endeavour to procure such person elected in my room. If I could be sent to travel with any young gentleman at [2] 100*l*. per annum salary, I should think myself

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nature that Swift meant to allude, when he called the county members 'knights of a *share*.'

[2] Of the extraordinary statements and requests in these letters, this is the most extraordinary. We hear much of political corruption and meanness; but it may be confidently hoped that these bad times could not afford a case parallel to Mr. Hampden's, who lived and voted in what are called the best of times.

very happy, and by that means avoid going to gaol, which must be my fate if I stay to the end of the parliament. I conclude with returning you my best and sincere thanks for your goodness to me, and for your intentions and wishes that somewhat effectual might be done for me. As for myself, I see I am abandoned of all sides, and that farther expectations are only new foundations for farther misery. I shall only add this short but true observation, that when a king of England, so great as ours now is, has any desire to save an old [3]friend from ruin, he can most certainly do it. I beg leave to wait on you when I come to town, and shall no more trouble you with letters.

I am, &c.

R. HAMPDEN.

MR. HAMPDEN TO MRS. HOWARD.

Monday [1727.]

MADAM,

NOT knowing if I can have the honour to see you or to converse with you, makes

[3] The *old* friend was not however a very staunch one, as may be gathered from his project of seeking service from the *other* family.

me take this way of acquainting you very briefly with the present posture of my affairs. You know that the last parliament took away all my estate, and yet they left me my debts for me to to discharge, without any means to do it: this has appeared very lately, by my being twice arrested last week for considerable sums; and, if it had not been by a very unexpected accident, I had been prevented going into the country, and consequently had lost my election, which I suppose was partly the intent of the arrest, though I must not guess from what quarter it came. I am every day liable to fresh arrests, and what course to take to prevent these misfortunes I know not, unless by going to Holland, or putting myself in *some service for protection*. I beg your thoughts and advice. I would not trouble their majesties on this score, since I cannot be quite insensible how much I am forgot and abandoned by them. I beg leave to wait on you in eight or ten days, and should be infinitely rejoiced if any method or scheme whatever can be found out to prevent my confinement here, or my being necessitated to become a refugee in a foreign country, especially when I see the most opulent South Sea [1] di-

[1] The reader will recollect that Mr. Hampden's difficulties were produced by dabbling in the South Sea scheme.

rectors, &c. supported by the very man who has sworn my ruin. I am, with gratitude and respect,

Madam, yours, &c.
R. Hampden.

THE HON. WALTER MOLESWORTH TO MRS. HOWARD.

[The fifth son of the first Viscount Molesworth, and at this time widower of Elizabeth We woo of whom some account has been given in page 51.]

York-buildings, Wednesday [1727.]

Madam,

I conceive that the late incident has given you an increase of power, which may bear some proportion to the benevolence of your mind; and, as this is very diffusive, I would fain hope it may take in even me. My ambition aspires to serving the Prince of Wales in quality of groom or equerry; and if, through your friendship, I could attain that honour, it were doubly gratified. For the rest, whatever [1] conditions or provisos you may annex to this

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[1] This is the second attempt at a bribe which we meet. The

favour, they should with all cheerfulness be obeyed by

Madam, yours, &c.
W. Molesworth.

MR. MOLESWORTH TO MRS. HOWARD.

York-buildings, Saturday afternoon, 1727.

MADAM,

My sister Welwood's friendship would not suffer her to conceal from me, that a passage in my former had given you some offence. You will readily agree (without urging the esteem I owe you) that to shock your delicacy, as in common prudence it was not my business, could not consequently be my meaning. What therefore I intimated, relating to conditions, was no more than what I conceived became *me*, who had no other merit to plead than an useless zeal for your service; and I also thought it very consistent with the character so applicable to [1] you, of a *diffusive* bene-

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reader will find by the next letter, that in this case, as in the former, Mrs. Howard resented, with becoming feeling, this insult to her integrity.

[1] A lame and inconsistent excuse for a very dirty proposition.

volence, which never fails to draw a train of solicitors, all expecting to be gratified in different ways. Now, though I indulged the thoughts of having some share in your friendship, I could not yet flatter myself it should be a large one, and therefore thought the tax upon it too great to receive entire: for the rest, you will allow something to my being unpractised in solicitations of this nature. I am infinitely obliged by your kind recommendations of me to the [2]duke; yet were it permitted me to choose a patronage, I must needs say I should prefer that of your own; not only as I think it were more effectual in my case, but it is certain that the benefit is enhanced in proportion to the peculiar esteem and regard with which I am, madam,

Yours, &c.
W. Molesworth.

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[2] Probably of Argyll.

DEAN SWIFT TO MRS. HOWARD.

Twickenham, July 9, 1727.
(Between church and dinner time.)

MADAM,

MR. GAY, by your commands as he says, showed me a letter to you from an unfortunate lady, one Mrs. Prat, whose case I know very well and pity very much. But I wonder she would make any mention of me, who am almost a stranger to you, further than as your goodness led you a little to distinguish me. I have often told Mrs. Prat that I had not the least interest with the friend's friend's friend of any body in power; on the contrary, I had been used like a dog for a dozen years by every soul who was able to do it, and were but sweepers about a Court. I believe you will allow that I know courts well enough to remember that a man must be got many degrees above the power of recommending himself before he should presume to recommend another, even his nearest relation; and, for my own part, you may be secure that I never will venture to recommend a mouse to Mrs. Cole's cat, or a shoe-cleaner to your meanest [1]domestic. But you know too

[1] And yet Horace Walpole would have us believe that at this

well already how very injudicious the general tribe of wanters are. I told Mrs. Prat that if she had friends, it was best to solicit a pension; but it seems she hath mentioned a place. I can only say that when I was about courts, the best lady there had some cousin, or near dependent, whom she would be glad to recommend for an employment, and therefore would hardly think of strangers: for I take the matter thus, that a pension may possibly be got by commiseration, but great personal favour is required for an employment. There are, madam, thousands in the world, who, if they saw your dog Fop use me kindly, would the next day in a letter tell me of the delight they heard I had in doing good; and, being assured that a [2] *word of mine* to you would do any thing, desire my interest to speak

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very time Swift was soliciting Mrs. Howard to ask an earldom for Lord Bathurst.

[2] He had, many years before, made the same observation on that eternal watch-word of solicitors—*one word from you.*—

" Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
To get my warrant quickly signed;
Consider 'tis my first request—"
" Be satisfied, I 'll do my best."
Then presently he falls to tease—
" You may for certain if you please;
I doubt not, if his lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, *one word from you.*"

to you to speak to the [3]speaker to speak to Sir R. Walpole to speak to the king, &c. Thus, wanting people are like drowning people, who lay hold of every reed or bulrush in their way.

One place I humbly beg for myself, which is in your own gift, if it be not disposed of—I mean the perquisite of all the letters and petitions you receive; which, being generally of fair, large, strong paper, I can sell at good advantage to the band-box and trunk-maker, and I hope will annually make a pretty comfortable penny.

I hear, while I was at church, Mr. Pope writ

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[3] Sir Spencer Compton, afterwards Lord Wilmington. This light way of representing the series of requests is not altogether as heedless as it appears The Speaker was supposed to favour Mrs. Howard, and was a personal favourite with the king, who, on his accession, named him prime minister; but the poor man, unable to draw the king's speech, applied in his distress to the very minister, whom his majesty intended to discard. This gave Queen Caroline, who favoured Sir Robert, the opportunity of impressing on the king the folly of parting with the man who really understood his business, and Sir Robert resumed his station. Swift, well aware of all this, supposes that Mrs. Howard would speak to *her* friend the Speaker, to speak to *his* friend Sir Robert, without whom, after all, nothing could be done; and this observation is the more important, because Swift has been violently censured for putting a greedy and ambitious trust in Mrs. Howard's influence, as opposed to Walpole's.

to you upon the occasion of Mr. Prat's letter; but [4] they will not show me what is writ. Therefore I would not trust them, but resolved to justify myself, and they shall not see this.

I pray God grant you patience and preserve your eye-sight; but confine your memory to the service of your royal mistress, and the happiness of those who are your truest friends, and give you a double portion of your own spirit to distinguish them.

I am, with the truest respect,

Yours, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

LADY CHETWYND TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Mary Berkeley, daughter and co-heir of John, Viscount Fitzharding, and wife of Walter, first Viscount Chetwynd. She had been maid of honour to Queen Anne: she died in June, 1741, above seventy years of age, and without issue.]

Ingestry, July 29, 1727.

MADAM,

ON my Lord Chetwynd's return from London, he acquainted me how kindly

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[4] Pope and Gay.

you had received the letter I troubled you with, and how graciously her majesty received the excuses he made, for my not paying my duty to her majesty in person.

I cannot help now expressing my sorrow for the news I hear, that my Lord Chetwynd is not continued to [1] serve his present majesty; as he had the honour to serve the late king, not from the benefit that accrued to him from that post, but because (he having been always zealous for the interest of the present royal family in this country (*Staffordshire*), where the general bent was another way, and he and his family having constantly been disturbed in all their measures for that cause only), I say because, they being laid aside now, the joy of the (*Tory*) party is shocking, to a degree inexpressible; and unless their majesties, by your kind intercession, shall show us some mark of their royal favour, to convince mankind here we are not in the utmost disgrace (which I hope we have not in the least degree deserved) we shall be obliged by necessity to find some other corner of the world to pass the remainder of our days in.

To show their spite, they have done all they

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[1] Lord Chetwynd was ranger of St. James's Park, and keeper of the Mall, offices which (say the polite peerages) "his lordship *resigned* in June, 1727."

could to oppose him in his election; but it was [2]impossible for any body to have such an interest there as my lord, so Mr. [3]Foley, that was set up by Lord Gower, has given it over. I wish his power was as good in all the country as in his corporation. My Lord Chetwynd has writ to [4]Sir Spencer Compton to the same purpose, and hopes his letter may be seen by his majesty. I beg pardon for this trouble, from

Yours, &c.

M. CHETWYND.

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[2] Lady Chetwynd's arguments are a little inconsistent; if her lord is able to carry his election with so high a hand, he need not seek out some other corner of the world to hide his disgrace.

[3] Probably Paul Foley, Esq. of Prestwood, in Staffordshire, a younger branch of Lord Foley's family.

[4] Another instance of the supposed influence of Sir Spencer. Swift alludes pleasantly, in one of his playful letters to Patty Blount, to the state of abandonment in which poor Sir Spencer was left, when it was seen he was not to be prime minister. "How will you pass this summer, for want of a squire to Ham Common or Walpole's lodge? for, as to Richmond-lodge and Marble-hill, they are *abandoned as much as Sir Spencer Compton.*"

DEAN SWIFT TO MRS. HOWARD.

Twickenham, Aug. 14, 1727.

MADAM,

I WISH I were a young lord and you were unmarried, I should make you the best husband in the world; for I am ten times deafer than ever you were in your life, and instead of a poor pain in the face, I have good substantial giddiness and head-ache. The best of it is, that although we might lay our heads together, you could tell me no secrets that might not be heard five rooms distant. These disorders of mine, if they hold as long as they used to do some years ago, will last as long as my licence of absence, which I shall not renew, and then the queen will have the misfortune not to see me, and I shall go back with the satisfaction never to have seen her since she was queen, but when I kissed her hands; and although she were a thousand queens, I will not lose my privilege of never seeing her but when she commands it.

I told my two[1] landlords here, that I would write you a love-letter, which I remember you commanded me to do last year; but I would

[1] Pope was one of these landlords, and Gay, probably, the other.

not show it to either of them. I am the greatest courtier and flatterer you have; because I try your good sense and taste more than all of them put together, which is the greatest compliment I could put upon you, and you have hitherto behaved yourself tolerably under it, and better than your mistress, if what a lady told me be true, that talking with the queen about me, her majesty said, I was an odd sort of [2]man. But I forgive her, for it is an odd thing in an honest man to speak freely to princes. I will say another thing in your praise—that goodness would become you better than any person I know, and for that very reason there is nobody I wish to be good so much as yourself.

I am ever,

With the truest respect and esteem, &c.

JONATH. SWIFT.

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[2] We shall see hereafter, that by Swift's own account of his interview with the queen, she was well justified in calling him an *odd man*.

MRS. BEDINGFIELD TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Mrs. Bedingfield was, as she informs us, an old maid, and probably allied to the Hobarts; for she appears, many years after this, to have accompanied Miss Hobart when she went to reside with her aunt, Lady Suffolk.]

Aug. 15, [[1] 1726.]

THE fifteenth of August must be a rejoicing day with all who are acquainted with Mr. [2] Ro's perfection—I wish myself this moment with him to pay my compliments to him upon his dear lips. Lady Eyres has been very good, and filled a large sheet of paper in commendations of Mrs. Howard, and in praise of the young courtier's beauty.

We staid four days at [3] Norwich—were at two assemblies; there was a prodigious crowd in the hall, the rooms, and the gallery. Sir John

[1] This letter is, perhaps, placed out of its chronological order—it seems to have been written in 1726.

[2] It does not appear who this Robert was; probably some young relation, for whom Mrs. Howard had obtained the place of page to some part of the royal family. Sir John Hobart had a son named Robert, but he was only born in 1726; the allusion cannot be to him.

[3] During the assizes, which in 1726 commenced the 8th of August.

Hobart[4] and Lady M. Coke[5] began the ball. Sir T. Coke[5] and Lady [4] Hobart, Mrs. Harbord[6], and Mr. [7] Kelsey made a party at quadrille, as did Sir J. [8] Woodhouse, Mr. [6] Harbord, Mrs. Baily, and Mrs. Ann Bedingfield, (two old maids, one a great fortune, the other so in imagination). The game being new, drew many spectators, which made it hot and disagreeable.

The next day, the company met at the Raffling Shop; from thence they went to the Play. The house was too small for the company, and the stage too full for the actors; but a trap-door opened, and four of the company fell in—one a particular tall man, who was high-sheriff last year, fell upon a pretty woman, and liked his

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[4] Sir John Hobart, K. B. Mrs. Howard's brother, fifth baronet, and first Earl of Buckinghamshire, and Judith Britiffe, his first lady.

[5] Sir Thomas Coke, K. B. afterwards Lord Lovell and Earl of Leicester, and Lady Margaret Tufton, his lady. She was daughter and heiress of the sixth Earl of Thanet. She was born in 1700, married in 1718, succeeded in 1734 to the barony of Clifford, and died without surviving issue in 1775.

[6] Probably Harbord Harbord, Esq. and his lady. He was member for Norfolk in 1728. He left an only daughter, from whom the Harbords, Lords Suffield, are descended.

[7] Perhaps William Kelsey, Esq. who died in 1736, and was a member of the Royal Academy of Berlin.

[8] Sir John Wodehouse, the fourth baronet; born in 1669, died in 1754.

situation so well that they could not get him out. This occasioned great mirth; the man received no hurt, but the woman was bruised.

Sir John supped at home every night, and we had always the honour of Sir Thomas's company. The red [9]ribbons and their ladies kept so much together that it occasioned speculations. Lady M. Coke's ill health would not permit her to keep our late hours, but we were inseparable in the day; the behaviour of the two ladies was very agreeable to each other; they deserved the applause of the city; there was no civility omitted by them: but how the representative of the county can answer not dancing with the high-sheriff's lady [1] and a pretty woman, the next election will show.

Our second assembly was much the same as the first. The ball was begun by Sir E. Bacon and Lady M. Cook. Sir John (Hobart) danced with Miss [2] Woodhouse; she is a fine young woman. I can't say much for her [3] brother; but

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[9] Sir J. Hobart and Sir T. Coke were both Knights of the Bath, on the revival of the order, in 1725.

[1] Richard Whittaker, junior, Esq. was high sheriff in 1725; Rice Wiggett, Esq. in 1726; Roger Pratt, Esq. in 1727.

[2] Sophia Wodehouse, only daughter of Sir John, by Mary Fermor, daughter of the first Lord Lempster, who died in 1729. She married Sir Charles Mordaunt, and died in 1738.

[3] Either William, who soon after married Lord Bathurst's

believe he'll speak for himself, or somebody for him, to Miss [4]Britiffe.—She says she does not like him; but she has not the sincerity that might be expected from a country education. When the grand jury was discharged, we returned to charming Blickling, and Mr. Kelsey with us.—He is so good in a family way, that we do every thing together that's agreeable: our happiness is too great to be lasting.

A few hints of a western journey[5] were given out yesterday at dinner, which was more stinging than a wasp that fixed on her ladyship's neck. Sir John would not let it be touched—it staid some minutes—all that time she suffered so much by fear that it has made bleeding necessary[6]. The operation is over, and she upon the bed; this will prevent our returning visits for some time. We are vastly in debt. You shall hear next post how we go on. You was under censure with Sir John. The letter that was wrote ac-

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daughter, and died without issue in 1733; or Armine, who married Sir E. Bacon's daughter, and was the fifth baronet.

4 Probably Miss Britiffe, daughter of Robert Britiffe, M. P. for the county, and sister of Lady Hobart. She afterwards married Sir W. Harbord, the first baronet.

5 Sir John Hobart had political connexions in the West, particularly at St. Ives, which he represented in two parliaments.

6 Lady Hobart was probably at this time now pregnant with her youngest son Robert, who died in 1733.

cording to promise came the same post with mine. I never was three weeks without writing, and sent word when the children were both ill with coughs. [7]Master's was the most violent, but Miss [8]Dolly's lasts the longest: his is quiet again, and hers is better.

You are very obliging to let us know what's doing in the great world; we are vastly impatient for news that the public papers cannot inform us of. I rejoice at Lady [9]Deloraine's happiness. I hope this fine weather has perfectly recovered you. If you have time to read, I hope you'll have time to write; for every word of yours is a vast pleasure and a real satisfaction—when you tell me stocks go on prosperously. I have hopes that fortune will turn the wheel in my favour when they do begin to draw the lottery. You may be glad the hour of dressing is come.

Your most obedient for ever,

A. B.

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[7] John, afterwards second Earl of Buckinghamshire, of whom more hereafter.

[8] Dorothy, who afterwards married Sir Charles Hotham, who took the name of Thompson: she lived till 1798.

[9] Mary Howard, aunt of the present (fifteenth) Earl of Suffolk, born in 1700, had been one of the Princess's maids of honour, and was now the second wife of Henry, first Earl of Deloraine. As she had a daughter in February, 1727, the happiness here congratulated was probably the prospect of that event. This would appear a peculiar happiness to Lady

MRS. HOWARD TO DEAN SWIFT.

[Richmond] 16th Aug. 1727.

I DID desire you to write me a love-letter; but I never did desire you to talk of marrying me. I would rather you and I were dumb, as well as deaf, for ever, than that should happen. I would take your giddiness, your headache, or any other complaint you have, to resemble you in one circumstance of life: so that I insist upon your thinking yourself a very happy man, at least whenever you make a comparison between yourself and me. I likewise insist upon your taking no resolution to leave [1] England till I see you, which must be *here*, for the most disagreeable reason in the world,

Deloraine; for her husband (son of the Duke of Monmouth) was old enough to be her father. Lady Deloraine is supposed to have been the *Delia* against whom Pope has immortalized an accusation of poison.

" Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage."

The person supposed to have been poisoned was a Miss Mackenzie. The grounds of this strange suspicion have not survived. Lady Deloraine remarried W. Windham, Esq. of Carsham, and died in Oct. 1744.

[1] This phrase, it will be seen hereafter, was the foundation of Swift's complaint against Mrs. Howard.

and the most [2]shocking: I dare not go to you. Believe nobody that talks to you of the Queen, without you are sure the person likes both the Queen and you. I have been a slave twenty years, without ever receiving a reason for any one thing I ever was obliged to do: and I have now a mind to take the pleasure, once in my life, of absolute power; which I expect you to give me, in obeying all my orders, without one question why I have given them.

DEAN SWIFT TO MRS. HOWARD.

Twickenham, 17th Aug. 1727.

MADAM,

I WILL send three words in answer to your letter, although I am like a great minister in a tottering condition. I chiefly valued myself upon my bad head and deaf ears. If those be no charms for you, I must give over. I am sure I should love a cat the better for being deaf, and much more a Christian. But since my best qualities will not move you, I am so desperate that I am resolved to get rid of them

[2] She means that she was afraid to go abroad, as Mr. Howard threatened to carry her off *by force*.

as soon as possible; and accordingly am putting myself into the apothecary's books, and swallowing the poisons he sends me by the doctor's orders.

As great an enemy as I am to arbitrary power, I will obey your command with the utmost zeal and blindness, and when I can walk without staggering, and hear a musket let off, I will have the honour of attending you; being, with the truest respect,

Madam, &c.

JONATH. SWIFT.

MRS. HOWARD TO DEAN SWIFT.

18th Aug. 1727.

I WRITE to you to please myself. I hear you are melancholy, because you have a bad head and deaf ears. These are two misfortunes I have laboured under these many years, and yet was never peevish with myself or the world. Have I more philosophy and resolution than you? or am I so stupid that I do not feel the evil? Is this meant in a good-natured view? or do I mean, that I please myself, when I insult over you? Answer these queries in writing, if poison, or other methods, do not enable you soon to appear in person. Though I make use of your own word *poison*, give me leave to tell

you it is nonsense; and I desire you will take more care for the time to come how you endeavour to impose upon my understanding, by making no use of your own.

DEAN SWIFT TO MRS. HOWARD.

Twickenham, Aug. 19, 1727.

MADAM,

About two hours before you were [1]born, I got my giddiness, by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time at Richmond; and when you were four years and a quarter old bating two days, having made a fine seat, about twenty miles further in Surrey, where I used to read and sleep, there I got my deafness; and these two friends have visited me, one or other, every year since, and, being old acquaintance, have now thought fit to come together. So much for the calamities wherein I have the honour to resemble you: and you see your sufferings are but children in comparison of mine; and yet, to show my philosophy, I have been as cheerful as Scarron.

You boast that your disorders never made

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[1] Swift himself was born November 30, 1667, and was about twenty years older than Mrs. Howard.

you peevish.—Where is the virtue? when all the world was peevish on your account, and so took the office out of your hands: whereas I bore the whole load myself, nobody caring three-pence what I suffered, or whether I was hanged or at ease. I tell you my philosophy is twelve times greater than yours; for I can call witnesses that I bear half your pains besides all my own, which are in themselves ten times greater.

Thus I have most fully answered your queries. I wish the *poison* were in my stomach (which may be very probable, considering the many drugs I take) if I remember to have mentioned that word in my letter; but ladies, who have poison in their eyes, may be apt to mistake in reading. Oh! I have found it out; the word [2]*person*, I suppose, was written like *poison*. Ask all the friends I write to, and they will attest this mistake to be but as a trifle in my way of writing, and could easily prove it, if they had any of my letters to them. I make nothing of mistaking *untoward* for *Howard*—*well pull* for [3] *Walpole*—

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[2] The word *person* does not occur in the preceding letter, and *poison* does; but Swift, in his giddiness, had either forgotten what he had written, or (as is more probable) had a mind to introduce the satirical points which follow.

[3] Sir Robert and the Dean were now quite broken.

slily for [4]*Ilay*—knights of a *share* for knights of a [5]*shire*—*monster* for *minister*. In writing [6]*speaker*, I put an *n* for a *p*, and a hundred such blunders, which cannot be helped while I have a hundred oceans roaring in my ears, into which no sense hath been poured this fortnight; and therefore, if I write nonsense, I can assure you it is genuine and not borrowed.

Thus, I write by your commands, and besides I am bound in duty to be the last writer; but deaf or giddy, hearing or steady, I shall ever be, with the truest respect,

Madam, &c.

JONATH. SWIFT.

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[4] Archibald, Earl of Ilay, a *sly* Scotchman; Sir Robert's confident for Scottish affairs.

[5] Alluding either to the shares of South Sea stock, which so many members of parliament had dabbled in; or to such shares of the royal bounty as we have seen given to the member for the county of Bedford.

[6] Sir Spencer Compton, whose imbecility had occasioned Walpole's continuance in power; an event which both Swift deplored and which Mrs. Howard probably regretted—the *speaker* therefore is a *sneaker*.

THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Pp. 50, 74, 190.]

Ickworth, August the 19th [1727.]

I AM very sorry to hear (dear madam) how much you suffer still in your health, which I hope will not be the worse for the satisfaction you gave me in writing me word I was not forgot where I wish so much to be remembered. I can, with great truth, say it is the only pleasure I have tasted since I saw you; for our house continues in the same melancholy way it did; for every post brings us word my poor [1] daughter cannot hold out to another—so that we languish daily with her.

I would not have been so impertinent to have troubled you with a repetition of this kind, if I had not entered upon it before I was aware; for I proposed only to have given you an account of our great victory at [2] Bury, for I remember the king used sometimes to like to hear how such sort of affairs went; and I flatter myself this will be pleasing to him, since their

[1] Her eldest daughter, Lady Elizabeth Mansell, who died Dec. 23, 1727, after a lingering illness.

[2] The borough of Bury St. Edmund's, in which the Lords Bristol had, and have, a strong political interest.

majesties may be very well assured whatever interest we gain will always be laid out for their service. Thursday was the day of election for a new alderman, which we got to our mind after a great struggle, it being of vast service towards filling up the body in my lord's interest.

Yesterday was the election for members of parliament, where [3] Lord Hervey and Col. Norton were chose. Sir Jermyn Davers had but nine votes, and my son had every one; and [4] Tom might have had the same if my lord had pleased, or I may rather say could have done it with honour, which he thought impossible, after he had promised Mr. Norton not to oppose him, though they came in a body to our house to offer to choose both my sons, and pressed it even the day of the election. The Jacobin (*Jacobite*) party raised a mob upon Sir Jermyn's disappointment, which had like to have done mischief. The worst that happened was to Mr. Holt, I suppose for fear he should turn him (*Sir Jermyn*) out of the county, as my lord had out of the town; yet he and all that belongs to him passed unmolested, and even they were contented to join "a Hervey and a Davers for ever;" but I hope that is never likely to happen again. I

[3] Her son John.

[4] Her second son. He afterwards represented this borough in three parliaments.

hope, when you have an opportunity of relating this, you will add my humble duty to both their majesties; and believe me,

Dear madam, &c.

E. B.

LADY LANSDOWNE TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 70.]

Paris, 20th Aug. [1727.]

MADAM,

I AM afraid that you are not well, for I have written you two letters, and I have not had the honour of one word from you; which I am surprised at, for you used to be more obliging to your friends, and I flatter myself that I am one of those.

I have sent you a [1] little young lady dressed in the court dress, which I desire you would show to the queen, and when she has done with it, let Mrs. [2] Tempest have it. She was dressed by the person that dresses all the princesses here.

[1] A doll dressed as a pattern of the fashion.

[2] A celebrated milliner—her portrait is still to be seen in the painted staircase at Kensington Palace. There is a tradition, that while Kent was painting this staircase, he saw Mrs. Tempest, and was so struck with her appearance, as to beg her to sit for her picture .

What do you dull English say to our French king[3], *qui a fait un coup de maître: ah! Dieu! deux filles pour la premiere fois!* I hope that Lord[4] Weymouth will not play my lady the same *tour;* we have a great deal of pretty wit here about it, and I wish that some of you grave ladies had the pleasure to be here to partake of it.

I am going to sup with the Prince d'Auvergne and two or three abbés; and if they have any thing to say upon that head that I think worth your knowing, I will be sure to inform you. I have written to the Duke of Dorset, to know if he could return me what I wrote to you about in my last letter. I hope that you will be so good as to let me hear from you. [5] Mr. Walpole is extremely civil to us.

Pray, believe me with great truth, &c.

M. LANSDOWNE.

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[3] On the 14th of August, 1727, Maria Leesinska, queen of Louis XV., was brought to bed of twin daughters. The one was afterwards married to Don Philip, infant of Spain; the other died unmarried in 1752.

[4] Her son by a former marriage, Thomas Thynne, second Viscount Weymouth. He was married, on the 6th of Dec. 1726, to Lady Ellen Saville, daughter of Lionel, Duke of Dorset; but, as he was but fifteen years old, he was sent abroad; and he died in 1729, at the age of eighteen, before his marriage was consummated. The king of France was but little older than Lord Weymouth.

[5] Horace Walpole, senior, afterwards Lord Walpole of Wolterton, was at this period ambassador at Paris.

Lord Lansdowne desires that you will give him leave to make you his compliments.

DEAN SWIFT TO MRS. HOWARD.

London, Sept. 18, [1727.]

MADAM,

THIS cruel disorder of deafness, attended with a continual giddiness, still pursues me; and I have determined, since I have a home in Dublin not inconvenient, to return thither before my health and the weather grow worse. It is one comfort, that I shall rid you of a worthless companion, though not an importunate one. I am infinitely obliged to you for all your civilities, and shall preserve a remembrance of them as long as I have any memory left.

I hope you will favour me so far as to present my most humble duty to the queen, and to tell her majesty my sorrow that my disorder was of such a nature as to make me incapable of attending her, as she was pleased to permit me [1].

[1] It is surprising that, with such a passage as this extant, Walpole and others should have asserted that Swift left England *cursing Queen Caroline.* In truth, his own illness, and

I shall pass the remainder of my life with the utmost gratitude for her majesty's favours. I pray God restore your health, and preserve it, and remove all afflictions from you.

I shall be ever with the truest respect, &c.

JONATH. SWIFT.

ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ. TO MRS. HOWARD.

[The neighbourhood of Marble-hill and Twickenham, which cemented the intimacy of Pope and Mrs. Howard, is probably the reason why there passed so few letters between them: very few at least have been found. This is the less to be regretted, if he wrote habitually in so affected a style as the following.]

Friday, [Oct. 1727.]

MADAM,

YOUR letter unfeignedly gives me great disquiet. I do not only *say* that I have a true concern for you: indeed, I *feel* it many times, very many, when I say it not. I wish to God any method were soon taken to put you out of this uneasy, tormenting situation [1]. You,

the afflicting accounts he received from Ireland of Stella's health, were the true causes of his departure.

[1] Pope alludes to the violent and indelicate proceedings of Mr. Howard.

that I know feel even to delicacy upon trifling occasions, must (I am sensible) do it to a deep degree, upon one so near and so tender to you. And yet, as to the last thing that troubles you, (the odd usage of Mr. H. [*oward*] to his son) I would fain hope some good may be derived from it. It may turn him to a reflection, that possibly his mother may be yet worse used than himself; and make him think of some means to comfort himself in comforting her. If any reasonable creature (any creature more reasonable than his horses or his hounds, or his country gentlemen) were but about him, sure some good might arise from it.

It is a trouble to me not to be able to see and talk to you while you stay at Kensington. I will not fail to wait on you at London the next week; and yet God knows, when I reflect how little use or good I can be to you, but merely in wishes, it is a sort of vexation to me to come near you.

As for Mrs. [2] Blount, I verily believe she thinks you would take little satisfaction, much less comfort, in seeing her; I am otherwise very confident she would have been with you (though I also remember she has talked of getting to see you by any method she could modestly propose

[2] See page 233.

for a week past.) In earnest, she is so much your sincere servant, to my certain knowledge, that she would prefer it to all she can do here.

I should not have put any more troublesome things into your mind than you already have, and therefore wish I had not mentioned Mrs. V.'s[3] paper, which (after all) she has since sent to me: it amounts to about 23*l.* more than I believe you have any cause to pay. This is the matter so important. But sure it is a family fault; and the widow, like a good woman, is very solicitous to perform the *will of the dead*, which was, to impose upon you every way.

The dean[4] surely thinks me much more his friend than you are, since he has not told his melancholy to me, as he has to you; which (considering his longer knowledge of me) he

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[3] Probably Vernon; the widow, I suspect, of Vernon, the Jacobite silk-mercer, from whom Mrs. H. bought Marble-hill. Old Vernon left Murray (Lord Mansfield) a considerable legacy, which was five-and-twenty years afterwards the groundwork of the charge of Jacobitism made against Murray by Lord Ravenscroft, the recollection of which has been lately revived by Walpole's Memoirs.

[4] Dean Swift. He had not told her of his melancholy, which, as it was caused by the danger of Stella, was a secret which he would not reveal; but Mrs. Howard, as we have seen, inferred from the tone of his letters that he was melancholy.

might have judged would affect me with more uneasiness, and therefore suppressed.

I am truly afflicted about him. I really feel for my friends[5]. What does Gay do? or what will be done for him[6]? I am very sincerely

Your well-wisher, &c.

A. Pope.

Pray let me have some authority to tell your maid at Marble-hill that you will continue her, because I promised her to intercede with you (as you remember by your own order.)

LORD BATHURST TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 178.]

Richkings, Oct. 24, [1727.]

MADAM,

It must certainly be very disagreeable to any man to be obliged to trouble

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[5] Without going so far as Mr. Bowles, in his censure of Pope's *cant* about feelings and friendship, it must be confessed, that such phrases as this, awkwardly and unnecessarily introduced, seem to justify in some degree his suspicions of the writer's sincerity.

[6] Gay's friends expected that on the accession something was *to be done* for him by Mrs. Howard; and as they did not choose to like what was offered to be done, Mrs. Howard was blamed in verse and prose, in society and even in history—it now appears very undeservedly.

those for whom he has great regard with any thing relating to himself; but it is still more disagreeable to be under their censure. I find the Gloucester election has made so much noise, and so many stories have been raised upon it, that I have reason to fear my conduct may be blamed, which I will venture to assure you cannot justly be done in any one particular from the beginning to the end of the affair.

As soon as I saw what [1] turn was taken at court, I thought it would not become me to intermeddle much in elections one way or other; only as I must nominate somebody at Cirencester (for my family having carried that for above thirty years past, I was not to lay it down), and as whoever came in there would be said to be my member, and that I should in some measure be answerable for him, I had an inclination to bring in my second [2] brother rather than my [3] third; for as he had not been in parliament all the late reign, he was quite free from party zeal.

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[1] He alludes to the unexpected continuance of Sir Robert Walpole in power.

[2] Peter Bathurst had been member for Wells in 1710; but was not again in parliament till this occasion, when he sat for Cirencester.

[3] Benjamin Bathurst had sat in the three last parliaments for Cirencester, and was now a candidate for Gloucester.

However I was very unwilling to disoblige the other, who had gone with me to court, and given me assurances that he would be in the king's interest upon all occasions.

Whilst we were looking out for another place, Mr. [4] Howe proposed to my youngest brother to stand in his place at Gloucester. He assured him that Mr. [5] Moreton and Major [6] Selwyn would make nothing of it there; I did not then know that Col. [7] Selwyn had been labouring to establish an interest in that place for some years together. If I had been earlier informed of that, I should have dissuaded my brother from going thither, because I could easily have foreseen that the affair would be attended with more trouble and expense than it was worth; but being quite ignorant of that, I left it to themselves; I would not advise one way or other, and they settled it without any interposition. My brother Peter was to stand at Cirencester, and my brother Ben went to Gloucester.

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[4] John Howe, Esq. of Stowell, a friend of Pope's and Lord Bathurst's; who sat for Gloucester in the latter part of the dissolved parliament.

[5] Mathew Ducie Moreton, second Lord Ducie of the first creation. He was defeated at Gloucester, and sat in this parliament for Tregony.

[6] Charles Selwyn.

[7] Col. John Selwyn, equerry to the queen.

I came back to London, saw Col. Selwyn, and told him that I had nothing to do in the matter, but that I should be glad to prevent an opposition between our two families, if it lay in my power. I saw Mrs. Selwyn afterwards, and found her too [a] warm to talk with; for she told me plainly there should be no composition, they would have both or none. After this I resolved to leave things to take their own course; and when I saw that the weight of the ministry would be thrown in for Mr. Selwyn and Mr. Moreton, I resolved not to engage in the matter. My brother pressed me extremely, as soon as I came into the country, to go down to Gloucester, only to show that I was not against him, for it had been very industriously reported there that I was. I put it off, excused myself that I could not leave my wife and daughter alone without servants in my little house in the Wood, where we then were. You know, madam, what made me alter my resolution—the provocation I had from Mr. Moreton and Major Selwyn, in bringing two strangers into the town (*of Cirencester*), only to make a disturbance, without the least probability of success; infusing

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[a] Mary Farringdon, wife of Col. Selwyn, mother of the well-known George Selwyn, and bedchamber-woman to the queen. Horace Walpole tells us that she was a woman of great wit and vivacity.

a notion into the people there that I was ill at court, that they could protect the town from being oppressed with soldiers, but that I could never serve them in that nor any thing else. A little fellow, who had been my wood-ward some time ago, but, because I had turned him off, had a mind to oppose me, told me himself he was well assured that there would be money issued out of the Treasury to support an interest against me.

These provocations, and a thousand more that I will not trouble you with, obliged me to enter into the opposition at Gloucester: I found those people extremely pleased that I would put myself at their head. It is a very considerable city, and all the substantial inhabitants are of our [9] side; the corporation is in the hands of a set of mean, corrupt, insignificant fellows, but their power is pretty considerable, upon account of certain charities which they have the disposal of. Their management of them is as much contrary to law as justice, which in time will appear. I came to Gloucester one night, and went out again the next; and during the time I was there took all occasions to encourage their zeal to the king and crown, and gave such an account of them, as I think they deserve,

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[9] That is the *Tory* side.

which was received with great satisfaction by those people who knew that I was not influenced to make any unjust encomiums, by a particular attachment to the court, but spoke the sense of my heart, and according to the duty of a faithful subject. I left them, and from that time to this intermeddled no farther in their affairs. I was satisfied that I had sufficiently repaid their compliment to me at Cirencester.

I do not know of any unjustifiable measures that were taken by my brother or Mr. [1] Chester afterwards. They had all the hardships put upon them that was possible; and, according to the best information I can receive, behaved themselves with great prudence and moderation. The common people were so exasperated at the ill usage they received, that if my brother and Mr. Chester had not taken great pains to prevent it, there would have been much mischief done. But had any thing wrong been done, it could not possibly be laid to my charge, because after I came away, I never heard any thing of them, till they sent me up an account of the poll.

The whole design of this tedious account is to set myself right in your opinion, and I hope from your love of justice you will not suffer me

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[1] Thomas Chester, Esq. who stood at Gloucester on the same interest as Mr. Bathurst.

to be misrepresented. I am very indifferent whatever the [2] event may be of either of these elections; but it is a little unfortunate for me to be drawn into such kind of contests, which give me a great deal of uneasiness, and yet I am not capable of receiving the least pleasure from a victory. Whenever the king shall think it for his service to command me to try my interest in the country, I shall be ready to do it; till then it is my determination to be quiet. In the mean time, surely it cannot be for the king's interest, that one who has endeavoured to distinguish himself in his zeal for his service should be distinguished by particular oppressions. Long before I had the honour to pay my duty at Richmond, I appeal to the Duke of Dorset whether I did not get a proxy from the then Lord St. [3] John of Bletso, (which nobody else could) on purpose to serve the prince in an affair in the House of Lords: if Lord [4] Cowper were living, he could say a great deal more of

[2] The event was, that at Cirencester Lord Bathurst's friends were returned, and that at Gloucester there was a double return, which was afterwards arranged so that one of each party, viz. Major Selwyn and Mr. Bathurst, sat for that city.

[3] Either William, ninth Lord St. John, who died in 1720; or his brother Rowland, tenth lord, who died in 1722.

[4] Lord Chancellor Cowper took part with the prince against George I. and on that account resigned.

me as to these matters. I claim no merit from any thing I have yet done; but I solemnly protest I think it in some degree an injury to the king that any person (however inconsiderable) *should suffer for his attachment to him*[5]. I can explain these words and prove them plainly to you whenever you please. But I have already been too long; and therefore to show that I am sensible of my error, will conclude as abruptly as sincerely, that I am,

Madam, yours, &c.

BATHURST.

MRS. HOWARD TO MR. GAY.

[Oct. 1727.]

I HEAR you expect, and have a mind to have a letter from me; and though I have little to say, I find I don't care that you should be either disappointed or displeased. Tell her [1] grace I don't think she looked kindly upon

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[5] If Lord Bathurst had given the king the cause of offence hinted at by Lady M. W. Montagu, he would hardly have chosen Mrs. Howard as his intercessor with his majesty, and in such terms as these.

[1] Catherine, Duchess of Queensberry, of whom more hereafter.

me when I saw her last: she ought to have looked and thought very kindly, for I am much more her humble servant than those who tell her so every day. Don't let her cheat you in the pencils; she designs to give you nothing but her old ones: I suppose she always uses those worst who love her best, Mrs. Herbert excepted; but I hear she has done handsomely by her. I cannot help doing the woman this justice, that she can now and then distinguish merit.

So much for her grace: now for yourself, John. I desire you will mind the main chance, and be in town time enough to let the [2] opera have play enough for its life, and for your pockets. Your head is your best friend; it would clothe, lodge, and wash you; but you neglect it, and follow that false friend, your

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[2] Probably the Beggars' Opera, first played in November, 1727; but whether Mrs. Howard alludes to the Beggars' Opera, or its continuation, Polly, intended to be played in 1728, this passage equally disproves the assertion contained in all the biographies of Gay, that it was on the suppression of Polly that the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry took him into their family. The conduct, too, usually attributed to these noble persons, of taking Gay's part so decidedly, only at the moment he had fallen under the royal displeasure, is much less natural and decent than what we now see was the truth, that they resented an injustice done to a person in whom they were openly and affectionately interested.

heart, which is such a foolish tender thing, that it makes others despise your head that have not half so good a one upon their own shoulders: in short, John, you may be a snail, or a silk-worm, but by my consent you shall never be a [3] *hare* again.

We go to town next week: try your interest, and bring the duchess up by the birth-day. I did not think to have named her any more in this letter; I find I am a little foolish about her: don't you be a great deal so; for if *she* will not come, do you come without her.

DR. EDWARD YOUNG TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Edward Young, the celebrated author of the "Night Thoughts," and those witty satires entitled "The Love of Fame;" the noble sentiments of which are a little at variance with the interested wishes expressed in this letter. He had, it seems, very soon forgotten that remarkable line in the first of these satires,

"Courts can give nothing to the wise and good;"

and, before the reader proceeds to the following deplorable specimen of solicitation, he may be amused at reading the poetical prayers of the author:

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[3] An allusion to his celebrated fable of "The Hare with many Friends."

"Give me, indulgent gods, with mind serene
And guiltless heart, to range the *sylvan* scene;
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, nor servile grandeur—*there*—
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,
The sense is ravish'd, and the soul is blest.
On every *thorn* delightful wisdom grows," &c.

Young disgraced his talents, and lowered his reputation, by the mean flattery with which he stuffed his dedications to great men; and Swift, with his usual acuteness, has touched this foible of his character:

"And Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension."

Young was born in 1681. It was not till 1728, (when he was, say his biographers, near fifty) that he took orders, and was made chaplain to the king.

It is not easy to affix the proper date to this letter. Its whole tenour looks as if it were written soon after the accession; yet he says he has been seven years in the king's service, and he did not become a king's chaplain till April, 1728. He says he is turned of fifty, which, if his biographers are correct in placing his birth in 1681, would give this letter the date of 1731; but as Lord Townshend had left court in May, 1730, this supposition cannot be correct. The allusion to preferment *may* not mean clerical preferment; and, on the contrary, his enumeration of qualifications seems rather to refer to civil employment; and, on the whole, I know not whether to place it in 1727, or in some subsequent year prior to 1730.]

Monday morning.

MADAM,

I KNOW his majesty's goodness to his servants, and his love of justice, in general,

so well, that I am confident, if his majesty knew my case, I should not have any cause to despair of his gracious favour to me.

Abilities,
Good Manners,
Service,
Age,
Want,
Sufferings, and Zeal, } for his majesty.

These, madam, are the proper points of consideration in the person that humbly hopes his majesty's favour.

As to *Abilities*, all I can presume to say is, I have done the best I could to improve them.

As to *Good manners*, I desire no favour, if any just objection lies against them.

As for *Service*, I have been near seven years in his majesty's, and never omitted any duty in it, which few can say.

As for *Age*, I am turned of fifty.

As for *Want*, I have no manner of preferment.

As for *Sufferings*, I have lost [1]300*l.* per ann.

[1] I suppose this must allude to his having lost a living, to which his college would have presented him, if he had not taken up the line of politics, and, at the Duke of Wharton's suggestion, stood a contest at Cirencester; but the duke had already compensated him for this loss.

by being in his majesty's service, as I have shown in a *Representation*, which his majesty has been so good to read and consider.

As for *Zeal*, I have written nothing, without showing my duty to their majesties, and some pieces are dedicated to [2] them.

This, madam, is the short and true state of my case. They that make their court to the ministers, and not their majesties, succeed better. If my case deserves some consideration, and you can serve me in it, I humbly hope and believe you will: I shall therefore trouble you no farther, but beg leave to subscribe myself, with truest respect and gratitude,

Yours, &c.

EDWARD YOUNG.

P. S. I have some hope that my [3] Lord Townshend is my friend; if, therefore, soon, and before he leaves the court, you had any opportunity of mentioning me with that favour you have been so good to show, I think it would not fail of success; and if not, I shall owe you more than any.

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[2] This, alas, was but too true!

[3] Lord Townshend resigned the seals 15th May, *1730*; but his rupture with Walpole was public some years earlier.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO MRS. HOWARD.

Hague, May 18, N. S. [1728.]

MADAM,

Among the many privileges [1] I enjoy here, I exercise none with so much pleasure as I do that which you granted me of writing to you, in order to put you sometimes in mind of a very humble servant, too insignificant to be remembered by any thing but his importunity.

Could I imagine that you had the goodness to interest yourself in the least in what concerns me here, I could yet give you but a very indifferent account of myself hitherto, the little time I have passed here having been wholly employed in ceremonies as disagreeable to receive as to relate; the only satisfaction that I have yet had has been to find, that the people here, being convinced that I am determined to please them as much as I am able, are equally resolved in return to please me as much as possible, and I cannot express the civilities I have met with from all sorts of people. Notwithstanding which, as far as I can judge, neither my acquaintances nor my pleasures here will

[1] He was now ambassador at the Hague, where he had arrived on the 5th of the month in which he wrote this letter.

make me forget, or even hinder me from regretting those I left at London. My great comfort is, that I have all the reason in the world to believe that my stay here will be highly beneficial both to my body and my soul; here being few temptations, and still fewer opportunities to sin, as you will find by the short but true account I will give you of myself.

My morning is entirely taken up in doing the king's business very ill, and my own still worse; this lasts till I sit down to dinner with fourteen or fifteen people, where the conversation is cheerful enough, being animated by the patronazza, and other loyal healths. The evening, which begins at five o'clock, is wholly sacred to pleasures; as, for instance, the Forault[2] till six; then either a very bad French play, or a reprize at quadrille with three ladies, the youngest upwards of fifty, at which, with a very ill run, one may lose, besides one's time, three florins; this lasts till ten o'clock, at which time I come home, reflecting with satisfaction on the innocent amusements of a well spent day, that leave no sting behind them, and go to bed at eleven, with the testimony of a good conscience. In

[2] The Voorhout, which Lord Chesterfield spells as a Frenchman would, was a public walk, planted and laid out by Charles V.

this serenity of mind I pity you who are forced to endure the tumultuous pleasures of London. I considered you particularly last [3] Tuesday, suffering the heat and disorders of the masquerade, supported by the [4] Duchess of Richmond of one side, and [5] Miss Fitzwilliam of the other, all three weary and wanting to be gone; upon which I own I pitied you so much that I wished myself there, only to help you out of the crowd.

After all this, to speak seriously, I am very far from disliking this place: I have business enough one part of the day to make me relish the amusements of the other part, and even to make them seem pleasures; and if any thing can comfort one for the absence of those one loves or esteems, it is meeting with the good will of those one is obliged to be with, which very fortunately, though undeservedly, is my case. There is, besides, one pleasure that I may have here, and that I own I am sanguine enough

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[3] About this period the noted Heydegger brought masquerades into such vogue, that on the 19th May, 1729, the grand jury presented Heydegger and his masquerades as *nuisances*.

[4] Sarah, daughter and co-heir of William, first Earl of Cadogan, one of the ladies of the queen's bedchamber, married in 1719, died in 1751.

[5] Mary, daughter of Richard, Viscount Fitzwilliam, one of the maids of honour, married, in 1733, to Henry 9th Earl of Pembroke; who appears, in the greater part of this correspondence, as Lord Herbert.

to expect, which will make me amends for the want of many others, which is, if you will have the goodness to let me know sometimes that you are well, and that you have not quite forgot that perfect esteem and respect with which I am,

Yours, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

DR. ARBUTHNOT TO MRS. HOWARD.

[The intimacy of Mrs. Howard with Pope and Gay led to her acquaintance with Arbuthnot, one of the ablest and the best men of his age. He died in Feb. 1735.

Walpole tells us that Mrs. Howard sometimes had to endure mortifications from the queen, to which the comparatively humble station of bedchamber-woman exposed her. There seems no reason to think so ill of Queen Caroline's general temper and disposition towards Mrs. Howard; but it is probable that on some occasion of difference between her and the lady of the bedchamber, as to their respective duties, Mrs. Howard may have desired Arbuthnot to inquire, as to certain points of etiquette, from Lady Masham, who had been bedchamber-woman to Queen Anne. To these inquiries the following is the answer.

Buonaparte, when he was about to create his imperial court, obtained similar information from Madame Campan, who had been bedchamber-woman to Marie Antoinette. The etiquettes of the courts of France and England appear to have been much the same.]

London, May 39 [1728].

MADAM,

In obedience to your commands I write this to inform you of some things you desired me to ask Lady [1] Masham, and what follows is dictated by her ladyship.

The bedchamber-*woman* came in to waiting before the queen's prayers, which was before her majesty was dressed. The queen often shifted in a morning: if her majesty shifted at noon, the bedchamber-*lady* being by, the bedchamber-*woman* gave the shift to the lady without any ceremony, and the *lady* put it on. Sometimes, likewise, the bedchamber-woman gave the fan to the *lady* in the same manner; and this was all that the bedchamber-*lady* did about the queen at her dressing.

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[1] Abigail Hill, wife of Mr. Masham, afterwards one of Queen Anne's twelve peers. Mrs. Masham was a distant relation of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and by her was placed about her Majesty's person as bedchamber-woman. When that imperious favourite had alienated the heart of her timid mistress, Mrs. Masham succeeded to a more decent and more moderate influence; and by her means the Tory administration of 1710 was formed. On the dissensions which arose in that ministry, she sided with Bolingbroke against her original friend, Lord Oxford, and contributed to his defeat. The course of this change is more honourable to Oxford than to the lady, as her resentment was occasioned by the treasurer's honestly refusing her a share of some public money, which was supposed to be at the queen's disposal.

When the queen washed her hands, the page of the back-stairs brought and set down upon a side-table the basin and ewer; then the bedchamber woman set it before the queen, and knelt on the other side of the table over-against the queen, the bedchamber-lady only looking on. The bedchamber-woman poured the water out of the ewer upon the queen's hands.

The bedchamber-woman pulled on the queen's gloves, when she could not do it herself.

The page of the back-stairs was called in to put on the queen's shoes.

When the queen dined in public, the page reached the glass to the bedchamber-woman, and she to the lady in waiting.

The bedchamber-woman brought the chocolate, and gave it without kneeling.

In general the bedchamber-woman had no dependence on the lady of the bedchamber.

If you have the curiosity to be informed of any thing else, you shall have what information Lady Masham can give you; for I must tell you from myself that you have quite charmed her.

Sir Mathew [3] Decker has just now told me a

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[3] Sir M. Decker, Bart., a great merchant. He was a man of piety and extensive benevolence, and once received a very strange compliment on that score. Lord Wm. Paulet, second

piece of very bad news, that Lord Chesterfield is dangerously ill of a fever. They have sent for [4] Boerhaave for his Lordship.

I hope this will find you in good health, which none more sincerely wisheth than myself, who am, with the greatest respect,

Yours, &c.

Jo. Arbuthnot.

A house was burnt down in Old Bond-street last night, and about five people burnt alive in it.

DR. ARBUTHNOT TO MRS. HOWARD.

Tunbridge Wells, July 4, 1728.

MADAM,

After I had the honour to see you on the 11th June last at St. James's, I fell into

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son of the first Duke of Bolton, was so extremely ignorant as to ask who wrote St. Matthew's Gospel: some wag replied, Sir Mathew Decker. Lord William, who had heard Sir Mathew's character for charity and piety, believed it, and being himself a pious person, left Sir Mathew a legacy in consideration of the excellent work of his Gospel. This is another of Walpole's stories, and would require confirmation.

[4] The great physician, whose ordinary residence was Leyden.

a violent fever, which held me about a week, and brought me into some danger, and an extreme languishing condition. I was obliged to come to this place, as the last resource, for recovery of my health. The first week I went on prosperously, but was seized (notwithstanding my having taken the usual precaution) a second time, and confined to my room for near a week. I begin now, like a man come out of a storm, to recollect myself, and inquire about my friends; and there is none of them I am more concerned for than yourself. I remember you told me at St. James's that you were at that time very ill: the weather has been so variable ever since (just like the diseases with a hot and cold fit) that I am afraid you are not much recovered. I remember, likewise, I promised you at that time a box of pills, to take two or three at going to bed. I was not unmindful that the person who used to make them had none made by him, but a dose of hiera picra is the same thing; that, riding and bathing, are what I think you ought to continue, as far as I can guess at your present condition.

Her [1] royal highness goes on prosperously with

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[1] Probably Princess Anne, eldest daughter of George II., married in 1734 to the Prince of Orange. She was the grandmother of the present King of the Netherlands.

the water. I think she is the strongest person in this place, if walking every day, modestly speaking, as far as would carry her to Seven Oaks, be a sign of bodily strength. Her highness charms every body by her affable and courteous behaviour, of which I am not only a witness, but have the honour to be a partaker. I tell her highness she does more good than the waters: for she keeps some ladies in exercise and breath that want it. I have a very great respect for her, and I am only sorry there is no prince in Christendom at present that deserves her.

There are no news here but what are incident to places of this kind. We have had vast storms of thunder: a poor schoolboy was killed with the lightning on Wednesday last, as he was going home to Mount Ephraim; we had him opened; his hat was all torn to pieces, but his head not touched, nor his hair, except a very small quantity of it singed; his body had a settlement of blood, as by a bruise almost all over: the immediate cause of his death was the stagnation of blood in the lungs, one lobe being almost livid. If I may be allowed to reason on these appearances, the sudden rarefaction of the air caused the stagnation of blood in the lungs by the want of respiration. The settlement of blood upon his body was occasioned by the repercussion of the air, giving as it were a blow,

by returning to restore the equilibrium, just as the windows of neighbouring houses are broken by the blast of a powder-mill; the windows are all bent outward: it is the air within the house which returns to repair the vacuum that produces that effect. I would not philosophise to every lady, madam. By any opportunity be so obliging as to send me word by message, or any other way, how you do; and to honour me with your commands, which will be a great obligation put upon me, who am,

Yours, &c.

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

MRS. HOWARD TO MR. GAY.

Richmond Lodge, June 15, [1728.]

I AM very much obliged to you for both your letters; and though I have not written to you before now, you must not think that I want a true sense of your concern for me: but between the hurry of [1]removing, and my old complaint, I have not been able to thank you sooner.

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[1] On the 3d of June the royal family removed from Saint James's to Richmond.

I am sorry the Bath is not of more use to Mr. Congreve; I beg you will make my compliments both to the Duchess of Marlborough and him. [2]Count La Lippe's father is dead; by which he is become a count of the empire, and has a very great estate. I tell you this, because I know you can take a pleasure in others' good fortune.

This way of thinking should make me conceal poor Lord Finch's misfortunes from you; but they are too public; and Lord Nottingham's barbarity furnishes the town with a subject to show the good and ill-nature of mankind. By what I have heard, Lord Nottingham has not only disinherited Lord Finch, in case he marries Lady Fanny Fielding[3], but has drawn the deed

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[2] The old Count de la Lippe Birkembourg was allied to the house of Brunswick, and his lady at this time resided in England. Their son married, in 1721, Mademoiselle Inhausen, a niece of the Duchess of Kendal. She had a son born in 1722, to whom Geo. I. stood sponsor, and who, in 1742, obtained an ensigncy in the foot guards, was afterwards a distinguished officer, and is immortalized, as far as painting can confer immortality, in one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's finest pictures, now in his majesty's collection.

[3] All Lord Nottingham's precautions were, as they usually are in such cases, vain. Daniel Lord Finch (afterwards third Earl of Nottingham and seventh of Winchelsea) married, in 1729, Lady Fanny Fielding, youngest daughter of Basil, fourth Earl of Denbigh. He was at this time comptroller of the household, and must have been near forty years of age: Lady Fanny was probably not above twenty.

in such a manner (which he drew with his own hand) that when he dies, the profits of the estates are to be paid in to trustees, till either Lady Fanny is dead or married, or Lord Finch is married; and yet there are those who say the whole is a family contrivance to break the match. Lord Finch is at Mr. Tufton's; but I have seen the rest of the family, and I think I never saw one in more distress.

In a fortnight we shall go to [1] Hampton Court. Here we live as private as it is possible; and this is to me the most agreeable time I shall pass this summer. I have heard news from the Bath; but I do not expect the particulars from you till we meet, which, whenever it happens, will be a satisfaction to your sincere humble servant.

H. H.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 1.—An answer to a letter which does not appear.]

Hague, July 13, [1728.]

MADAM,

THE part which you do me the

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[1] The royal family removed from Richmond to Hampton Court on the 2d of July, 1728.

honour to say you took, both in my [1]illness and my recovery, is too obliging for me to omit the very first opportunity of making you my acknowledgments for it; it has reconciled me to my own illness, for having caused such a declaration, and has added (if possible) to my concern for yours, for having hindered me from receiving it sooner.

To show you how desirous I am to contribute as much as I can to your perfect recovery, if you can find means to give me that offending head and that provoking face you complain so much of, I will most willingly send you mine in return by the first courier; and though you say they are of no use to the present owner, I assure you they would be of singular use to me. The head should do my master's business, and the face should do my own, and I would find employment enough for them both, not to give them time to ache.

I find you wrong both my head and my heart extremely, when you think I can blame Lord Finch for his late [2]exploit: so far from it, that I envy him the glorious opportunity he has procured himself of sacrificing all to love. He

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[1] The illness reported by Dr. Arbuthnot in page 294.
[2] His engagement to Lady Fanny Fielding.

has showed the lady the strength of his passion by offering her an estate while he thought he had one; she may now convince him of the strength of hers, by taking him without it: and I shall only blame them both if they do not think five hundred pounds a year a great deal more than enough, where there is such a fund of mutual love to subsist upon. I never heard of the happiest couple in Arcadia, or Arabia the blessed, that had half so good an income.

I am afraid your time hangs a good deal upon your hands at Richmond, by my being so frequently the subject of your conversations; which I do not flatter myself can be owing to any thing but a great want of something else to do, and I doubt it would be my interest to wish you had some better employment, for I fear I often come off but scurvily. However, since I have put on the new man, I own I should not be sorry to assist, invisibly, at those conversations, to hear how the old one is treated. I shall be extremely obliged to you if you will, when it is finished, send me the anatomy and dissection of my late self, which I have been long so desirous to see that I had some thoughts of taking the opportunity of my late illness to have it given out that I was dead, and dead for love of ——. Upon which I should have seen my own epitaph, elegy, life and character, &c.

by [3]Curll, with many other particulars, which no man alive can hear of himself till he is dead. Some would have been astonished that I died for love, who might possibly have called my tenderness in question while alive; others would have wondered how it could be for love of that person, upon whose account they never in the least suspected me—which would indirectly be commending my discretion: in short, various and curious would the accounts have been that I should have had of my deceased self; but I was hindered from executing this design by my chaplain, who is indeed a very good man, and who told me that mocking was catching, and death not a thing to be played with.

This place, though empty in comparison of what it is in the winter, is not yet without its recreations.—I played at blind man's buff till past three this morning; we have music in the *Wood;* parties out of town; besides the constant amusements of quadrille and scandal, which flourish and abound. We have even attempted two or three balls, but with very moderate success; the ladies here being a little apt to quarrel with one another: insomuch, that before you

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[3] The piratical bookseller, who, in 1727, published the celebrated surreptitious edition of Pope's Letters.

can dance down three couple, it is highly probable that two of them are sat down in a huff. Upon these occasions I show the circumspection of a minister, and observe a strict neutrality; by which means I have hitherto escaped being engaged in a war.

I condole with Miss [4]Meadows for her disappointment in not having the gout; and I congratulate Miss [5]Fitzwilliam whenever she returns from grass at Ampthill; I respect Lord Herbert and Fop, not without a due mixture of fear of both. I hope to hear soon of my lord's having quarrelled with [6]Pem, upon his marrying some necessitous beauty for love; his lordship having given pregnant instances of all heroic virtues but love.

I do not know whether you will forgive this long and tedious letter: if you do, I beg you will let me know it soon; and if you do not, pray let me hear it before it is long. For if you believe (as I am persuaded you do) that part of my thoughts at least are generally in England, you will do me the justice to believe too, that the greater share of them attend you, and con-

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[4] The eldest of the maids of honour.

[5] Afterwards the wife of Henry, Lord Herbert, ninth Earl of Pembroke. Lord Herbert's fondness for his dog is more than once alluded to.

[6] Probably Lord Herbert's father, Thomas, eighth Earl of Pembroke.

sequently that nothing can be more welcome to that part of them that remains here than any marks of your friendship and remembrance.

I am, with the utmost truth and respect, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

May I beg you to make my compliments to every body? Herbert ought to write to me.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO MRS. HOWARD.

Hague, Aug. 13, 1728.

MADAM,

I KNOW I ought in good breeding to make you a great many apologies for the trouble I am going to give you; but as I think they generally rather increase than excuse the trouble, you will give me leave to proceed directly to my business in the plain Dutch way, without any preamble.

I have bought some china here (which was brought by the last East India ships that came in) of a very particular sort; its greatest merit is being entirely new; which in my mind may be almost as well as being undoubtedly old; and I have got all there was of it, which amounts to no more than a service for tea and chocolate,

with a basin and ewer. They are of metal, enamelled inside and out with china of all colours. As I know the queen loves china, I fancy she would like these; but it would not become me to take the liberty of offering them to her majesty; but if you think she would like them, I must beg you will be so good as to take the whole affair upon yourself, and manage it so that I may not seem impertinent. Were they not mere baubles, I could not presume to offer them to her majesty at all; and as they are such, I am ashamed of doing it. However, if notwithstanding these difficulties, you command me to send them, I desire you will at the same time let me know where and to whom I must direct them.

The occurrences of this place, as I have had the honour of telling you before, are not interesting enough to inform you of: but as one thing has lately happened, in which I have been a principal actor, and have acquired some degree of reputation, I must trouble you with an account of it. You must know then, that last Sunday I treated the people here with an English christening, in my chapel, of a Black-a-Moor boy that I have; having had him first instructed fully in the Christian faith by my chaplain, and examined by myself. The behaviour of the young Christian was decent and exemplary, and he

renounced his [1]*likeness* with great devotion, to the infinite edification of a very numerous audience of both sexes. Though I have by these means got the reputation of a very good Christian; yet the more thrifty and frugal people here call my parts and economy a good deal in question for having put it out of my power ever to sell him.

The next remarkable thing here is, that I am at present over head and ears in mortar, and that I am building a room of 50 feet long, and 34 broad. Whether these are the right proportions or no, I must submit to you and Lord [2]Herbert, who I hope will both be so good as to give me your sentiments upon it. It will, I am sure, have five great faults, which are five great windows, each of them big enough to admit intolerable light. However, such as it is, it will be handselled upon his majesty's birth-day [3]next; at which time, if you will do me the honour to come there, and bring your own company, you will be extremely welcome. I believe you will think me extremely silly for building my tabernacle here; therefore I must tell you, in my

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[1] That is, *the devil*.

[2] He had a fine architectural taste; and designed Marble Hill for Mrs. Howard.

[3] October 30th.

own justification, that I had not one large room in my house before, either to eat, dance, or pray in, and that the building of this will cost me less than removing to another house would have done.

As I see in the news that the [4]Duchess of Kent is dead, I take it for granted the match between [5]His Grace and Miss Fitzwilliam is as good as concluded by this time. He will, without doubt, have a mind to [6]perpetuate his title and estate; and I know nobody better able to contribute to so desirable an end than she: only I hope she will take care, both for his sake, her own, and that of so ancient a family, that the continuation of his family shall not be at the same time the continuation of his species.

Lady [7]Albemarle and Lady Sophia are expected back here in about six weeks; at which

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[4] Jemima Crewe, Duchess of Kent.

[5] Henry Grey, only Duke of Kent of that family, married in 1729 Lady Sophia Bentinck. He died in 1740. Lord Chesterfield's supposition of a match between him and Miss Fitzwilliam was a mere pleasantry.

[6] Of seven children, which the duke had by his two marriages, none survived him; and he was succeeded by his only grandchild, Jemima, Marchioness of Grey, wife of the second Lord Hardwick, and mother of the present Countess de Grey and the Dowager Lady Grantham.

[7] Isabella Gravemoor, a Dutch lady, married in 1701 to

time too, Lady [8] Cadogan and the Duchess of Richmond will return here from Spa: so that we shall have a sort of English assembly, which I believe will be at least as lively as the Dutch ones. Madame Creuning is at present at the top of the *beau-monde* here; and Mr. Creuning affords me a good deal of his company, as he promised me in England he would.

I should ask a great many pardons for having troubled you so long; but as you know I used to be accused in England (and I doubt pretty justly) of having a need for such a proportion of *talk* in a day, that is now changed into a need of such a proportion of *writing* in a day; and business falling short to-day, you are unfortunately afflicted with that share of writing which I could not so properly dispose of to the Secretary's Office. If this reason will not induce you to forgive me, I have a better, and a very true one; which is, the pleasure I always have in every opportunity of assuring you of the very

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the first Lord Albemarle, who left her a widow in 1718. Lady Sophia, born in 1711, was their only daughter. She married Mr. John Thomas, brother of Sir Edward Thomas, Bart. and died in 1773.

[8] Margaretta Cecilia Munter, a Dutch lady, widow of the first Lord Cadogan, and mother of the Duchess of Richmond. Lady Cadogan died in 1749.

great consideration and respect with which I have the honour to be, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

If I can be of any use to you here, especially in an Indian [9]house way, I hope you will command me.

MRS. HOWARD TO LORD CHESTERFIELD

[Aug. 1728.]

I KNOW you so indulgent to your friends, that you would not interrupt their diversions; and as you always affirmed pain was my particular one, when I tell you I have been in the most exquisite for many days, and which left so sensible a feeling for some weeks, that I could attend to nothing else, I need say nothing more to excuse my silence. I am so perfectly acquainted with your sincerity, that your wish to shave my head and face not only made me very vain, but raised my curiosity so far, that I could not be easy till I had examined into the merits

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[9] The shops in which curiosities of furniture and apparel were sold in London used to be so called, from the predominance of Indian articles.

of the former. I sent for Mr. [1]Cheselden, who, give him his due, worked very hard, but found so much resistance, that I was justified to inquire no further then into my jaw; besides, finding nothing there, we were afraid to proceed. I was mightily surprised to find by Mr. Cheselden that your design of giving out you were dead, had succeeded, and that he actually thought you dead, and assured me he had seen your dissection, signed by Messrs. Boerhaave and some eminent surgeons, which he has promised to get for me: but all I could then understand, from a thousand hard words and terms in

[1] This operation was probably the foundation of one of Horace Walpole's anecdotes. He says, that Mrs. Howard being afflicted with painful deafness, heard that a man under sentence of death in Newgate was afflicted in the same manner; and Cheselden, the most celebrated surgeon of his time, suggested to her, that the man should be pardoned on condition of undergoing an experimental operation. The bargain was made, but the experiment was not; the life of the man, *who was Cheselden's cousin*, was saved, and poor Mrs. Howard remained as deaf as ever! It may, however, be doubted whether Walpole's story be strictly accurate; for though it is true that there was a man of the name of Charles Ray pardoned, on the proposition of Cheselden, on condition of undergoing an operation, that affair took place upwards of two years *after* the operation which he actually performed on Mrs. Howard; and although Cheselden's conduct in the affair of Ray was discussed with some warmth and acerbity, there is no insinuation that the man was any relation of his.

his art, was this, that your head was perfectly right, but that there was no sort of communication between that and your heart; and that the part of the heart most susceptible of impressions in others, had a hard substance over it, which resisted every thing but steel; and that your death was owing to the climate; but that infallibly if they had removed you into France, you might have been alive at this time. I have managed the china affair with the most consummate wisdom and prudence; and have received her majesty's commands to thank you, and to tell you she has but one scruple in taking of it, which is, that it may look like a bribe for her favour. I do not find there is any occasion for one.

Miss Fitzwilliam seems much inclined to follow your advice, were it in her power; but we all suspect a powerful rival will carry the prize. Sunday[2] next being the offering of the Knights of the Garter, will probably determine her fate. Lord Herbert has been so ill, that I could not consult him about the proportions of your archi-

[2] "On Sunday, 29th Sept. 1728, his majesty assumed his royal state as sovereign of the Garter. His majesty also made his offerings in St. George's chapel with the Knights present. The Dukes of Argyll and Kent performed the ceremony of interring the late king's trophies."

tecture. If you will promise to follow strictly the advice given, I will endeavour to procure Lord Burlington's.

MRS. HOWARD TO MR. GAY.

Hampton Court, August, [1728.]

I AM glad you have past your time so agreeably. I need not tell you how mine has been employed; but as I know you wish me well, I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am much better; whether I owe it to the operation I underwent, or to my medicines, I cannot tell; but I begin to think I shall entirely get the better of my illness. I have written to Dr. Arbuthnot, both to give him a particular account, and to ask his opinion about the Bath. I know him so well, (that though in this last illness he was not my [1] physician) he is so much my friend, that he is glad I am better. Put him in mind to tell me what he would have me do in relation to Lady [2] F.; and to send me a direction how

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[1] Probably because he himself was, as we have seen, extremely ill.

[2] Probably Lady Fanny Fielding, whose match with Lord Finch was opposed by his lordship's family.

to write to her. I have made Mr. Nash governor to Lord Peterborough, and Lord Peterborough governor to Mr. Pope. If I should come to the Bath, I propose being governess to the doctor and you. I know you both to be so unruly, that nothing less than Lady [3] P.'s spirit or mine could keep any authority over you. When you write to Lady [4] Scudamore, make my compliments to her. I have had two letters from [5] Chesterfield, which I have wanted you to answer for me; and I have had a thousand other things that I have wanted you to do for me; but, upon my word, I have not had one place to dispose of, or you should not be without one.

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[3] Probably Lady Pembroke (Mary Howe).

[4] Frances Digby, only daughter of Lord Digby, and wife of Sir James Scudamore of Homelacy, and Viscount Scudamore in Ireland, was the mother of Miss Scudamore, the divorced Duchess of Beaufort. The daughter had not to plead in her defence the maternal example, for we find that Gay characterises Lady Scudamore by the peculiar decency of her conduct. Gay, as appears from his letter to Swift of 6th July, 1728, had about this time paid a visit to Lady S. in Herefordshire.

[5] No doubt the two preceding letters of July and August. Mrs. Howard's draft of her answer is much blotted and interlined. We see that she wished to employ Gay to answer Lord Chesterfield, as well as Lord Peterborough; but in the latter case, and probably in both, she was obliged to rely on her own resources.

August—-I cannot tell what, but it is Monday morning.

My humble service to the Duchess of Marlborough and Mr. Congreve.



EARL OF ESSEX TO MRS. HOWARD.



[William Capel, third Earl of Essex, born in 1697, married in 1718 Lady Jane Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon and Rochester, and sister of the Duchess of Queensberry. He was gentleman of the bedchamber to George II. both before and after his accession. In 1725, he was a Knight of the Thistle; in 1727, ranger of the parks, and lord-lieutenant of Hertfordshire; in 1731, ambassador to Sardinia; in 1734. a privy councillor; in 1738, a Knight of the Garter; and in 1739, captain of the yeomen of the guard. He died in 1743.]



[August, 1728.]

MADAM,

THE great goodness you have always shown me makes me venture to trespass thus far. I have no friend near his majesty that I durst trouble but your ladyship only, as I know your whole life is made up of doing good-natured actions: and if you are not pre-engaged,

will be so good to speak to his majesty in behalf of Captain [1] Howe, for poor Charles [2] Lumley's place. You will do it in whatever manner you think properest, either from me, or give me your advice if I should come myself, before I come into waiting, to ask this great favour of the king. His father had the honour to serve at Hanover a great many years; and there is not a worthier honester man living than this. His majesty has been always so good to me, that I am afraid to ask; but this is for the oldest friend and acquaintance I have in the world. I hope you will forgive this liberty; but I know how soon these things are asked when they are vacant, and I may even be now too late.

I am, madam, &c.

Essex.

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[1] One of the sons (probably William, the eldest) of Emanuel, third brother of Scrope, first Viscount Howe. Emanuel had been Queen Anne's minister in Hanover for some years. He died in 1709.

[2] Charles, fifth son of Richard, first Earl of Scarborough, groom of the bedchamber to the king, and member for Chichester, who died 11th Aug. 1728.

MISS MARY CHAMBER (AFTERWARDS LADY VERE) TO THE HON. GEORGE BERKELEY.

[Lady Mary (second sister of Mr. George Berkeley and Lady Betty Germaine) married Thomas Chamber, Esq. of Hanworth, and had two daughters and co-heiresses. Swift distinguished Mary Chamber, the elder, by the title of the *saucy one;* and congratulated Lord Vere Beauclerk in his having gotten such a wife with 40,000*l*. Her aunt Lady Betty says in reply, that her fortune was much larger than Swift had supposed. The other sister and co-heiress, *Anne* Chamber, married the first Earl Temple. Anne was a professed author, and has, I think, a place in Walpole's catalogue; but they were both ladies of vivacity and talent. Lady Vere was married in 1736, and died in 1783. Her descendants are now the ducal branch of the St. Alban family.]

Drayton, August 31, [1728.]

I AM a little surprised at my own goodness for thinking of writing so often to you; but to be sure you may boast, if ever man could, of having the best nieces in the world.

We have been blessed with various kinds of happinesses since I wrote last; such as two horse-races at Kettering, without any company, and my Lord[1] and Lady Westmoreland to dine with us; the pleasure of returning their visit is yet to come. My lord cracked jokes, and

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[1] Thomas, sixth Earl of Westmoreland, and his wife Catharine Strynger (widow of Mr. Beaumont). He died in 1736, and she in 1730. They had no issue.

laughed at them most abundantly; and my lady courtesied and inquired after every branch of the family of the Berkeleys, both of father's and mother's side; and to be more particularly civil, dwelt a great while upon the family, friends, and circumstances of Mr. Henley[2].

I dare say you never minded some notes written upon four lines in Mist's last Journal; it begins, 'Estates to gain, men toil,' &c. You little think I am the author of that [3] letter. In short, I was as much surprised as mortal could be to see it there; for it was a piece of nonsense I wrote to Crowther upwards of four years ago: the poetry belongs to Mr. Bennet, writing-master, of Twickenham. Whether it is her ladyship has played me this trick, time must show; for I scorn to write to her about it, for that will be encouraging her in such pranks. Sometimes

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2 Lady Elizabeth Berkeley, daughter of James the third Earl, niece of Lady Betty, and cousin-german of Miss Chamber, was married on the 11th of February, 1728, to Mr. Henley of the Grange.

3 It is odd that Miss Chamber should have forgotten the first of the lines on which she had commented; but the words she quotes do not appear. The lines in Mist were as follow:

> A man that doth on riches set his mind,
> Strives to take hold of shadows and the wind;
> With food and raiment, then, contented be;
> Ask not for riches, nor for poverty.

Miss Chamber's letter to the editor was a mock critique on these silly lines.

I think the general himself found it, and thought it a wrong to the public not to print it, giving it due applause because it comes pretty near his own manner of writing. I take it for granted you have taken notice of this Journal, because there is another letter in it much more remarkable than mine.

I wish you were to see the equipages we travel forth with. Lady Betty (*Germaine*) has got a Scotch horse no higher than a dog, with an old saddle that Sir John [4] gave her before she was married. I am mounted upon a tolerable nag, with a red saddle with a small silver sprig embroidered at the corners, and a blue bridle: it was formerly Mrs. Lloyd's. Mrs. [5] Berkeley drives herself in the chair in a morning gown, with a white apron, a white handkerchief pinned on her head like a nun, a black silk hat over that, and another white handkerchief over the hat.

You are much to blame not to be more particular, and name the name of the person you say Lord [6] Balt.'s daughter is to have; for among the

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[4] Sir John Germaine died in 1718.

[5] Probably Mary Cornwall, wife of Mr. Henry Berkeley, another uncle of the writer.

[6] Benedict Leonard Calvert, fifth Lord Baltimore, who, it is supposed, is here meant, had two daughters; Charlotte, born in 1702, married to Thomas Brerewood, Esq.; and Jane, born 1703.

many that have offered, I cannot guess which man you mean. You say you want amusement. I am sure this letter will take up time at least; and so adieu, till I am next in humour.

I do not care a farthing if you forget to give my humble service to every body except Lady Bolingbroke[7], but you must remember it to her.

LADY HERVEY TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 181.]

[This letter is an answer to one not found, in which Mrs. Howard gave an account of her late illness. It seems, from the beginning of the subsequent reply, that Mrs. Howard was not pleased with the tone of Lady Hervey's answer; but there must, I think, have been some predisposing cause of anger; for the letter, though lively, seems good-natured and friendly.]

Ickworth, Aug. the 31st, 1728.

THE pleasure I had in reading your letter was greatly allayed by the pain you said you had in writing it. I think myself very unlucky to occasion the last, where I would only bestow the first; but, *pour comble de malheur*, I find one has been in my power, and I fear the other

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[7] The second wife of Henry, Lord Bolingbroke, of whom more hereafter.

never can be so. I never happened to see the newspaper that gave an [1] account of your illness, so am ignorant both of the nature of that, and of the method you took to cure it; but whatever that method was, I dare answer for it, it is with great injustice you call it folly. I have two good reasons for what I say: the one is, your approving it, and the other is, the world condemning it. I give the last not as an equal, but as a corroborative proof to the first, of what I asserted; for I think I have sometimes known the world judge right, but I am sure never knew you act wrong. I long to have it under your hand that you are quite well, that I may know what it is to have a pleasure unmixed with pain.

The place [2] your letter was dated from recalled a thousand agreeable things to my remembrance, which I flatter myself you do not quite forget. I wish I could persuade myself that you regret them, or that you could think the tea-table more welcome in a morning if attended (as formerly) by the [3] *Schatz*. If that were possible, it would be the means (and the only one at this time) to

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[1] See next letter.

[2] Hampton Court.

[3] Probably a corruption, by some of the German part of the court, of *chat* or *chatter;* and a nickname, as it would seem, given to Lady and sometimes to Lord Hervey. In this place it probably includes his lordship, whose absence abroad his lady regrets.

make me wish to exchange Ickworth for any other dwelling in England. I really believe a [4]*frizelation* would be a surer means of restoring my spirits than the exercise and hartshorn I now make use of. I do not suppose that name still subsists; but pray let me know if the thing itself does, and if they meet in the same cheerful manner to sup as formerly. Are ballads or epigrams the consequences of those meetings? Is good sense in the morning, and wit in the evening, the subject or rather the foundation of the conversation? That is an unnecessary question; I can answer it myself, since I know you are of the party; but, in short, do not you want *poor Tom* and *Bella-dine* as much as I want *Swiss*[5] (in the first place) and them?

I pass my mornings at present as much like those at Hampton Court as I can, for I divide them between walking and the people of the best sense of their time; but the difference is, my present [6]companions are dead, and the others were quite alive. If you would have the good nature to add (by your letters) the charms of Hampton Court to the pleasures of Ickworth,

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[4] A cant word, synonymous, as it seems, with *flirtation*.

[5] *Poor Tom* seems to have been Lady Hervey herself; *Bella-dine* is obviously Mary Bellenden; *Swiss* was Mrs. Howard.

[6] Her books.

they will be received and acknowledged with gratitude by, dear Mrs. Howard,

Your faithful humble servant,

M. Hervey.

I beg leave to trouble you with my services to all my acquaintance at Hampton Court. Pray tell Miss Fitzwilliam *Mr. Egham*[7] is something better for the Spa, and that I suppose when he returns she will be the better for it too.

MRS. HOWARD TO LADY HERVEY.

Sept. [1728.]

Your letter had given me more real pleasure if I had found less from the head and more from the heart in it. I find, my dear Lady Hervey, I want your head and hand to answer your last; but I do not want a heart, for I have one truly sensible for my friends, and more capable of feeling than expressing tenderness. The action you compliment me upon was having my jaw bored, without any great probability that it

[7] I suspect this is a fictitious name.

could do me good; the pain of the operation was almost insupportable, and the consequence was many weeks' misery, and I am not yet free from pain.

Hampton was very different from the place you knew; and to say we wished *Tom Lepell, Schatz,* and *Bella-dine,* at the tea-table, is too interested to be doubted. *Frizelation, flirtation,* and *dangleation,* are now no more, and nothing less than a Lepell can restore them to life; but to tell you my opinion freely, the people you now converse with are much more alive than any of your old acquaintance; but tell me, Lady Hervey, do none of your morning companions warm your heart as well as your imagination? You see I cannot forgive you all the wit in your last letter. Is it because I suspect your sincerity? or do I envy what I cannot possess? No matter which; you may still always triumph: the world, though you allow it to be but sometimes in the right, will do you a justice that I deny you. You will always be admired; and even I, that condemn you, find I must love you with all my heart.

LADY HERVEY TO MRS. HOWARD.

Ickworth, Oct. the 7th, 1728.

Less rhetoric than you (dear Mrs. Howard) are mistress of, would be sufficient to convince me how very little merit I have. I should give it as much credit, but it would not give me so much grief from any other body as yourself: it is a very bitter pill, which you have forced down my throat, and it required at least as much gilding as you have bestowed upon it, in saying you cannot help loving me; but even that will not make me swallow it without uneasiness. The unpleasantness of the taste still remains in my mouth, and it requires many sweet things to remove it. I hope you design to administer them, and very soon. I shall with impatience expect a whole paper full.

As to the *admiration* I am to receive (and for which you stand godmother to the world), I do assure you I know myself too well to expect it, and the world too well to desire it. I should be vastly more pleased with, and vain of your approbation, than of the admiration of all that misjudging herd which compose (what in that sense) we call *the world;* but I find I am in this, as in most other things, too unworthy to deserve,

and too unlucky to obtain, what I most earnestly wish; for I have lately been in a situation which, could I as well represent as feel, would make you pity me. I have had frequent accounts from my lord of his being very much out of order abroad; and at home I have had the pain of seeing, and the fatigue of nursing, Lady Ann[1] in a violent, and for a great while dangerous distemper. I wish she may yet be safe; if she does mend, it is as slowly as can be conceived. I pass twelve or thirteen hours a day in her room, and dine by her bed-side at seven or eight o'clock at night. I can never leave her whilst her fever is upon her, for she will take nothing but from me, nor do any thing but at my request. Lord and Lady Bristol are in the greatest concern for her. The latter has been herself so ill, that for many days she has not been able to bear going into her daughter's room. In short, it is a most melancholy distracted family, and I see very little prospect of Lady Ann's recovering for a great while, if at all.

My spirits (which, you know, were once very good) are so much impaired, that I question if even Hampton Court breakfasts could recover them, or revive the *Schatz*[2], who is extinguished

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[1] Her sister-in-law.

[2] The *Schatz* here means Lady Hervey herself.

in a fatigued nurse, a grieved sister, and a melancholy wife. When I consider what improper ingredients these are to make an agreeable correspondent, I must beg pardon for taking up your time so long, though, if you knew how pleased I am to converse with you any way, and how very little else I have to please me, you would think I had more merit in releasing you now, than blame in having detained you so long; and as most people are apt to require reward for their merit, rather than think they deserve punishment for their faults, you must not wonder I desire and even expect to hear from you soon.

I am, &c.

M. Hervey.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 1.]

Oct. 21, [1728.]

MADAM,

I hope I need not tell you, with how much satisfaction I received the honour of your last letter; I had heard of your illness from other hands, and I could not hear of your recovery so agreeably as from your own. I cannot help being

very angry at your head for having given us both so much pain; were it like many heads I am acquainted with, I could easier forgive it; but since I am sure it knows how to behave itself better if it pleases, I confess I think this wilful misbehaviour is unpardonable. I have known some ladies' heads very troublesome to others, but at the same time very easy to themselves; yours is just the reverse, and only uses *you* ill. But however, as I would do justice to every body's head, and especially to yours, I do not know whether something may not be said in its defence; your head plainly perceives that you are the only person in the world that does not value it, and so, from a resentment that I cannot say is entirely unjust, you are the only person in the world it uses ill. However angry you may be at it, pray commit it no more to the care of Mr. Cheselden, whose ignorance has appeared to be very gross in both cases; it is plain he does not know a head from a heart; for in my dissection he took one for the other. Those thick coats he mentions were upon my head; for as for a heart, it can be very well attested that there was none to be found; and moreover, the place where it should have been was so dried up, that it was believed the heart had been lost for some years.*

I am extremely sensible of the great honour the queen does me in accepting of the china I

took the liberty to offer: I have sent it this day by a sloop, directed as you commanded, and under the care of Mr. Chardin, who goes to England. Her majesty need not apprehend being bribed by me; she is only to be bribed by merit, a bribe which it is not in my power to offer.

I must inform you that there is an extreme fine Chinese bed [1], window curtains, chairs, &c., to be sold for between 70*l.* and 80*l.*: if you should have a mind to it for Marble Hill, and can find any way of getting it over, I will, with a great deal of pleasure, obey your commands.

As it may possibly be thought extraordinary that I give no entertainment here upon his majesty's coronation [2] day, I must beg the favour of you, when you have an opportunity, to let drop in a proper place, that my house is yet so full of workmen, that I have not a room to dine in; I hope to make amends upon the birth-day [3]. I am sure all I can do, will not express the duty and gratitude I feel, not only for past

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[1] Of that furniture the name of which, from *Chinese*, was contracted into *chintz*.

[2] 11th October.

[3] 30th October (10th Nov. N.S.) It appears by the periodical papers of the day that Lord Chesterfield's birth-day entertainments were in the highest style of splendour, profusion, and magnificence.

marks of his majesty's goodness, but for late assurances of fresh ones.

I hope the chapter [4] at Windsor has had the desired effect as to Miss Fitzwilliam, though, with submission, I think she judged it wrong to put her hopes upon that day, for upon those occasions the performers expect to be admired themselves, and have not time to admire others. Methinks I see her, like a second [5] Princess of Cleves, suiting her knots and apparel to the colours of her much-loved duke, but happier in being free from the prior but cruel engagements to a Prince of Cleves.

I am very sorry that Lord Herbert has been convinced by experience that herbs and water are not preservatives against a fever: if his friendship for Fop could prevail with him to follow his example at dinner and supper, I believe it would be better for him. [6] The Duchess of Richmond, who arrived here last week, makes you a great many compliments: she is extremely well, and grown fat.

I would make you a great many excuses, if I knew how, for troubling you so long; but for want of them I must only beg you will forgive

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[4] Of the Garter.

[5] The heroine of Madame de la Fayette's novel.

[6] Sarah, eldest daughter and co-heir of William, first Earl of Cadogan.

the tediousness, in favour of the esteem and respect of,

Yours, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO THE HON. GEORGE BERKELEY.

[Henrietta, eldest daughter of John, the great Duke of Marlborough, and first inheritor of his title. She was married to the son of her father's friend, Lord Godolphin; but died in 1738, childless, and the issue of her next sister, Lady Sunderland, succeeded to the duchy of Marlborough. The duchess was extremely attached to Mr. Congreve, and their intimacy gave offence, which was much inflamed by Congreve's bequeathing to her grace the bulk of his fortune, and the duchess's making a too splendid funeral pomp for her friend; and the following letters, written with her own hand, prove the anxiety of her feelings on this occasion. Congreve died on the 19th January, in Surrey-street, whence his body was removed to the Jerusalem Chamber, in Westminster Abbey, where it lay in state on the 26th, and was the same evening carried with great solemnity to Henry VIIth's Chapel, where the funeral service was performed, after which it was interred in the south transept of the Abbey. The duchess erected a monument to him, and wrote, herself, his epitaph; which does more credit to her friendship than to her orthography.]

Jan. 22, 1728-9.

SIR,

I MUST desire you to be one of the six[1]

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[1] Pall-bearers. They were the Duke of Bridgewater, the Earl of Godolphin (the duchess's husband), Lord Cobham, the

next Sunday upon this very melancholy occasion. I always used to think you had a respect for him, and I would not have any there that had not.

I am, &c.

MARLBOROUGH.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO MR. BERKELEY.

Jan. 28, 1728-9.

SIR,

THE last letter[1] I writ to you was upon always having thought that you had a respect, and a kind one, for Mr. Congreve. I dare say you believe I could sooner think of doing the most monstrous thing in the world than sending any thing that was his, where I was not persuaded it would be valued. The number of them I think so of, are a mighty few indeed; therefore I must always be, in a particular manner,

Yours, &c.

MARLBOROUGH.

Earl of Wilmington, Mr. George Berkeley, and General Churchill.

[1] This letter does not appear: it probably accompanied a ring or some other memorial of Congreve.

EARL OF ILAY TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 42.]

[April, 1729.]

MADAM,

I HAVE been confined several days with a violent cold, but this morning I ventured out to try if I could serve poor [1] Jack's family, and I can with great pleasure acquaint you that I look upon the business as done, and that in the handsomest manner imaginable. I have reason to believe the queen has prevented all applications either from the family or their competitors, by declaring her intentions to support the distressed. It is possible that it may not yet be proper to let it be known, but I could not delay a moment making you happy in the good news.

I am, &c.

ILAY.

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[1] I presume this alludes to the death of his uncle, Mr. John Campbell of Mammore, whose son, John, the husband of Mary Bellenden, afterwards succeeded to the dukedom: Mr. Campbell, senior, held the office of surveyor of the king's works, and died 14th April, 1729, leaving a large family.

LADY HERVEY TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 181.]

Ickworth, July 7, 1729.

I AM not at all surprised to hear that the maids of honour have suffered by the inclemency of the weather: people who are so [1]*frolicksome* as to expose themselves to the night-air, must expect to suffer by it; but I think people who are of such very hot constitutions as to want to be refreshed by night walking, need not disturb others who are not altogether so warm: as they are, it was very lucky that looking over letters till it was late, prevented some people being in bed, and in their first sleep, otherwise the infinite wit and merry pranks of the youthful maids might have been lost to the world. As for Mrs. M.[2] it is a sad pity that all this time nobody has had the charity to find her better employment in the night than to fling people's windows open five or six

[1] This relates to some frolic of the maids of honour at Kensington.

[2] Miss Meadows, one, and now the senior, of the maids of honour; whose gravity, or prudery, as they called it, used to

times. Mrs. D[3]., I am apt to believe, will repent of her part of this pretty recreation; her aunt will inform her to some purpose of the ill-nature of endeavouring to frighten any one out of their senses, and of the indecency of being at such an hour in the garden, where it was supposed they hoped to find better entertainment than barely opening and rattling at windows. Miss V.[4] and Miss F. had either the good fortune or the good-nature to be out of this witty invention, and it would have been full as well for the others if they had been so too, especially for poor old M(*eadows*), who should now take more care of herself, not being able as formerly to go through such expeditions. It is really very well that others had more good-nature than these fine ladies, and could prevail on themselves not

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amuse the wits of the court. In Pope's answer to Miss Howe's question, What is prudery? we are told that—

'Tis a fear that starts at shadows;
'Tis (no, 'tis n't) like Miss Meadows.

In the court ballad he says, that, alas! he cannot,

Like Meadows, run to *sermons*.

And in one of Doddington's *jeux d'esprits* he says,

"As *chaste* as Hervey or Miss Meadows."

[3] Miss Dives.

[4] Probably Miss Vane and Miss Fitzwilliam. It seems odd that these gay young ladies did not partake of a frolic in which their seniors were involved.

to tell the queen of this; but they must not always expect so much moderation; people will not always bear such impertinences. I know not if you had any thing to do in this; but you have an extreme convenient door into the gardens; so has Mrs. [5]S(*mit*)h, who, if she had health enough, had certainly good-nature enough to be a party concerned.

I very much applaud your discretion in [6]retiring whenever you beheld the clouds gather; but I own I suspect you of bragging when you tell me of avoiding the sunshine: to my certain knowledge, that is a precaution that has long been unnecessary[7]: no, indeed, my dear madam, the sun has not darted one beam on you a great while. You may freeze in the dog-days, for all the warmth you will find from our *Sol.* I am not at all amazed to find his royal highness is so scorched: the sun shines so kindly on him at this distance, that to be sure when it comes near him it must be very violent. I expect to see him next winter with the complexion of a West Indian.

I shall certainly obey your commands to Lord Hervey, who I am very sure will think himself

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[5] Jane, daughter of Speaker Smith, bedchamber-woman, and afterwards governess to the Duke of Cumberland.

[6] Mrs. Howard had, as early as 1728, made an effort to retire from court, and subsequently repeated it, though she did not finally retire till 1735

[7] An allusion to the decline of Mrs. Howard's favour.

happy to be remembered by you, but would be still more pleased could he be of any service to you. I had a letter from him last week, in which he gives me a very good account of his health, and a dreadful one of an earthquake that happened the day he writ to me, and was far from being over when he begun his letter. He tells me money is so scarce at Florence that for a little of it one may have very fine things there: if you care to make any use of his *virtù* and their poverty, write your commands to him immediately, that they may find him still there.

I shall depend on the promise you have made me to amend for the future, and let me hear as often from you as it is easy to you; so often as it would be agreeable to me I cannot expect, for you would then have no other employment. Lady Bristol tells me you have been so kind to say you will take care of [8] George, whenever his uncle carries him to court. If you will do him that favour next Sunday, and desire my brother to carry him to and from court, you will very much oblige both my son and myself. I hope you will be as secret as I have been obedient in sending you the account you desired. I would plead some merit in the readiness of my

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[8] George, her eldest son, now eight years of age: he seems to have been a page of honour. He was afterwards second Earl of Bristol, and died in 1775, unmarried.

compliance, if I did not believe you know every thing too well to be ignorant that the pleasure I take in giving you any, destroys the merit I might otherwise claim for obeying your orders the moment I received them.

Dear Mrs. Howard, adieu!

LADY HERVEY TO MRS. HOWARD.

Ickworth, July 24, 1729.

THE post after I received dear Mrs. Howard's commands I obeyed them, and gave my lord the satisfaction of knowing he might be of some service to you. I am sure, if he executes your commission with as much success as he will with pleasure endeavour it, Marble Hill will receive some considerable addition to its present beauty.

I cannot sufficiently thank you for the kind, and consequently agreeable, things you said to me in your last letter; and if, after such an assurance of your good-will, I should again seem to doubt of it, depend upon it, it will only be for the pleasure of making you repeat what I shall always be pleased to hear, and industrious to deserve. Give me but the satisfaction of hearing often from you when we are asunder,

and of conversing frequently with you when we are near, and I will then make no more doubt of your affection than I do now of your understanding, and will be less importunate to receive marks of your inclination than solicitous to give you proofs of mine.

I took care, for the reasons you gave me, not to mention the balls or suppers to a certain [1]person; but somebody less prudent or less good-natured had informed her of them all: though, to be sure, this intelligence was ill-meant, yet it has turned out very well. Whether it is owing to the [2]gentleness of her temper, or her want of experience, I cannot tell, but the poor thing is perfectly easy, and seems to apprehend no infidelity on [3]his part. I am apt to believe, she depends on the superiority her full-blown charms have over the budding beauties of those three girls; but she does not consider that some men have a green-sickness in their taste, and prefer the tasteless trash of [4]forty to the ripe delicious fruit of fifty-five. I wish this may

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[1] Lady Bristol.

[2] Irony. Lady Bristol had been eight years a grandmother, and was of a very capricious temper; but it is to be hoped that the bitterness of Lady Hervey's satire was not quite deserved.

[3] It would seem as if this meant Lord Herbert.

[4] Lady Hervey would probably have said *twenty* if she had not been writing to a lady of forty.

not be the case. If it is, I know but one thing she can do, which is, to resign the son, and be content with the father, who is, by what one may judge from several things she lets fall, fast bound in her chains. Is it not surprising how a young creature of her age can already have so much management as to be one of the first favourites with the wife at the same time that she is beloved by the [5]father and son? Would one not wonder that she should not have been the occasion of some dissensions in that family? Nothing but the exceeding sweetness of her temper, prudence of her behaviour, and artfulness of her conduct, could have brought this about. I always thought there was nothing like her, and I am daily confirmed in this opinion.

I find there is a great deal of wit stirring in town. I have seen a collection of pictures, some of which are admirably good, others I do not understand, and some few I do not much like. I think there might be great and good additions to them: I fancy every body adds something as they read them. There are some originals, both in your family and in mine, that would not only increase, but embellish the collection—don't you think so? I shall be obliged

[5] Probably Lord Pembroke. The love must, it is hoped, have been platonic, as Lord Pembroke was near seventy, and Lady Bristol near sixty.

to you if you will let me know what is doing in the world; but I shall be more indebted to you if you will inform me what I can do that will best prove to you how sincerely I am dear Mrs. Howard's faithful and obedient humble servant, &c.

Pray, when you are so kind to write to me, get sometimes one body, sometimes another, to direct your letters; for curiosity being one of the reigning passions in a certain person (*Lady Bristol*), I love prodigiously both to excite and to baffle it.

CHARACTERISTIC LIST OF PICTURES,

REFERRED TO IN THE PRECEDING LETTER FROM LADY HERVEY.

[The idea of the following *jeu d'esprit* has been frequently used, and, it may be added, abused. This is the first instance of it with which the Editor is acquainted, in point of date, though not perhaps the first in point of wit. If there were some allusions, which even Lady Hervey did not understand, it will be forgiven to the Editor if some of his explanations shall be unsatisfactory.]

A Flower Piece. By the Speaker.

[Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons from 1727 to 1767. The allusion is probably to his pompous and *flowery* style and manner.]

A miraculous Draught of Fishes. By Sir R. Walpole.

[Alluding either to his extraordinary majorities in parliament; or to the number of great places he had obtained for himself and his family.]

* The Graces. By H. Walpole.

[Old Horace Walpole was singularly uncouth. See p. 230.]

A Distant Prospect. By W. Shippen.

[Shippen was an ardent Jacobite, and the restoration of the Stuarts was now a very *distant prospect*. His attachment to the exiled family was so great, that when he took the oath of allegiance to Geo. II., Sir Robert Walpole pretending that Shippen kissed his thumb instead of the book, made him repeat the ceremony: Shippen only replied good-humouredly, "Ah, Robin, that 's not fair."]

A Town on Fire. By Mr. Pulteney.

[Alluding probably to the fire of his eloquence, and the vigour of his character; or perhaps, less complimentarily, it may mean that he was an *incendiary*.]

The Four Seasons. By Mr. Winnington.

[Winnington was extremely variable and inconsistent; but he was so amiable, that it was thought a reasonable excuse of Sir C. H. Williams's insanity,

to say that it was produced by grief for Winnington's death.]

A Night-shade. By Sir J. Rus [*hout*], and coloured by Mr. Sands.

[Sir J. Rushout had sat in parliament ever since 1710. He was a frequent and vehement speaker, and was Mr. Pulteney's second in his celebrated duel with Lord Hervey, in January, 1730. Mr. Sandys, nicknamed the *motion-maker,* was a vehement debater, and no doubt *coloured deeply* his pictures of the mal-administration of Walpole.]

A Still Life. By Mr. Dodington.

[The celebrated George Bubb Dodington, a man of great wit and pleasantry, but his manner, like the late Lord North's, was heavy, and even drowsy.—Cumberland thus describes him: "Dodington, lolling in his chair, in perfect apathy and self-command, dozing and even snoring at intervals in his lethargic way, broke out every now and then into gleams and flashes of wit and humour." See *Cumberland,* p. 191.]

A Mist. By Mr. Bootle.

[Afterwards Sir Thomas Bootle, chancellor to Frederick, Prince of Wales, a dull, confused, and formal man.]

A Dutch Marriage. By Sir Wm. Young.

[Sir W. Young, K. B. and secretary at war; of whom Horace Walpole relates, that Sir Robert used

to say that nothing short of his talents could have supported his character, and nothing but his character could have kept down his talents. The allusion here meant is not easily traced. Sir William had been divorced, in 1724, from Mary Heathcote, and was now probably looking out for another wife. In September, 1729, he made an *English match* with Anne, daughter of Lord Howard of Effingham.]

A Mountain in Labour. By Sir W. Lawson.

[Sir Wilfred Lawson, M. P. for Cockermouth, had been of the late king's bed-chamber, but had become a frequent speaker in opposition to Walpole. He died in 1737.]

A Judas. By Lord Bolingbroke.

[Judas betrayed his master; but if Lord Bolingbroke is not much belied, he betrayed at least *two* masters.]

A Naked Modesty—full length. By Lord Gage.

[Thomas, first Viscount Gage. He was a peculiarly active and zealous politician, and particularly distinguished himself, in 1732, by the exposure of some frauds in the sale of the Derwentwater estates. He had been, however, unluckily involved in some affairs which did not make any strong impression of his continence or modesty.]

A Jupiter and Ganymede, after the Italian manner. By Lord Th——.

A neat Piece of Needlework, in a gilt frame. By Lord Castles.

[John, eighth Earl of Cassilis, born in 1700, and at this time probably a gay young fellow about town. The fame of a *dandy* is too short-lived to enable us to explain the allusion; but it would seem, from an event of his after-life, that his character was weak and timid: for a little before his death in 1759, he took *advantage of his wife's absence at a ball* to execute a conveyance of his estate to a distant relation, who became ninth Earl of Cassilis, but whose interests the lady opposed.]

A Sea Piece. By Lord Malpas.

[Had been master of the robes to George the First, and was now a lord of the admiralty; an office not much suited to his previous habits. If the list had been dated a few years later, this would have been thought an allusion to the strange accident of his lady's corpse being shipwrecked on its way home; but this took place in 1733.]

A Piece of Devotion. By Col. Chartres.

[This irony needs no explanation.]

Rejoicing of the Bees at the Exclusion of the Drones. By several Hands belonging to the Administration.

A Sea Fight. By Admiral Cavendish.

[Philip Cavendish, lately promoted to be a rear-admiral, was very unpopular for his conduct in an action fought in December, 1719, in which he commanded a small squadron of three ships, which made a drawn battle with three Spanish ships off Cape St. Vincent. After this he never actually commanded at sea, but in 1742 was made a lord of the admiralty. He died in 1744.]

Peter knocking at the Door. By Mr. Lock.

[An allusion to Mr. William Lock, who was, in the parliament that met in 1727, an unsuccessful petitioner for Seaford.]

A Gentleman; three-quarters. By Mr. Hope.

[Thomas Hope, Esq. M. P. for Maidstone. The allusion is obvious—that he was not a *finished* gentleman.]

Virgin. By Lord Harborough.

[Bennet, first Earl of Harborough, married Mary (heiress of Sir H. Calvert), who died before him, leaving no issue; and when he was created Earl of Harborough, in 1714, the title, in failure of issue male, was settled on his *cousin*: a *singular provision* in the case of a man not above thirty-seven years of age, and who lived eighteen years longer. The allusions to Lord Harborough's want of gallantry are frequent in the letters of the day.]

A Face, after the manner of Rubens. By Mr. Corker.

[Mr. Robert Corker, member for Plympton, was a *bon vivant*, and remarkable for the rubicundity of his countenance.]

A Head, unfinished. By Lord Townshend.

[Sir Robert Walpole's brother-in-law, grandfather of George, first Marquis Townshend, and of the *meteor* Charles Townshend. The *heads* of the Townshends, though very clever, have been always considered to be in some respects *unfinished*.

The Nine Muses. By Lord W. P.

[Probably Lord William Paulet, younger son of the first Duke of Bolton, whose want of literature was notorious, and has been already noticed in p. 293. He died Sept. 25, 1729, æt. sixty-four.]

The Siege of Gibraltar. By the Duke of B.

[The object and meaning of this allusion is lost. It probably regarded the Duke of Bolton, who was in the army. He was deprived of his regiment in 1733, for his opposition to the minister.]

Ruins. By Mr. Peter Walter.

[Peter Walter was a celebrated scrivener and money-lender, who enriched himself by the *ruin* of a great number of persons. Pope thus commemorates him:

"What 's property, dear Swift? you see it alter
From me to you, from you to Peter Walter."]

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO MRS. HOWARD.

Hague, July 26, 1729.

MADAM,

The just apprehensions I had of being entirely forgot were agreeably removed by the honour of your letter of the 8th, and you have made me the only amends you could for so long an intermission of your correspondence.

The account you give me of Lord Herbert's journey to Paris is very satisfactory, and convinces me of the truth of a common observation; that little regard is to be had to history, especially to the causes generally assigned by historians for great events. I confess his Lordship's journey had raised my curiosity, as it did the speculations of all Europe, and has been variously accounted for; but the true reason has not been guessed. Some thought that he was ordered to go and cruize in the Mediterranean till the arrival of the fleets; others thought he was sent to Paris, to show that in him alone we were able to fulfil all our engagements. For my own part, I (who am not apt to refine) concluded that the court of France only desired to have him there in the absence of Bannières. In short, every one judged according to his hopes or his fears. But no doubt those powers that

were so apprehensive of his motions will think themselves very well off when they shall come to know that for this time his Lordship only meditates the destruction of tied wigs. I can tell him for his comfort, that there is not such a thing in France now as a tied wig, but they all wear either their own hair, or little wigs that they call *des bonnets*.

I assure you, you need not be alarmed at what Lord [1] Albemarle and Mrs. [2] Macartney are pleased to call my magnificence; for it is nothing like it, and only what is barely necessary: and as for the expense, I should be very sorry to be a gainer by this or any other employment that the king may ever think fit to give me. Whatever my actions may be, interest shall never be thought to influence them; and if I can procure any credit to my master or myself, at the expense, not only of what he allows me, but even of my own, I shall think it very well bestowed.

I find, by your account, that Kensington is not at present the seat of diversions. I wish we could find a way of joining companies, which

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[1] William Anne Von Keppel, second Earl of Albemarle; married in 1723 to Lady Anne Lennox, only daughter of the first Duke of Richmond.

[2] Perhaps the wife of General Macartney, Lord Mohun's second in his duel with the Duke of Hamilton. She was the widow of General Douglas, but her family name is not known.

might possibly prove to our mutual advantage; for the Hague is at present very empty, and we are reduced to two or three families. The women here have one way of animating the conversation, which perhaps might be of use to you at Kensington, that is by quarrelling and scolding one another. We are about twenty that sup constantly together every night; and a supper never ends without a quarrel between two or three of the finest women there. If the maids of honour did not live in that perfect friendship that they do, you might have that amusement at Kensington too: but, considering their union, it is not to be expected. I hope that during this interval of your diversions I may put in my claim for a part of your idle time; which, since it affords you no pleasure, I beg you will employ it in bestowing a very great one upon yours, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

I made your compliments to Lady Albemarle, who returns you a great many.

THE COUNTESS OF ORKNEY TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 188.]

[It is hoped that the reader will participate Lady Orkney's *anguish* in reading of the errors committed by her servants in attending on their majesties at an entertainment at Clifden, on the 30th of July. In justice however to her Ladyship, we think it right to say, that the public never perceived any of these mistakes which so much afflicted her; and her fête at Clifden was celebrated in its day as a most splendid and successful entertainment.]

Clifden, Aug. 5, 1729.

MADAM,

I GIVE you this trouble out of the *anguish* of my mind. To have the queen doing us the honour to dine here, and nothing performed in the order it ought to have been! The stools which were set for the royal family, though distinguished from ours, which I thought right, because the princess royal sits so at quadrille, put away by my Lord [1] Grantham, and said there was no distinction from the princes and princesses and the ladies. He directed the table-

[1] Henry D'Auverquerque, the last Lord Grantham of that family, chamberlain to the prince, and now chamberlain to the queen.

cloth, that there must be two to cover the table; for he used to have it so: in short, turned the servants' heads. They kept back the dinner too long for her majesty after it was dished, and was set before the fire, and made it look not well dressed, the Duke of Grafton saying there wanted a *maître d'hotel.* All this vexed my Lord Orkney so—he tells me, he hopes I will never meddle more, if he could ever hope for the same honour; which I own I did too much, as I see by the success. But having done it for the late [2] king, and was told that things were in that order, that it was as if his majesty had lived here, I ventured it now. But I have promised not to aim at it more.

But what I have said shows the greater goodness in the queen to be so very easy. I have seen condescension in princesses, but none that ever came up to her majesty: nay, not all the good you have ever said could make me imagine what I saw and heard. We all agreed her majesty must be admired; and, if I may use the

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[2] "On the 5th of Sept. 1724, the king, attended by diverse of the nobility and gentry, went from Windsor to the Earl of Orkney's seat at Clevenden, where his majesty was magnificently entertained at dinner. At his return to Windsor in the evening, his majesty found the town all illuminated, and was received with loud acclamations of joy, as he had been in all the villages through which he passed."

term, it was impossible to see her and not to love her.

If you hear of these mismanagements, pray be so good to say the house was too little for the reception of the queen and so many great princes and princesses, who, without flattery, cannot but be respectedly admired. I thought I had turned my mind in a philosophical way of having done with the world; but I find I have deceived myself[3]: for I am vexed and pleased with the honours I have received. I know from your discretion you will burn this, and I hope will always believe me, &c.

E. Orkney.

THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY AND MR. GAY TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Lady Catherine Hyde, daughter of Henry, Earl of Clarendon and Rochester, wife of Charles Douglas, third Duke of Queensberry. Their graces' affectionate patronage and care of Gay are well known, and that they resented the refusal of the lord chamberlain to permit the representation of the opera of *Polly* with so much warmth of temper as to be forbidden to appear at court. The duke on this occasion resigned the lucrative patent office lately conferred on him,

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[1] The justest observation of the whole of this strange letter.

of Vice-Admiral of Scotland; and the duchess vented her resentment in a sarcastic answer to the royal prohibition. On the rupture of Frederick Prince of Wales with his father, the Duke of Queensberry accepted a lordship of his bed-chamber, and on the accession of Geo. III. his grace was made keeper of the Scottish signet, and soon after, lord justice-general. We have already had, in Pope and Swift's correspondence, specimens of the good-humoured pleasantry with which Gay and their graces used to club their wit, or rather their idleness, to furnish letters to their correspondents: —this collection affords many instances of the same kind. The duchess was a remarkable beauty in her time.—Pope says—with little poetry or delicacy—

"Since Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen!"

Prior, too, had celebrated her beauty; and, near forty years after him, Walpole left on her toilet the following doggrel lines, which he thought, to use one of his own expressions, *genteel*:

"To many a Kitty Love his car
Would for a day engage:
But Prior's Kitty, *ever* fair,
Retains it for an age."

A forgotten poet too, of the name of Whitehead, celebrated her octogenary charms; and she approached nearer than any lady since Helen, to a century of praise.

It may well be doubted, in spite of the poets, whether she retained her beauty; but she was very remarkable for retaining all through her long life the dress of her early days. This, which in moderation would have been respectable, was pushed to an extreme which made her in her latter years a

subject of constant and not flattering observation. But she was in other points also very peculiar. She walked at the coronation of Geo. III; and Walpole tells us, still *looked well in her milk-white locks.* But in another letter, this faithless swain ventures to say, "Her *affectation* that day was to do nothing preposterous." Several similar allusions to the dress and manners in her latter years prove that her grace's adherence to modes in which she had been once so admired had become an object of ridicule. The duke died in 1778, and the duchess in 1777.

Middleton, Aug. 9, 1729.

MY DEAR MRS. HOWARD,

(*A blot here.*)

You are resolved not to send the first blot, so you see I do: pray write something by the first opportunity, for though I am as fully employed as heart can wish, I find I have yet time to think of you. I am surprised you would not send me the good news of Lord Herbert's safe return, and a great deal of him. For though he has had nothing to say for himself, there must undoubtedly be a great deal to be said of him. What can be said for his inhuman usage to so many persons of wit is past imagination. Pray tell me if Mrs. Herbert is in waiting. If she is, pray make her say any thing to me that she pleases; and pray, to please me, tell me, and tell me true, that Mrs. Howard is perfectly well. Now that I have written, I think I cannot fail of your answering, unless you are very

ungrateful, which I will never believe till I have your own word for it. Finis.

Say something for me very obliging to Mrs. Meadows and Mrs. Carteret.

Mr. Gay borrows the rest of the paper for his use.

C. Q.

I think it may be of use to let you know that Middleton is near Bicester, in Oxfordshire.

(The same blot that appeared on the other side has sunk through the paper.)

That blot was of my making, and not on purpose, as witness

[1] QUEENSBERRY.

Now you know every thing about the blot, I will go on with my letter. We do not play at cards, and yet the days are too short for us. I know that this will scarce be credited; yet it is true. We do not want one another's company, nor are we tired of one another. This too sounds a little incredible; yet it is true. You see that we that live in the country speak truth

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[1] The duke's signature to a paragraph written by Gay.

and are willing that others should think we do so. I wish this may not be interpreted a reflection by [2] somebody that does not understand it: so I will not say any more about truth.

The Duchess made these [3]blots, and values herself upon it.

I desire you would send word whether white currants be proper to make tarts: it is a point that we dispute upon every day, and will never be ended unless you decide it.

The duchess would be extremely glad if you could come here this day se'nnight; but if you cannot, come this day fortnight at farthest, and bring as many unlikely people as you can to keep you company. Have you lain at Marble Hill since we left Petersham? Hath the duchess an aunt [4]Thanet alive again? She says that there are but two people in the world that love and fear me—and those are, Lord Drum(*lanrig*), and Lord [5]Charles. If they were awake, I would make them love those that I love, and say something civil to you. The duchess hath left off

[2] An allusion to the interpretations given to passages of Gay's works; particularly the Beggars' Opera.

[3] The paper here is smeared with blots.

[4] This no doubt alludes to Mary Saville, younger daughter and co-heir of W. Marquis of Halifax, and wife of Sacville, who became on the 30th of July, 1729, seventh Earl of Thanet; but how any Lady Thanet was the duchess's aunt does not appear.

[5] Her two children; the eldest born 1722, the other 1726.

taking snuff ever since you have; but she takes a little every day. I have not left it off, and yet take none; my resolution not being so strong. Though you are a water-drinker yourself, I dare say you will be sorry to hear that your friends have strictly adhered to that liquor; for you may be sure their heads cannot be affected with that.

General [6] Dormer refused to eat a wheat-ear, because they call it here a fern-knacker; but since he knew it was a wheat-ear, he is extremely concerned. You are desired to acquaint [7] Mrs. Smith that the duchess was upon the brink of leaving off painting the first week she came here, but hath since taken it up with great success. She hopes she will never think of her and my Lord [8] Castlemain of the same day. The duke hath rung the bell for supper, and says, How can you write such stuff?

And so we conclude,
As 'tis fitting we should,
For the sake of our food;
So don't think this rude.
Would my name was "Gertrude,"
Or Simon and Jude.

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[6] See page 18. The general was a remarkable *bon vivant*.

[7] See page 335.

[8] Sir Robert Child, created in 1718 Viscount Castlemain, and in 1731 Earl Tylney.

P. S. The writers of this employ great part of their time in reading Les Contes Tartares, and like them extremely—I mean the two principal writers.

For my part, I am forced to say I like them, to flatter the duchess.

Duke[9] Disney is not yet come to Mr. Dormer's. The old soldier (*Gen. Dormer*) is there, and can now lend you better tea. There is a cock pheasant at Child Grove that is certainly a witch; Mr. White cannot kill it, though he shoots in a Portuguese habit.

There is a gentleman, that shall be nameless, that hath turned two or three brace of foxes into his garden to prevent his being over-stocked with poultry. The duchess would not venture to keep a peacock here, if any body would give her one. We liked our mushrooms here very well, till General Dormer told us they were tame ones.

J. G.

It is a pitty—I should spell pity with a double

[9] Why Col. Henry Disney got the nickname of *duke* is not certain: it seems as if he had a habit of repeating the word *duke* as a kind of ejaculation. Gay makes

———————— facetious Disney say,
Duke! here's a room for Pope, and here for Gay!"

and this when there was no *duke* present or in question.

t.—It is pity, I say, that so much plain paper should lie waste. We have a great deal more wit, but no more time. There is proper care taken that this may not be thought plain paper.

C. Q.

LADY HERVEY TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 181.]

Ickworth, Aug. 30, 1729.

It is very well for dear Mrs. Howard that I do myself as much justice as her. For if my vanity gave me half so good an opinion of my own parts, as my judgment does of yours, the desire I have to contribute to your pleasures, and the inclination every one has to promote their own, would make me intolerably troublesome to you, and I should importune you as frequently with my letters, when from you, as with my company when near you. Had I consulted my own satisfaction preferably to yours, I had written to you the post after I received your letter; but I considered that a negative pleasure was the only one it was in my power to bestow on you, and therefore determined rather to undergo an uneasiness myself, than

impose one on you. What return you can make me for so great a piece of self-denial I know not, unless you employ both your hand and your head toward the acquittance of this obligation: it is what, as your friend, I would advise you to. As your physician, I warn you against such violent exercise as you tell me you take. All extremes are, I believe, equally detrimental to the health of a human body, and especially to yours, whose strength, like Sampson's, lies chiefly in your head. If you continue your immoderate [1]hunting, depend upon it, my

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[1] Lady Hervey well knew the *pleasure* of such violent sports, as we learn from one of Pope's letters.

"First, then, I went by water to Hampton-Court, unattended by all but my own virtues, which were not of so modest nature as to keep themselves, or me, concealed; for I met the prince, with all his ladies on horseback, coming from hunting. Mrs. Bellenden and Mrs. Lepell took me into protection (contrary to the laws against harbouring Papists), and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. Howard. We all agreed that the life of a maid of honour was of all things the most miserable, and wished that every woman who envied it had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham in a morning, ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks, come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark on the forehead from an uneasy hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for fox-hunters, and bear abundance of ruddy complexioned children. As soon as they can wipe off the sweat of the day, they must simper an hour,

dear Mrs. Howard, it will prove prejudicial to your constitution, as I find it has done* to my entertainment, and will in time rob you of as much satisfaction as it has already deprived me of.

The commendations you give [2] George make me very happy, from my knowledge of your judgment, and my belief of your sincerity. I hope he will deserve, and in time endeavour to return your kindness to him; which is one of the most agreeable proofs I can receive of your goodness to me: though every one you bestow on me is highly valued, and gratefully acknowledged by, my dear Mrs. Howard,

Yours faithfully,

M. Hervey.

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and catch cold, in the princess's apartment: from thence (as Shakspeare has it) to dinner, with what appetite they may—and after that, till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they please. I can easily believe no lone house in Wales, with a mountain and a rookery, is more contemplative than this court; and, as a proof of it, I need only tell you Miss Lepell walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the king, who gave audience to the vice-chamberlain, all alone, under the garden wall."

We shall see, by and by, that this violent sport was still fashionable.

[2] Her eldest son, afterwards second Lord Hervey, and second Earl of Bristol.

My brother [3] Hervey begs you will accept of his humble services.

MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY TO MRS. HOWARD.

[In answer to a letter which seems to have been written by many hands.]

[Middleton,] Aug. 27, 1729.

YOUR letter will be unanswered, because it is unanswerable. But, notwithstanding that, I was determined to write, whether her grace will or no, as I told her just now as we were walking by moonlight. We made several observations upon clouds and skies, which, were you a painter, might be of singular use to you, but they are not to be described by words; perhaps you may see them some time hence upon vellum by her grace's [1] pencil.

I desire you would not let Mrs. Herbert know that somebody made a visit last night to Mrs. [2] Fermor after it was dark: it rained very

[3] Probably Mr. Thomas Hervey.

[1] Her grace was, as we have seen, an artist.

[2] Probably the eldest daughter of William, first Lord Lempster.

hard indeed, and she had the good fortune to be called from prayers; so that Mrs. Herbert, if she should ever come to know it, must allow it in every respect a very regular and seasonable visit. The night before, about the same hour, the same person made a visit to General Dormer, who is so well recovered of a fit of the gout, that, if he had provided himself with a large pair of shoes, he could have walked. To-morrow we are to have the honour to see Lady Thanet: the duchess was asked a fortnight or three weeks ago to come to Asterop in the morning, now and then, to play at hazard with that lady, but she hath not yet complied with it: perhaps if very bad weather should come on it might be an inducement.

Lord Drumlanrig read of an [3] entertainment at Marble Hill, in the newspaper to-night, with a great deal of pleasure, because he found your

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[3] The queen, who was at this time regent, condescended to partake of many parties of pleasure. On the 30th July, as we have seen, she and the princesses partook of a *fête* at Clifden. On the 2d August, there was another at Lord Pembroke's, in St. James's-square. On the 13th there was a similar entertainment at Mr. Johnstone's (Sec. for Scotland), at Twickenham. On the 14th, a sumptuous dinner at Sir Robert Walpole's apartments in Windsor Castle, after a stag-hunt in the Park. On the 27th, a dinner, tea-party, ball, and supper, at Sir Robert's villa at Chelsea; but the *fête* at Marble Hill is not mentioned in any paper I have seen.

name mentioned: I tell you this, because I know you love children, and love to have children love you.

[*A paragraph blotted out here*]

What is blotted out was nonsense; so that it is not worth while to try to read it. It was well meant: the duchess said it was very obscure, and I found out that it was not to be understood at all, nor by any alteration to be made intelligible; so out it went.

We have this afternoon been reading Polybius. We were mightily pleased with the account of the Roman wars with the Gauls; but we did not think his account of the Achaians, and his remarks upon the historian Philarchus, so entertaining as for aught we knew it might be judicious.

I know you will be very uneasy unless I tell you what picture the duchess hath in hand. It is a round landscape of Paul Brill, which Mr. [4]Dormer lent her, in which there are figures very neatly finished. It is larger than any she hath yet done; by the dead colouring I guess (though her grace is not very sanguine) it will in the end turn out very well.

J. G.

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[4] Of Rousham, the elder brother of General Dormer.

I DO not understand which of our correspondents this letter is fit for; for there is neither wit, folly, nor solid sense, nor even a good foundation for nonsense, which is the only thing that I am well versed in. There were all these good things in the delightful letter you sent us; but as all the different hands are not known, they are unanswerable: for the future, then, pray sign or come,—the latter is best; for whoever can write so well must speak so; but now I think we had better always write for the good of posterity.

C. Q.

LITTLE did I think to have had such an encomium upon my style; for it certainly must be very particularly judicious, when a person could follow the manner of it, and write sense or nonsense as they liked best. For the future, pray direct to us at Fox-warren-hall; we have lost so much poultry of late, that the place henceforward is to take that name. The duke is gone to Langley to Lady Dalkeith, who to-night we heard is much better. The wind whistles; her grace says it sounds like Amesbury. She shall, she believes, soon be in town for two or three days before she goes there for two or three years.

If Dr. Arbuthnot comes in your way, let him

know I wish him health, and offer him my service; I do the same to Mrs. Blount and Mr. Pope. Wherever I am, I shall always wish to serve you, which, next to being with you, is one of the things in the world the most agreeable to me.

J. G.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO MRS. HOWARD.

Hague, Sept. 23, 1729.

MADAM,

HAD I been as lately at Paris as Lord Herbert, I should be better able to thank you as I ought for the ring Lady [1] Albemarle brought me; and a string of compliments as well turned and as neatly set as the ring itself should have expressed my thanks for it; but from a place where I am now in a manner naturalized, and where we content ourselves with speaking our real thoughts without art or ornament, you must accept of the plain hearty Dutch acknowledgment of *Ick bedanc u mevrown.*

I confess I heard with some surprise that my noble lord, in his travels to Paris, had disco-

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[1] See page 307.

vered that a very great [2] bag to a wig was less troublesome than two very little knots, till I was credibly informed afterwards, that his lordship, who always unites use and ornament, had very good reasons for what he did; that that bag was in reality his knapsack; that instead of hair it was filled with [3] water-cresses and beet-root, and that my lord had victualled himself for six months in it, in hopes of a campaign against the King of Prussia: and they added, too, that some wags had therefore called it my lord's campaign wig. How true these informations are, you, who are upon the place, are best able to judge; but I own they have the air of probability.

You will see Lady Albemarle again as soon as the yacht can come here and return; for she begins already to be very weary of the tranquillity of this place, which at present is really very empty. It was lucky she came as she did, or else his majesty would have had no [4] yacht to

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[2] We have almost forgotten the difference between the bag-wig and the tie-wig. It seems that it was about this time that tie-wigs went out of fashion, and bags made their appearance.

[3] Lord Herbert followed, at this period, a vegetable diet.

[4] Yet on the 2d Sept. five yachts were ordered to attend his majesty, besides the William and Mary, in which Lady Albemarle was accommodated with a passage. His majesty

have carried him to England, where I reckon and hope that he arrived safely yesterday. By the king's early return, your winter will begin early this year: I could wish I were to take a share of it, and at least prevent my being quite forgot in England; but since I can hardly expect such a pleasure, I must content myself with that of assuring you at this distance, that it is impossible to be with greater truth and respect,

Yours, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

MR. GAY TO MRS. HOWARD.

9th May, 1730.

MADAM,

IT is what the duchess never would tell me—so that it is impossible for me to tell you—*how she does;* but I cannot take it ill, for I really believe it is what she never really and truly did to any body in her life. As I am no physician, and cannot do her any good, one would wonder how she could refuse to answer this question out of common civility; but she is

embarked on board the William and Mary on the 10th Sept. at three p. m., and was landed at Ramsgate at ten next morning.

a professed hater of common civility, and so I am determined never to ask her again. If you have a mind to know what she hath done since she came here, the most material things that I know of is, that she hath worked a rose, and milked a cow[1], and those two things I assure you are of more consequence, I verily believe, than hath been done by any body else.

Mrs. Herbert was very angry with her grace the night before she left the town, that she could part with her friends with such an indecent cheerfulness; she wishes she had seen you at the same time, that she might have known whether she could have carried this happy indifference through, or no. She is grown a great admirer of two characters in Prior's Poems, that of "Sauntering[2] Jack and Idle Joan;" and she thinks them persons worthy imitation: at this very instant she herself is in their way.

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1 There is, I am informed, at Dalkeith House, a portrait of the duchess in the character of a milkmaid.

2 An epitaph on two *poco curantes,* who drawled on through life without having made a friend or an enemy—

"Nor good nor bad, nor fool nor wise,
They would not learn, nor could advise:
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led a kind of—as it were,
Nor wish'd nor cared, nor laugh'd nor cried:
And so they lived, and so they died.'

She had a mind to write to you, but cannot prevail with herself to set about it; she is now thinking of Mrs. Herbert, but is too indolent to tell me to make her compliments to her. Just this minute she is wishing you were in this very room; but she will not give herself the trouble to say so to me: all that I know of it is, she looks all this, for she knows I am writing to you.

There is, indeed, a very good reason for her present indolence, for she is looking upon a book which she seems to be reading; but I believe the same page hath lain open before her ever since I began this letter. Just this moment she hath uttered these words: "that she will take it as a very great favour if you will speak to Mrs. Herbert to speak to Lord Herbert, that he would speak to any body who may chance to go by Mr. Nix's house, to call upon him to hasten his sending the piece of furniture, which, perhaps as soon as she receives it, may tempt her to write to somebody or other that very little expects it;"—for she loves to do things by surprise. She would take it kindly if you write to her against this thing comes here; for I verily believe she will try whether or no it be convenient for writing, and perhaps she may make the trial to you; she did not bid me say this, but as she talks of you often, I think you have a fair chance.

As soon as you are settled at Marble Hill, I

beg you will take the [1] widow's house for me, and persuade the duchess to come to Petersham. But, wherever you are, at present I can only wish to be with you: do what you can for me, and let me hear from you till the duchess writes to you. You may write to me, and if you express any resentment against her for not writing, I will let her know it in what manner you shall please to direct me.

I beg you to make my compliments to Mrs. Blount and Dr. Arbuthnot. I wished to see Mr. Pope oftener than I did. Let him know that I will write to him soon, and you will oblige me.

JOHN GAY.

MISS CHAMBER TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 316.]

Tunbridge Wells, July 27, 1730.

I DO really wonder, Mrs. Howard, what it is you mean by promising so solemnly as you did at Windsor to write me word, how Lady [1] Betty Germaine did, and how she bore

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[1] Probably the widow Vernon, who seems to have had considerable property in that neighbourhood.

[1] Pleasantry—Miss Chamber had accompanied her aunt, Lady Betty, to Tunbridge.

her journey hither: if I had not the temper of an angel I should not think of writing to you when you swore this account should come to me by the first post, and I actually have received no letter from you. Pray serve me so no more; I forgive you for this once.

All sorts of diversions are in great plenty here; but I think * * * is the most prevailing entertainment. A little, little man attacked a little, little girl; he was tried and acquitted; but whether he should have been so, we are pretty much divided in our opinions. The particulars of this trial will be exactly related to you by the Duke of Dorset; as also he will inform you of another of the same nature, where the judge requiring the poor woman to name the time and place the accident happened to her, she answered that was impossible for her to tell, because it lasted for a quarter of a year together. I desire to recommend this woman to make the dish you are all so fond of at the maid of honours' table, mentioned in the bill of fare you sent me last.

Mrs. [2] Campbell's mind and body are but in a poor way; for her utmost ambition is but to be as young and as lusty, and to look as well

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[2] See p. 61.

as my Lady [3] Francklin. Lady Bristol's waters, for the most part, pass through her eyes. Her intimate friends think this is caused rather by the unkindness of the cards, than grief for her daughter-in-law [4]. Betty [5] Southwell is the person that will be the most liked here, and I think will pass her time the best; for she has made a resolution not to pronounce the word *no* while she is at Tunbridge. [6] Monsieur and Madame Kinski, accompanied by Mr. Davenant and a troop of foreigners, have spent some days here in great mirth; they all danced at the ball all sorts of dances, though some had never performed in that way before. They dined with the Duchess of Marlborough yesterday, who was in the mind to be mighty civil to them. They spent fourscore pounds in presents and raffles, and departed for London this morning, with a promise to return soon, if possible,

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[3] Elizabeth Russel, dowager Lady Frankland, a granddaughter of Oliver Cromwell, died in 1733; her son, Sir Thomas, was married to Dinah Topham, who died in 1740; one of these ladies is perhaps the person here meant.

[4] Lady Bristol and Lady Hervey were not, as we have seen, very cordial friends.

[5] Elizabeth Southwell was in the queen's family, and in 1736 was made housekeeper at Somerset House: soon after Mrs. Campbell succeeded her in that office.

[6] The Count Philip de Kinski was at this time the Austrian ambassador to our court.

for they love us all mightily. Mrs. Southwell's list of the company would be much more entertaining than mine, for she has got a choice collection of new friends. She was in perfect joy last night that Mrs. Pretty was arrived. Lady Betty and herself play only at quadrille; but the Duchess of Marlborough takes to losing her money at roly-poly. We all design to marry Mr. [7] Conolly, but he does not greatly take to any body but Lady Betty (*Germaine*); for when all the virgins sat sighing around to dance with him, he seriously asked *her*, and would dance with nobody else upon her refusal.

No woman alive but yourself should have had such a long letter from me; therefore, whatever my past behaviour has been, sure my present performance deserves your favour: in hopes of which I beg leave to subscribe myself, with all due submission,

Yours for ever,

M. CHAMBER.

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[7] The Right Hon. William Conolly, nephew and successor of William Conolly, speaker of the Irish House of Commons. William Conolly, junior, married, in 1733, Lady Anne Wentworth, eldest daughter of Lord Strafford: he died in 1754. Their daughter, Caroline, married to the first Earl of Buckinghamshire, was the mother of Amelia, second Marchioness of Londonderry, through whose liberality these papers are given to the public.

MRS. HOWARD TO MR. GAY.

[In answer to his of the 9th of May.]

July 31 [1730.]

I DO own that I am very much to blame that I have not written to you before this now, for I have received two letters from you; and by the duchess's letter, and your last, I find the only letter I wrote to you stopped by the way; but indeed, John, I design to amend my life, at least in this particular. I have something to say for not yet answering her grace's; for I have had a very severe fit of the colic, and I am now in close waiting, my spirits very low, and my understanding very weak: however, such as I have I give unto you, that is, sincere wishes for your quiet and happiness: I believe one wish would have included both; for they are generally companions. I seldom hear of *either* visiting here (*at court*). I guess I did not date my letter to the duchess: tell her I have forgot what day Mrs. Herbert was to have seen me, but she is now with [1] Mrs. Smith, at the Bath, who has already found benefit by the waters. Mrs. Carteret set out last Monday with her

[1] Either Mrs. Herbert's mother, relict of Speaker Smith or one of her sisters.

sister, who is so ill that she went in a chair, and proposes getting there next Thursday: she is very much frightened for her; but I believe (from what physicians say) she will recover.

We [2]hunt with great noise and violence, and have every day a very tolerable chance to have a neck broke. I am just now wishing I could see the duchess's chair, and that I could hear what you say upon her performance; but if I were to have this in my power, I am afraid I should have a thousand other things to tell that would have no relation to tent-stitch, milking cows, nor drawing pictures; if I had any thing to do with the latter, they would be more modern than hers. Do not let her forget me, and do not think I ever will forget you.

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[2] It was the fashion of that day for the king, queen, and royal family, and all their suite, to ride out hunting; and the exercise was not always unattended with danger, as may be seen by the following extracts from the publications of the time:

"Aug. 25, 1731.—The royal family were a hunting, and in the chase a stag started upon the Princess Amelia's horse, which being frightened threw her. The Hon. Mr. Fitzwilliam, page of honour to his majesty, fell with his horse among the coney-burrows, as also a servant to the queen's coachmaker."

"Aug. 28, 1731.—The royal family hunted in Richmond Park, when the Lord Delaware's lady, and Lady Harriot D'Averquerque, daughter to the Earl of Grantham, were overturned in a chaise, which went over them, but did no *visible* hurt. Mr. Shuter, one of the king's huntsmen, had a fall from his horse, and received a slight contusion on his head."

Mr. Pope is well; Mrs. Blount says she will write to you; I have not seen the doctor (*Arbuthnot*) since I left London.

MISS CHAMBER TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 316.]

Tunbridge Wells, Aug. 12, 1730.

THE repeated messages I receive from you, both by lords and commons, occasions me much wonder. Surely my last letter to you so fully and so particularly related the state of Lady Betty's health, that I imagined you could not have required more information upon that subject; but since I find you are not satisfied yet, be pleased to take notice that I have the honour to assure you that she really has (and that she does as agreeably apply) all her senses here as any woman upon the place; that her health is perfect, and her humour was so, till Lady Bristol came here, and wanted somebody to govern her, which Lady Betty undertook, and performs to admiration. The Duchess of Dorset was fetched from Knole hither by force of arms: Lady Bristol proposed to join with her, and defy the rest of

the world, but unfortunately hinted that Lord Harborough [2] might be of use to their alliance, to which the Duchess of Dorset, with a low but positive voice, declared that she never had made any use of him, and had no notion that she could make any use of him; and so she remains fixed that she will not play at cards with him.

[3] Lady Tyrawly has lately met with some misfortunes in her travels upon the walks and places thereabouts: she fell into a bowl of cream by endeavouring to pass over a table upon which it was placed, supposing it to be the common road every body went. Some time after she met with a post, which she stumbled against with some violence; but, to avoid any disputes that might afterwards arise whose fault it was, she curtsied, and begged her ladyship's pardon: the post not answering, my lady took it for granted it had forgiven her, and so passed on her way.

Mrs. Campbell [4] is much better; may be she tells you so herself. I like to be thought of when I am so many miles off, so your fan

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[2] See page 345, for Lord Harborough's character for gallantry.

[3] Mary Stewart, only daughter of William third Viscount Mountjoy, wife of James O'Hara, Lord Tyrawly.

[4] See page 56.

was received with pleasure to myself, and worn with the approbation of the world, it being generally admired. Sure I am good now or never; and had I not been obliged to win seven guineas of Lady Bristol this morning, I had made this letter longer, and then I hope you would have been still in better humour with me; but, be you as you will, I shall always be the faithfullest of your slaves.

M. Chamber.

I beg you would give my humble duty to the Duke (*of Cumberland*) and to Princess [5] Mary and to Princess Louisa, and beseech that I may not be forgotten. If the duke has any purchase to make in wooden-ware, or Princess Mary any thoughts of housekeeping, I hope I may have the honour of providing for them.

THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY AND MR. GAY TO MRS. HOWARD.

Aug. 20, 1730.

It was not that I hated writing, my dear Mrs.

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[5] Mary, born in 1723, married in 1740 the Electoral Prince of Hesse Cassel; Louisa, born 1724, married Frederick, Prince Royal, afterwards King of Denmark.

Howard, (that I hope and think I never shall to you) but violent pain in my face and ear, that did, and only could hinder me from thanking you for your most welcome letter. This entertainment I have had constantly at an hour for these three evenings successively, and am not now without a strong hint of a fresh supply of pain. I believe I got it by taking care of myself (as they call it) by taking the air in a phaeton, like [1] Lord Tankerville. One ought to suffer, who can do any thing like him, because sure never to come up to the original. I like the account you give of your health; I do not know how you may like what I have to say of mine; but all that I know is, that it has been and may be worse, and that I do not in the least suspect that it will ever be better; and if I am contented, I think you must allow this to be in a tolerable good situation.

C. Q.

The duchess says she cannot say a word more, if I would give her the world, and that her misery hath got the better of her pleasure in writing to you. She thanks you for your information, and says, that if she can bear herself,

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[1] Charles, second Earl of Tankerville, born about 1697, died in 1753. He held several offices in the royal households.

or think that any body else can, she intends to make her visit next week. Now it is my opinion that she need never have any scruples of this kind; but as to herself, you know she hath often an unaccountable way of thinking, and, say what you will to her, she will now and then hear you, but she will always think and act for herself. I have been waiting three or four minutes for what she hath to say, and at last she tells me she cannot speak one word more, and at the same time is so very unreasonable as to desire you would write her a long letter, as she knows you love it.

I have several complaints to make to you of her treatment, but I shall only mention the most barbarous of them. She hath absolutely forbid her dog to be fond of me, and takes all occasions to snub her if she shows me the least civility. How do you think Lord Herbert [2] would take such usage from you, or any lady in Christendom?

Now she says, I must write you a long letter; but to be sure I cannot say what I would about her, because she is looking over me as I write. If I should tell any good of her, I know she would not like it; and I have said my worst of her already.

Lord Herbert's fondness for his dog is often mentioned.

The chairs [3] go on with great diligence and application, and if you please to come and sit down, you may take your choice of two or three; and she says just now, that she hath a particular reason for your coming, for you will be in a more poetical situation, sitting upon a group of flowers, than hoydening a horseback in a crowd; and your verses shall be ready as soon as I see the theme. She is in prodigious haste to have this done, that afterwards I may describe her in her flannel veil.

J. G.

As for my [4] Lady Essex, &c. I am quite passive; but if you could send me word that my lord had a broken head, I should think it had received its only due reward.

C. Q.

We wonder we have heard nothing from Mr. Bridgeman[5]; if you chance to see him, pray tell him so.

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[3] Which the duchess was working.

[4] Elizabeth Russel, youngest daughter of the second Duke of Bedford, was the second wife (in 1726) of William Capel, third Earl of Essex. (See p. 314.) As his lordship's first lady had been the duchess's sister, it is possible that her grace may not have been very fond of her successor, or of Lord Essex for giving her one.

[5] Mr. George Bridgeman, second son of Sir Orlando, the fourth baronet, and brother to the first Lord Bradford. He

As for the person that you are so sanguine about his long life, I know him to be a very complaisant gentleman; and the duchess thinks him so heroic, that he will not desire to live too long, when his honour may suffer by it.

The patterns that Mr. Wheeler hath just now sent us we do not approve of; so that I am going to try to make a sketch to send him for his better information.

J. G.

Do not think I am lazy, and so have framed an excuse, for I am really in pain (at some moments intolerable since this was begun). I think often I could be mighty glad to see you; and though you deserve vastly, that is saying much from me (for I can bear to be alone) and upon all accounts think I am much better here than any where else. I think to go on and prosper mighty prettily here, and like the habitation

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was surveyor of the Royal Gardens; and the Duchess of Queensberry was desirous of consulting him on the management of hers, and she next year invited him to Amesbury to give her his personal advice. He was celebrated for his taste in landscape-gardening, and Pope had originally introduced his name, as a perfect judge of that art, into his "Epistle on Taste," but omitted it at Mr. Bridgeman's own request. His reason for declining what may be called the immortality of Pope's applause was, perhaps, his unwillingness to be praised where the Duke of Chandos and others were so severely censured. Mr. Bridgeman died at Lisbon in 1768.

so well (that if I could in nature otherwise be forgetful) that would put me in mind of what I owe to those who helped me on to where I wished to be sooner than I feared I could be. Pray tell Miss Meadows[6] that I was in hopes she would have made a dutiful visit to her father. If any one else care for my respects, they may accept of them. I will present them to Lord Herbert, whether he care or not. I hope by this time he is able to carry himself and Fop wherever he pleases. If I had the same power over you, I would not write you word that I am yours, &c.; but since I can only write, believe that I am to you every thing that you have ever read at the bottom of a letter, but not that I am so only by way of conclusion.

C. Q.

MRS. HOWARD TO MR. GAY.

Windsor, Aug. 22, [1730.]

Mr. Pope has been to see me, [1] Lord Bur(*lington*) brought him; he dined and supped

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[6] See page 60.

[1] Richard, third Earl of Burlington, born in 1695, to whom Pope addressed his celebrated Epistle on Taste. He was not merely a lover of the fine arts, but showed considerable abilities as an architect and landscape gardener. Burlington House and Chiswick, specimens of his practical talents, descended, with his great fortune, to the Cavendishes, the issue of his

with my lady all the time he staid: he was heartily tired, and I not much pleased, though I thought myself exceedingly obliged to him for the visit.

The doctor[2] has taken no notice of me this summer, nor of a letter which I wrote to him; but I have heard of him; and that he is in the high way to ruin; for he never dines nor sups without five or six hungry Scotch people: he is very gay, and in a good state of health. I have mine better than I used to have; I find exercise agrees with me: though we are obliged now to stay at home, the ground is so hard we dare not ride. I shall be sure to follow your advice,

daughter and heiress. The internal arrangement of Burlington House was much criticised and severely censured in an epigram attributed to Lord Chesterfield and to Lord Hervey—

"Possess'd of one great hall for state,
Without a room to sleep or eat;
How well you *build* let *flattery* tell,
And all the world how ill you dwell!"

But the façade and colonnade are surely in a fine style. Of Chiswick (which was the *fac simile* of an Italian villa) Lord Hervey said, "that it was too small to live in, and too large to hang to one's watch;" and more sober critics have pronounced it ill suited to our climate or modes of life. The additions made to it by the late Duke of Devonshire have removed in some measure these defects, but they have also destroyed Lord Burlington's design. Lord Burlington and Pope had jointly laid out Lady Suffolk's gardens at Marble Hill.

[2] Doctor Arbuthnot.

and take care of myself. I wish you had as much power with somebody[3] we know, at least as far as relates to her health.

This is the third time I have sat down to write. You see I take pains to keep my word with you. This instant I have received the duchess's and your joint letter. I shall not have time now to answer it fully; but I must beg you will write two words next post, just to tell me how she is, for I am, and shall be, uneasy till I hear again. Lady[4] Sophia goes to-morrow to Highclere[5]; it will be a vast pleasure and surprise to her if she meets her grace there. I have not told her one word that the duchess designed going; yet it will be a greater pleasure to me, because I shall then be sure that she is well.

I hear Mr. Pope is now writing[6] Characters; but as he did not tell me himself of it, I would not ask him; so I do not know if this is true.

Mr. Bridgeman is here, and I have spoken to him about the gardens. He says they are kept

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[3] The Duchess of Queensberry.

[4] Probably Lady Sophia Keppel. See p. 317.

[5] The seat of Mr. Herbert, in Hampshire, descended to him from his maternal grandfather, Sir Herbert Sawyer; it was not more than twenty miles from the Duke of Queensberry's, at Amesbury.

[6] The Moral Epistles. Pope denied stoutly that he alluded to any *living characters;* but his denial deceived nobody.

as they ought to be, and at a very reasonable expense; but he will very soon bring me the account, and a positive agreement, if it be such as the duchess approves.

MR. GAY AND THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY TO MRS. HOWARD.

[The 11th of September fell on a Saturday in 1731; but it seems a continuation of the correspondence of 1730: and as *Mrs. Howard* was Countess of Suffolk in Sept. 1731, the date must be erroneous.]

[Amesbury], Saturday, Sept. 11, [1730.]

MADAM,

I CANNOT neglect this opportunity of writing to you, and begging you to be a mediator between my lady duchess and me, we having at present a quarrel about a fishing-rod; and at the same time to give her your opinion whether you think it proper for her to stay here till after Christmas, for I find that neither place nor preferment will let me leave her; and when she hath been long enough in one place, prevail with her, if you can, to go to another. :l always have her to do what she

because I am glad to be of her opinion, and because I know it is what I must always do myself.

J. G.

To follow one's fancy is by much the best medicine; it has quite cured my face, and left me no pain but the impossibility of being in two places at once, which is no small sorrow, since one of them would be near you. But the boys[1] and I are too lean to travel as yet. Compassion being the predominant fashion of the place, we are preserved alive with as much care as the partridges, which no one yet has had the heart to kill, though several barbarous attempts have been made. If I could write I would for ever, but my pen is so much your friend, that it will only let me tell you that I am extremely so.

I pray it may not be so difficult for my dear Mrs. Howard to forgive, as to read this provocation. By the next I hope to write plain.

C. Q.

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[1] Lord Drumlanrig and Lord Charles Douglas.

LORD PETERBOROUGH TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 126.]

[Oct. 1730.]

I RETURN you a thousand thanks for what you were pleased to send me; the prevailing remedy will be your charitable wish. I dare not but recover, if you command me to do so; for in what dare I disobey?

It is certain you or none must have the credit of my recovery. The doctors have told me mine is an inward pain; if so, I can have no cure from any other person.

You blame me for seeking no remedies, and yet you know vain attempts of any kind are ridiculous. I have some time since made a bargain with fate to submit with patience to all her freaks; some accidents have given me a great contempt, almost a distaste of life. Shakspeare shall tell you my opinion of it:

> Life is as tedious as a twice told tale,
> Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man—
>
> Life is a walking shadow—a poor player,
> That frets and struts his hour upon the stage,
> And then is seen no more.——

Do not wonder then, Mrs. Howard, if the world is become so indifferent to me, that I can even amuse myself with the thoughts of going

out of it. I was writing some days ago[1] a dialogue betwixt me and one that is departed before me; one that would have kept his promise to you, if possible: when the case falls out, Mr. Pope shall give it you.

If we meet and hold conference in the shades below, much will be said of you. How rivals quarrel or agree in those places, I know not; but I own I am jealous to a great degree. It is too much to know what ladies think in this world; I wish we could be informed of your true thoughts of us in the other.

So near the birth-day we must think of less melancholy subjects. Will you be pleased to let me know what you have chosen for Mrs. Mordaunt, and the shop where it is bespoke? and give me leave to add, that the Elysian fields in this world are our own.

MRS. HOWARD TO MR. GAY.

[The post-mark bears the date of 6th October, so that Mrs. Howard made a mistake in dating this letter September.]

Sept. 3d, [1730.]

I THOUGHT I should never have heard again

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[1] Although there is some obscurity in the expression, his lordship probably alludes to the dialogue with his own *soul* on the subject of Mrs. Howard, which the reader is already acquainted with.

from you or the duchess; for I had written to both, and had not heard one word for some weeks, till four days ago I had a letter from you; and as you mention nothing of mine, I guess you nor she has ever had those I wrote. Pray, say whether you have or have not, in your next.

I hear you have had a house full of courtiers, and, what is more extraordinary, they were honest people; but I will take care, agreeably to your desire, that you shall not increase the number. I wish I could as easily gratify you in your other request about a certain [1] person's health; but indeed, John, that is not in my power. I have often thought it proceeds from thinking better of herself than she does of any body else; for she has always confidence to inquire after those she calls friends, and enough assurance to give them advice; at the same time, she will not answer a civil question about herself, and would certainly never follow any advice that was given her: you plainly see she neither thinks well of their heart or their head. I believe I have told you as much before; but a settled opinion of any thing will naturally lead one into the same manner of expressing one's thoughts.

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[1] The Duchess of Queensberry.

We leave Windsor next Tuesday se'ennight, and go to Richmond for a fortnight, and then to town for the winter. Are we likely to see you there? I wish it for myself, but submit with patience, if matters of consequence require you should stay in the country. Let me hear from you. To show you how differently I think of you from what her grace thinks of either you or I, I shall tell you I am better in my health than I have been in some years: my spirits are good, *though* Lord S.[2] is in perfect health.

DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 352.]

Oct. 22, 1730.

WHY should I write? for, my dear Mrs. Howard, most sure I am that I cannot say any one thing that can possibly give you the least entertainment; but I have heard you love a letter. I cannot so much as make a good A or a B; and the first thing being such a sad truth,

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[2] Probably her husband, Lord Suffolk, whose conduct towards her and her son kept her in continual agitation. Gay was employed on the part of Lady Suffolk in these domestic discussions.

I therefore ought to rest discontented with myself, that I can in no way send you any thing of worth. But Mr. Gay says it is not enough to think of one's friends, but that one ought to give them a testimony, though it be of never so little value, and the cost consequently great to the person one has any regard for. If you think as he does, you will forgive the pains I put you to in reading *nothing;* if you are of my mind, it will flatter me extremely, though in a thing to my own prejudice.

Pray tell Mrs. Herbert that I have answered her letter, and directed it to the Lodge at Richmond. When she has in reality no one thing on earth to employ her, I shall be glad to know if she has had mine. I am mighty glad, I do assure you, to hear so good an account of your health: as for mine, you wrong me by thinking I take no care; it is only from not knowing my constitution, for it is an odd one, and therefore I am obliged to take an odd [1]method to preserve it; which if I had not done, I had long since been at rest, and you now would not have had the fruitless trouble of opening a letter only to find written in ill characters (the best character I can possibly give of myself), that I am most sincerely yours.

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[1] This *odd method* succeeded, as her grace lived forty-six years after the date of this letter.

THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY TO MRS. HOWARD.

Nov. 17, 1730.

MY DEAR MRS. HOWARD,

I DO not know whether you will believe me, but upon my word it is very true, that I am vastly concerned to hear by all hands that you are not well. By all accounts, you have taken so much pains to deserve the reverse, that your want of health must needs be a greater disappointment, both to yourself and me, than it could have been otherwise. Though I have not written, it was not that I wished you less well, neither could any thing have hindered my inquiry but some unhealthy reasons of my own. It would make you sick and me too, to begin to complain of what will never mend, else I could tell you that I am really ill, and that my spirits are not the worst of my illness. For some days I expected a fever, but in that was disappointed. I have lost my ravenous appetite, and got a strange uneasiness in all my bones; and sometimes I fancy I shall die, but that I have no life to lose. I have received many kind reproaches from you that I take no care of myself, but I do not deserve them. If taking all the drugs a doctor orders, be doing as one ought, I shall be contented to follow any rules that

will enable me to keep my complaints to myself; for that I have been used to, and better than that, in the way of life, I do not wish. It would really be convenient, for the sake of my friends, if my reasonable wish could be obtained; for Mr. Gay is such a Dotterel, that he constantly catches every complaint I have, and I am enough his mimic to go about as much as I can; but I do not think I look so well as he does. I have one here with me whom I like, and I think she loves me (it is Lady [1] Harold). So well I like her, that I had rather have her than not; and that is saying a great deal, considering that I am so constant in my way of thinking that it is best for me to live by myself; and what endears me to her is, that she finds out when I like my own company, and at those times she likes her own. She has, I think, a mighty good heart, and a very good understanding. I believe she is the happiest person in the world; and what is

[1] Mary Tufton, daughter of Thomas, sixth Earl of Thanet, married in 1718 to Anthony, Earl of Harold, who died in 1723. Lady Harold, notwithstanding the duchess's panegyric on her contented state of mind, was induced in a few years after to become the third wife of John, first Earl Gower, and she was by him the mother of the late Admiral Gower, and three other children, who died young. She was, it would seem, a frequent visiter at Amesbury; for Gay talks of her in 1732, as one of the few persons who will play backgammon with him.

more extraordinary, she thinks herself so. She has great spirits, and constant ones, and yet not in the least overcoming to those who have not so great a share. We never pump for discourse, and when we talk she generally says what I had rather hear than not: in short, the only use I have of complaisance is by going a horseback, and that is profitable, though not in the least degree pleasant to me. I hear Mrs. Herbert is at Highclere; I am sorry for your sake: and as for mine, I have no hopes in the world that her being within twenty miles of me can be of any satisfaction; especially as the winter is coming on.

I am frightened at the length of my letter, my dear Mrs. Howard. You had need be well indeed, and likewise well-inclined to me, to be either able or willing to read to the end, where I do most faithfully assure you that I am very sincerely yours, &c.

P. S. Mr. Gay desired whenever I write to Mrs. Howard to say every thing that is obliging; in short, to say what he thinks—But by the good he does say of you, I can judge his thoughts are by much too voluminous for me to transcribe.

My compliments, if they or I am thought of, to, &c. &c.

DEAN SWIFT TO MRS. HOWARD.

Dublin, Nov. 21, 1730.

MADAM,

I DO not now pity the [1] leisure you have to read a letter from me, and this letter shall be a history.

First, therefore, I call you to witness that I did not attend on the queen till I had received her own repeated messages, which, of course, occasioned my being introduced to you. I never asked any thing till, upon leaving England the first time, I desired from you a present worth a guinea, and from her majesty one worth ten pounds, by way of a memorial. Yours I received [2], and the queen, upon taking my leave of her, made an excuse

[1] It will be recollected (see p. 335) that at least as early as 1728 Mrs. Howard's situation at court was become disagreeable, and that she meditated and even proposed retirement. To this Lady Hervey, in the letter referred to, alludes; but to the world in general it was a profound secret; and therefore Swift's congratulations upon the *leisure* and quiet of her *new situation*, seem at this date unaccountable; and the reception of such congratulations must have been very embarrassing to Mrs. Howard. The dean evidently had heard of these *désagrémens*, and erroneously believed that Mrs. Howard had actually left the court.

[2] The ring before-mentioned. See p. 209.

that she had intended a medal[3] for me, which not being ready, she would send it me the Christmas following: yet this was never done, nor at all remembered when I went back to England the next year, and attended her, as I had done before. I must now tell you, madam, that I will receive no medal from her majesty, nor any thing less than her picture at half length, drawn by Jervas; and if he takes it from another original, the queen shall sit at least twice for him to touch it up. I desire you will let her majesty know this in plain words, although I have heard that I am under her displeasure. But this is a usual thing with princes, as well as ministers, upon every false repre-

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[3] He alludes to this in the poem on his own death:

From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, "the Dean is dead;"
And Lady Suffolk in the spleen
Runs laughing up to tell the queen.
The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone? 'tis time he should.
He 's dead, you say—then let him rot;
I 'm glad the medals were forgot.
I promised him, I own; but when?
I only was the princess then;
But now the consort of a king,
You know 'tis quite another thing"

No medal *struck* could have ensured Queen Caroline so lasting (though it might have conferred a more flattering) fame, as this medal "*forgot*."

sentation; and so I took occasion to tell the queen, upon the [4]quarrel Mr. Walpole had with our friend Gay, the first time I ever had the honour to attend her.

Against *you* I have but one reproach, that when I was last in England, and just after the present king's accession, I resolved to pass that summer in France, for which I had then a most lucky opportunity, from which those who seemed to love me well dissuaded me by your advice. And when I sent you a note, conjuring you to lay aside the character of a courtier and a favourite upon that occasion, your answer positively directed me not to go in that juncture; and you said the same thing to my friends who seemed to have power of giving me hints[5], that I might reasonably expect a settlement in England, which, God knows, was no very great ambition, considering the station I should leave here, of greater dignity, and which might easily have been managed to be disposed of as the crown pleased. If these hints came from you, I affirmed you thus acted too much like a courtier. But I forgive you, and esteem you as much as ever. You had your reasons, which

[4] The *details* of this quarrel are nowhere stated.

[5] One of these was Bolingbroke. His letter is preserved; and it certainly does not profess to speak by advice of Mrs. Howard, but urges such natural topics of expectation from a new reign, as any friend would naturally have indulged.

I shall not inquire to; because I always believed you had some virtues, besides all the accomplishment of mind and person that can adorn a lady.

I am angry with the queen for sacrificing my friend Gay[6] to the mistaken piques of Sir Robert Walpole, about a libel written against him, although he were convinced at the same time of Mr. Gay's innocence, and although, as I said before, I told her majesty the whole story. Mr. Gay deserved better treatment amongst you upon all accounts, and particularly for his excellent unregarded fables, dedicated to Prince William, which I hope his royal highness will often read for his instruction.

I wish her majesty would a little remember what I largely said to her about Ireland, when before a witness she gave me leave, and commanded me to tell here, what she spoke to me upon that subject, and ordered me, if I lived to see her in her present station, to send her our grievances, promising to read my letter, and do all good offices in her power for this most miserable and most loyal kingdom, now at the brink of ruin, and never so near as now.

As to myself, I repeat again, that I never asked any thing more than a trifle, as a memorial of some distinction which her majesty graciously seemed to make between me and

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[6] The reader is referred, on this topic, to page 31.

every common clergyman. But that trifle was forgot, according to the usual method of princes, although I was taught to think myself upon a foot of pretending to some little exception.

As to yourself, madam, I most heartily congratulate with you, for being delivered from the toil, the envy, the slavery, and vexation of a favourite, where you could not always answer the good intentions that I hope you had. You will now be less teased with solicitations, one of the greatest evils in life. You possess an easy employment, with quiet of mind, although it be by no means equal to your merit; and if it shall please God to establish your health, I believe and hope you are too wise to hope for more. Mr. Pope hath been always an advocate for your sincerity; and even in the character I gave of yourself, allowed you as much of that virtue as could be expected in a lady, a courtier, and a favourite. Yet I confess I never heartily pledged your health as a toast upon any other regards than beauty, wit, good sense, and an unblemished [7] character. For as to friendship, truth, sincerity, and other trifles of that kind, I never concerned myself about them, because I knew them to be only parts of the lower morals

[7] If this be true, then the dean's future complaints of finding her to be a courtier are manifestly unjust.

which are always useless at court. I am content that you should tell the queen what I have said of her, and in my own words, if you please. I could have been a better prophet in the character I gave you of yourself, if it had been good manners in the height of your credit to put you in mind of its mortality; for you are not the first by at least three[8] ladies whom I have known to undergo the same turn of fortune. It is allowed that ladies are often very good scaffoldings; and I need not tell you the use that scaffoldings are put to by all builders, as well political as mechanical.

I should have begun this letter by telling you that I was encouraged to write by my best friend[9], and one of your great admirers, who told me, that from something which had passed between you, he thought you would not receive it ill. After all, I know no person of your sex for whom I have so great an esteem as I do and believe shall always continue to bear for you,— I mean private person, for I must except the queen; and it is not an exception of form, because I have really a great veneration for her great qualities, although I have reason to com-

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[8] Probably Lady Orkney, the favourite of King William, and the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Masham, the favourites of Queen Anne.

[9] Pope, no doubt.

plain of her conduct to me, which I could not excuse, although she had fifty kingdoms to govern. I have but room to conclude with my sincere professions of being with true respect, &c.

JONATH. SWIFT.

If you were a lord or commoner, I would have sent you this in an envelope [1].

DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY AND MR. GAY TO MRS. HOWARD.

Dec. 17, [1730.]

MY DEAR MRS. HOWARD,

You cannot imagine in what due time your letter came; for I had given you up, and with great pains had very near brought our friend Mr. Gay to own that nobody cared for us, and a few more thoughts which shall now be nameless. I am sincerely sorry that you have been ill, and very, very glad that you are better, and think of life; for I know none whom one could more wish to have live than yourself. I do not

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[1] Although this letter is written on only three sides of the paper, and was folded and sealed as a single letter to save postage, the dean, on second thoughts (probably because the paper was so thin) put it into an envelope.

in the least approve of your changing your way of thinking of me, for I was convinced it was a good one, and when such opinions change, it is seldom for the better; if it could on my account, I declare you would be in the wrong, for to my knowledge I improve in no one thing: the best thing I can say for myself is, that I feel no alteration in the regard and inclination I have to you. I have no comprehension what I said in my letter; but at that time my body was distempered, and very likely my mind also.

Yours at all times.

I know nothing of coming to town; I only know that when I do I shall not be sorry to see you; and this is knowing a great deal; for I shall not be glad to come, and shall only come if it be unavoidable: this is blunt truth. I own it would look less like indifference if I had written some civil lie.

C. Q.

Every thing that is above written is so plain and clear, that it needs no comment; the writer I know to be so strictly addicted to truth, that I believe every word of it; if it is not written in the fashionable expression, I conclude you will impute it to her manner. She was really concerned very much, that, after she knew you were ill, we were so long before we could get a

letter from you: let her contradict this if she can. You tell her you are riding for your life; I fancy she would do it too for *yours*, though she will not for her own. I believe she will not like that I should say any thing more about her; so that I shall leave you to your own thoughts about what she hath said herself; for I find she does not much care to be talked to, and as little likes to be talked of: if she writes truth, I hope she will allow me the liberty to do the same. I find it a very hard thing to write upon this [2]sheet of paper; for I fancy she hath written on purpose to puzzle me as well as you. I have sometimes a great mind to answer the above letter, but I know she will do what she will; and as little as she likes herself, she likes her own advice better than any body's else, and that is a reason, in my opinion, that should prevail with her to take more care of herself. I just before said I would say no more upon this subject; but if I do not lay down the pen, I find I cannot help it. I have no desire to come to town at all; for if I were there I can not see you; so that unless she turns me away, I am fixed for life at Amesbury: so that, as to every thing that relates to me, I refer you to her letters.

J. G.

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[2] This, like many of the joint letters of Gay and the Duchess, is written in a very straggling manner.

WM. PULTENEY, ESQ. TO THE HON. GEORGE BERKELEY.

[P. 200.]

[1730.]

DEAR GEORGE,

I AM truly obliged to you for your kind[1] concern for me; and I do assure you I would do as you would have me if there was the least occasion for it, which at present I can certainly judge of with safety; because now I am cold I should find some soreness or stiffness about me, but * * * * * *.

I send you inclosed the [2] inscription, which I beg my [3] lord would return to me to-morrow, amended in the manner he would have it, and also the [4] acts of parliament, which I propose to carry with me to Blenheim. When I am there I will write my lord word what the duchess (*of*

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[1] It would seem that Mr. Pulteney had had a fall, as to the consequences of which Mr. Berkeley had expressed some concern.

[2] This is doubtless the celebrated inscription on the column of Blenheim, hitherto supposed to have been written by Lord Bolingbroke, but which it would seem was written by Pulteney, and only amended (if even so much) by Bolingbroke.

[3] No doubt Lord Bolingbroke.

[4] The acts of parliament conferring Blenheim on the house of Marlborough, which are engraved on the same pedestal with the inscription.

Marlborough) says to his proposal of a Latin inscription for the busto.

Mrs. Pulteney and I propose dining at Cranford [5] to-morrow, and if Lord Bolingbroke is not there, I will wait on him at Dawley.

Yours, &c.

Sunday morning. W. P.

MISS VANE TO MRS. HOWARD.

[Miss Vane, one of the maids of honour to the queen, was sister of the first Lord Darlington, and mistress of Frederick Prince of Wales, by whom she had a son, publicly christened in 1732, *Fitz-Frederick* Vane. She lay-in with little mystery in St. James's Palace, and yet it was doubted whether the prince was really the parent. Lord Hervey was suspected of being a still more favoured lover; and Horace Walpole says, that the prince, Lord Hervey, and the first Lord Harrington, *each* confided to Sir Robert Walpole that *he* was the father of the child. It died in 1736, and its unhappy mother in a few months after. If this affair were not so notorious as to be found in all the publications of the day, Miss Vane's complaints of the calumnies with which she was so *unjustly* assailed would have been suppressed.]

[Bath], Oct. 5, 1730.

DEAR MADAM,

I MUST once more impertinently trouble you with a letter; for since my last to you, my

Probably at Lord Berkeley's seat near Cranford.

Lord Vane[1] has sent another express for me, which occasions my sending my own servant, on purpose to know her majesty's commands.

Upon my first coming I spit blood, all which time Doctor[2] Bave was of opinion these waters would be very improper for me; but with some medicines of his prescribing, I thank God that disorder is stopped, and I begin to recover my stomach. What I am apprehensive of is, that unless you, dear madam, are so kind to acquaint her majesty with this, that she will wonder at my not leaving Bath the moment my lord sent me her commands, which for the sake of my health, that greatly depends on these waters, I would not do till I know her majesty's pleasure from you, not doubting but I shall have her majesty's permission, when you are so good as to inform her of the necessity I am under of pursuing the method Doctor Bave has put me into, till the latter end of this month, or the beginning of the next, at which time I proposed going to town with Lady Betty Nightingale, who has been so kind to make me the offer of accompanying her thither: however, if I find by yours that her majesty is determined that I should leave Bath, I will immediately set out, but cannot

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[1] Her brother, who was not yet created Earl of Darlington.

[2] Dr. Charles Bave, a physician of the highest character at Bath: he died, much regretted, in Sept. 1731.

propose going faster than twenty miles a day, for I am yet in too bad a state of health to undertake any the least fatigue; I must therefore beg the favour of you, madam, to prevent the coach coming to Maidenhead, because my journey entirely depends upon your answer and my strength to travel.

I suppose, madam, you are not ignorant of the aspersions I labour under; for I am informed that it is whispered about the court that I am with child. I confess the knowledge of this piece of malice has done infinite mischief with regard to my health, but none, I hope, to my reputation, because thousands daily see the contrary; for this story, how groundless soever, has forced me frequently into public, when going thither suited neither with my health nor inclinations.

The persons with whom I appear, and wholly spend my time, are Lady [3] Betty Nightingale and Lady [4] Hewett (to whom I have the honour of being nearly related), and their characters

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[3] Elizabeth, second daughter of the second Earl Ferrars, married in 1725 to Charles Nightingale, Esq. She died in 1731; and her memory is perpetuated by the affected yet striking monument in Westminster Abbey.

[4] Probably Eleanor, daughter of Sir John Osborne, and second wife of Sir John Hewett of Headly Hall.

being both unquestionably good, I flatter myself that in point of behaviour I have not erred. I wish I could say as much in excuse of myself with regard to the trouble I have given you; but since that is not possible, I must rely entirely upon your goodness to pardon

Yours, &c.

ANNE VANE.

LADY HERVEY TO MRS. HOWARD.

[P. 181.]

Ickworth, June 19, 1731.

You see, dear Mrs. Howard, how ready I am to make use of the liberty you gave me, which I fear was rather the effect of your complaisance than your inclination. I wish I could flatter myself that the latter had a greater share in it, that there might not be so great a drawback on the pleasure I am now taking, as that of fearing it will be troublesome to you: the only way to clear up this affair is to assure me very soon, that I may employ my time agreeably without the apprehension of taking up yours impertinently.

How do all things go on at Hampton Court? Is there nothing new?—does [1] Selkirk **?—does Lady Bristol cry?—are the maids still unmarried, and the *Swiss* [2] most agreeable? Sure there wants some change to diversify and enliven the scene, which, whenever it happens, I beg you will inform me of. I hear Dr. Arbuthnot is gone to Tunbridge: I wish he may not fill his belly more than his pocket by this journey; I am sure he will do so if John Dories and quadrille players are plenty this season. I hope all the kings, queens, heroes, heroines, shepherds, shepherdesses, &c. of your acquaintance, are well.

I am mightily taken up with a [3] book of letters, in which are many secret negotiations in the times of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and

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[1] Charles Hamilton, second surviving son of William Douglas, Earl of Selkirk, who on his marriage with the Duchess of Hamilton was created Duke of Hamilton *for his own life;* and on this duke's resignation of his original title, Lord Charles was created Earl of Selkirk. He had been a lord of the bedchamber to King William and George I., and was now to George II. He died in March, 1739, on the same day that the late Duke of York was born Lady Hertford in her Letters to Lady Pomfret notices the disappointment of several persons at Lord Selkirk's having left no will.

[2] Mrs. Howard, see p. 64.

[3] The Cabala. Lady Hervey was all her life a great reader. Her letters are full of criticisms on new publications, generally very sensible and just. This amiable woman little thought that her own letters were likely one day to amuse the world.

King Charles the First. It lets one into several little anecdotes of those times, which are very curious. I hope you had your book safe which I sent by Lord Hervey.

My dear Mrs. Howard, pray present my duty to who were once, and whom I always consider as my master and mistress. I wish you much health and pleasure, and some idle time, at Hampton Court; but whatever you have or have not, depend upon it you will always find in me a most sincere humble servant.

M. H.

END OF VOL. I.

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